THE

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR

NAPA Y. M. C. A.

Please do not take away.

NAPA Y. M. C. A.

N.

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THE

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR,

By

JAMES McGRANAHAN,

CINCINNATI:

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., 66 West Fourth Street.

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M. GRAY. MUSIC AND PIANOS

PREFACE.

The glorious Gospel of Christ!
He that believeth on the Son hath
Everlasting life.

God so loved the world that he gave his
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart;—
Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the
Enemy.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the
Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works.
I will extol thee, my God, O king. Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our
Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.

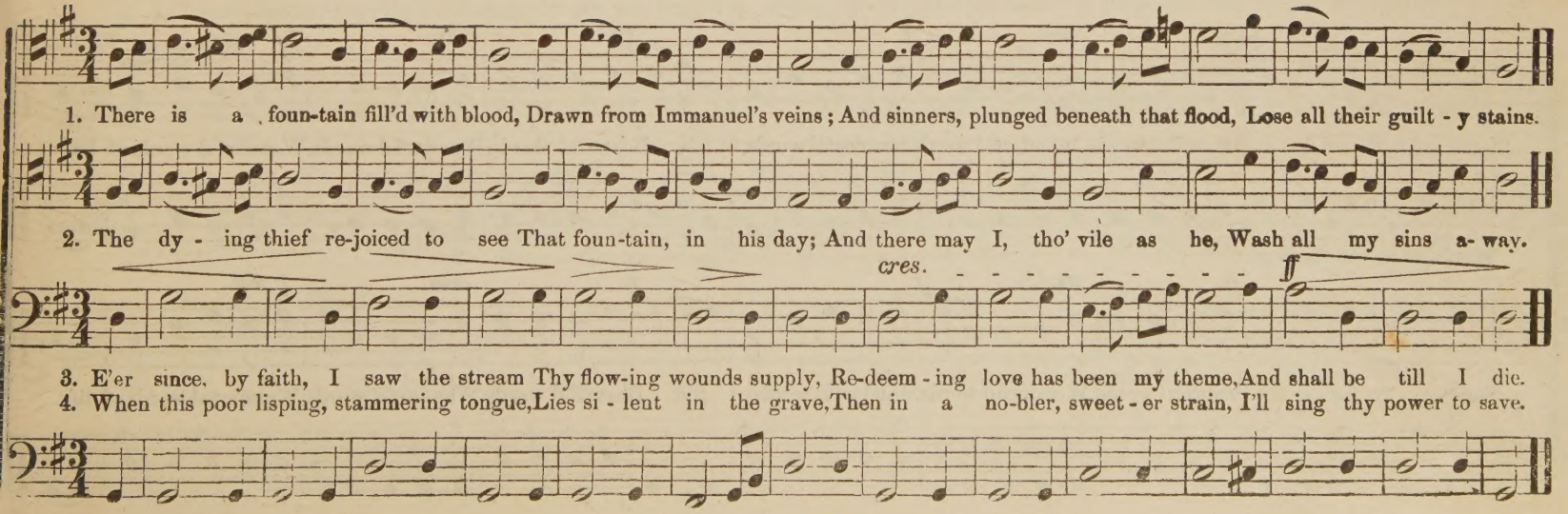
THE MALE CHOIR,

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

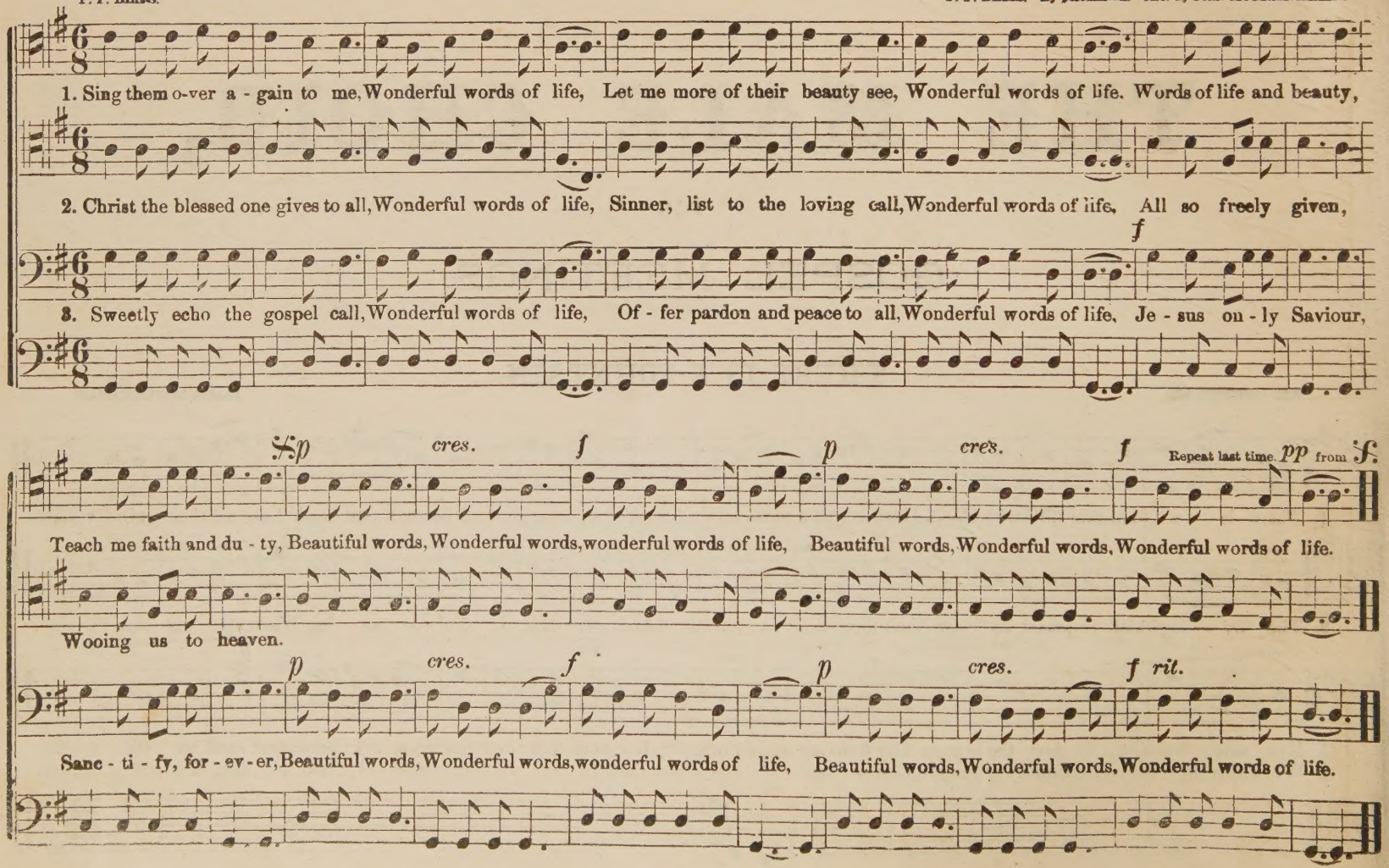
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER, 1779. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain, in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a- way.
cres.
ff
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply, Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
4. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave, Then in a no-bler, sweet - er strain, I'll sing thy power to save.

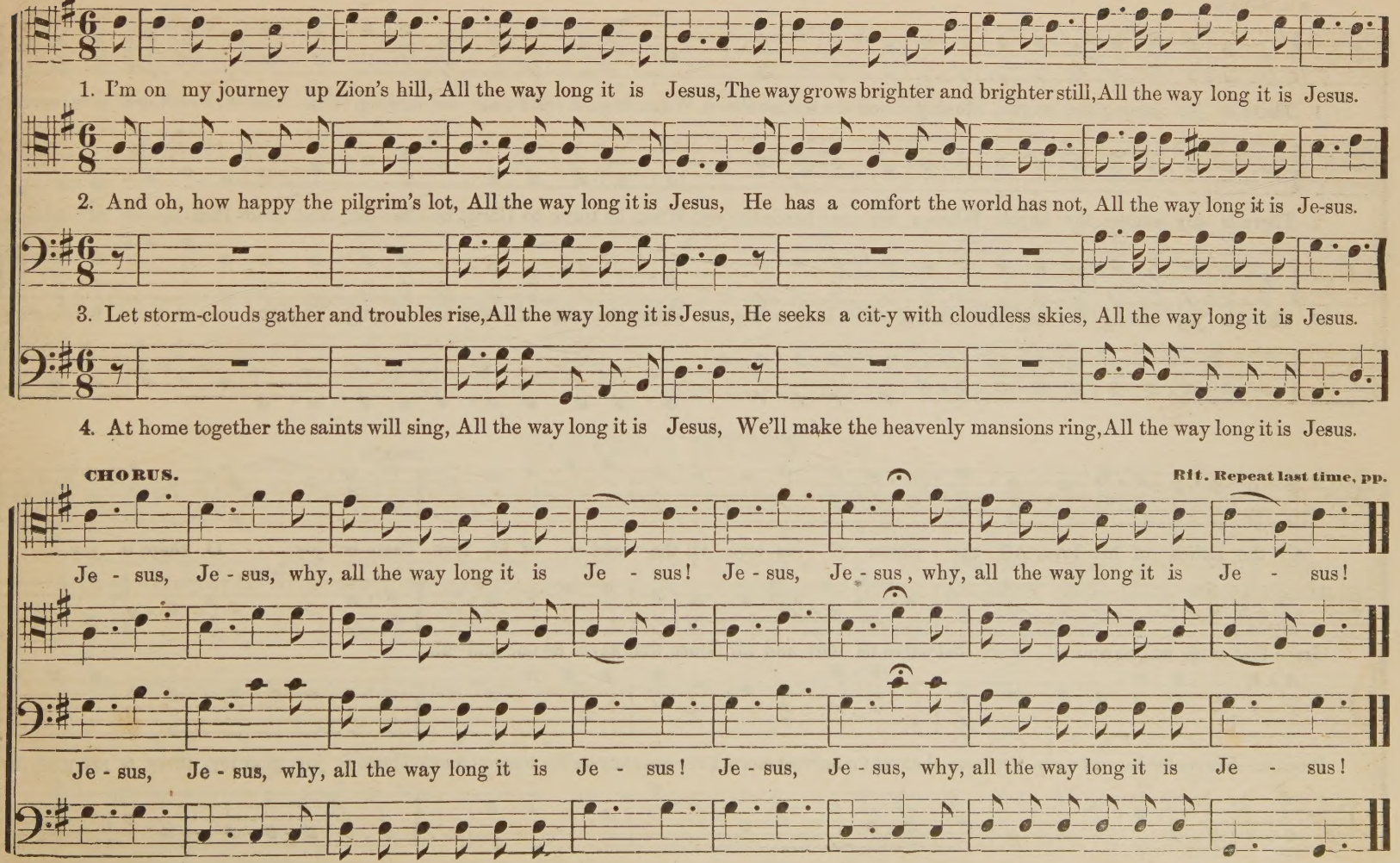
WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS. By permission. Arr. by JAS. McGRANAHAN.


1. Sing them o-ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their beauty see, Wonderful words of life. Words of life and beauty,
2. Christ the blessed one gives to all, Wonderful words of life, Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonderful words of life, All so freely given,
3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of life, Of - fer pardon and peace to all, Wonderful words of life, Je - sus on - ly Saviour,
Teach me faith and du - ty, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, wonderful words of life, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, Wonderful words of life.
Wooing us to heaven.
Sanc - ti - fy, for - ev - er, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, wonderful words of life, Beautiful words, Wonderful words, Wonderful words of life.
cres.
Repeat last time. pp from

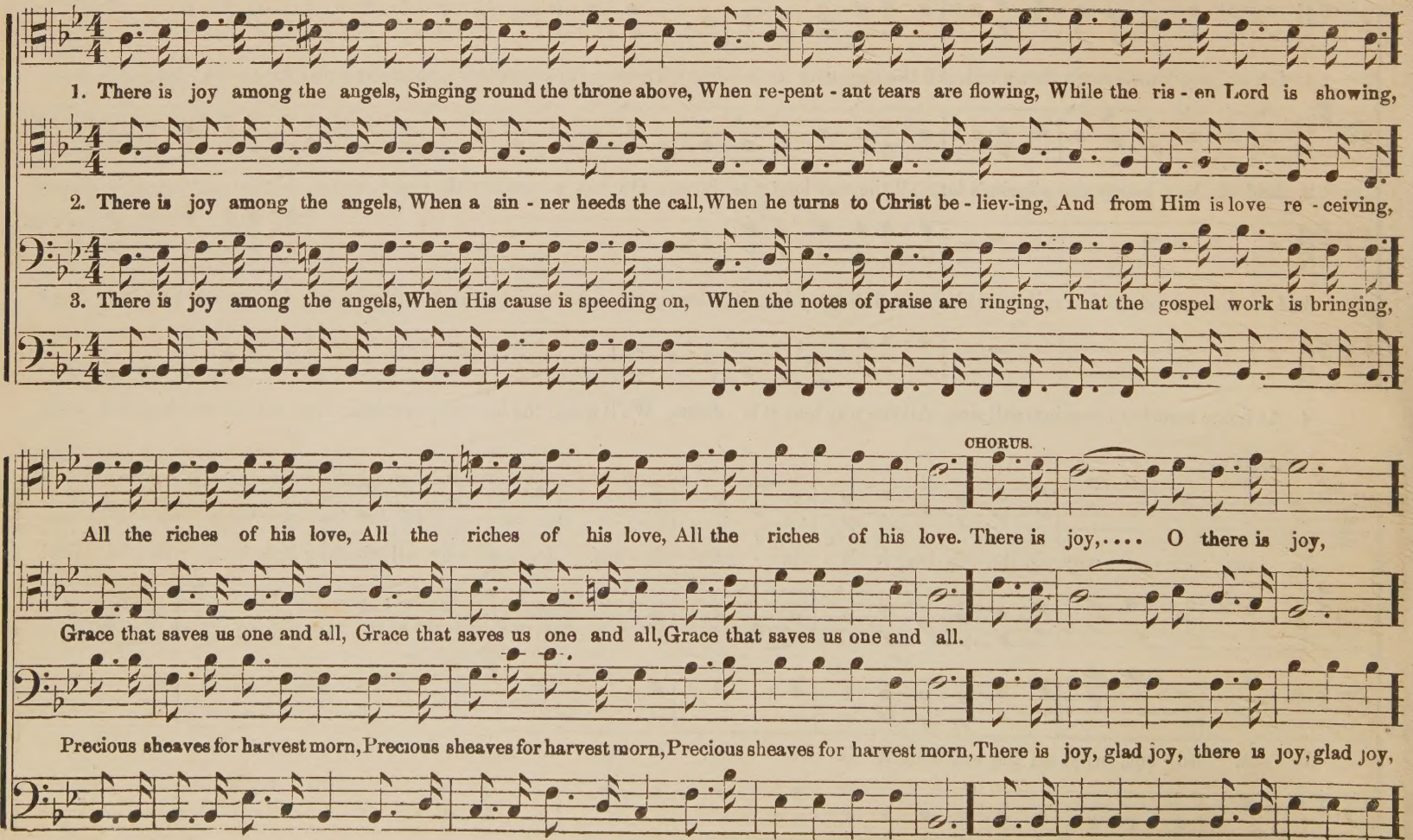
ALL THE WAY LONG IT IS JESUS.

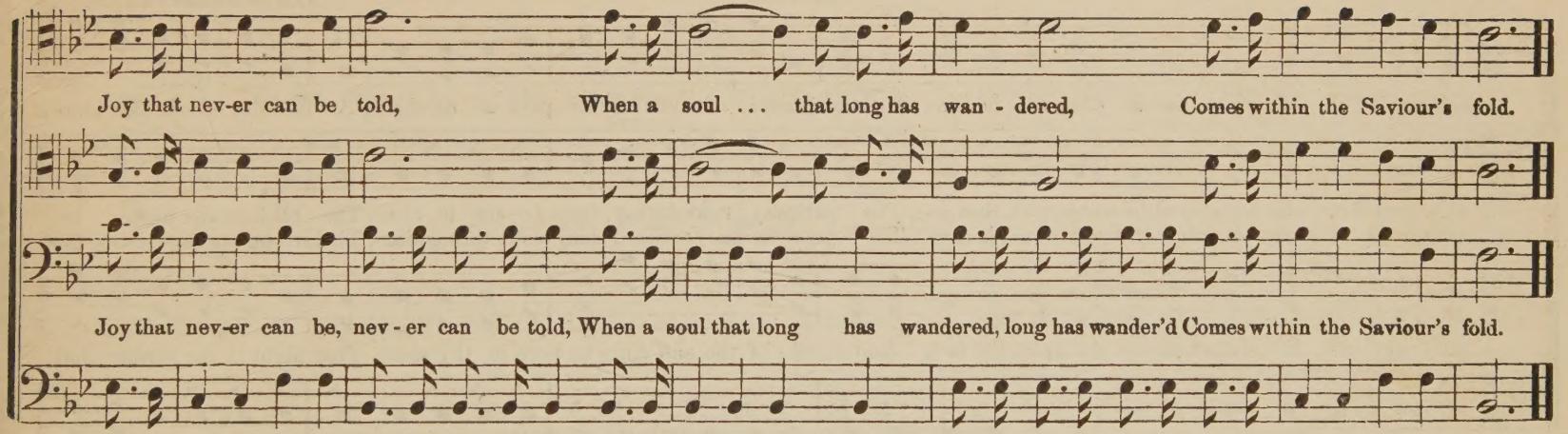
JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I'm on my journey up Zion's hill, All the way long it is Jesus, The way grows brighter and brighter still, All the way long it is Jesus.
2. And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot, All the way long it is Jesus, He has a comfort the world has not, All the way long it is Je-sus.
3. Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise, All the way long it is Jesus, He seeks a cit-y with cloudless skies, All the way long it is Jesus.
4. At home together the saints will sing, All the way long it is Jesus, We'll make the heavenly mansions ring, All the way long it is Jesus.
CHORUS.
Rit. Repeat last time, pp.
Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus! Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus!
Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus! Je - sus, Je - sus, why, all the way long it is Je - sus!

THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

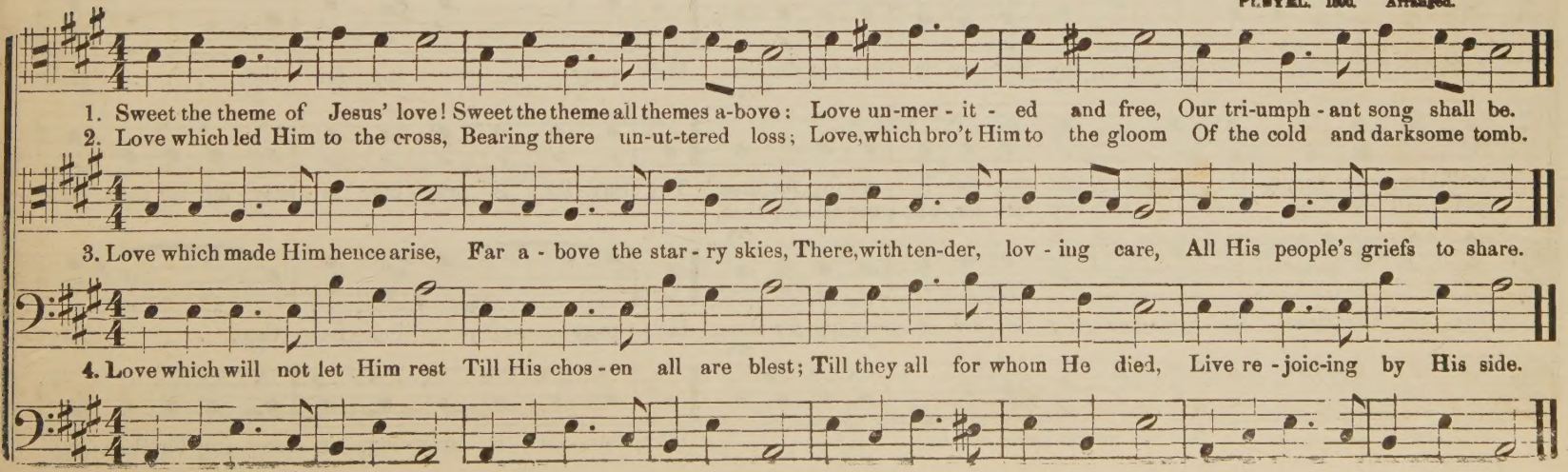
E. A. BARNES.

O. C. CASE. By permission.

1. There is joy among the angels, Singing round the throne above, When re-pent - ant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing,
2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call, When he turns to Christ be - liev-ing, And from Him is love re - ceiving,
3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speeding on, When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gospel work is bringing,
CHORUS.
All the riches of his love, All the riches of his love, All the riches of his love. There is joy,.... O there is joy,
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all.
Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, There is joy, glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

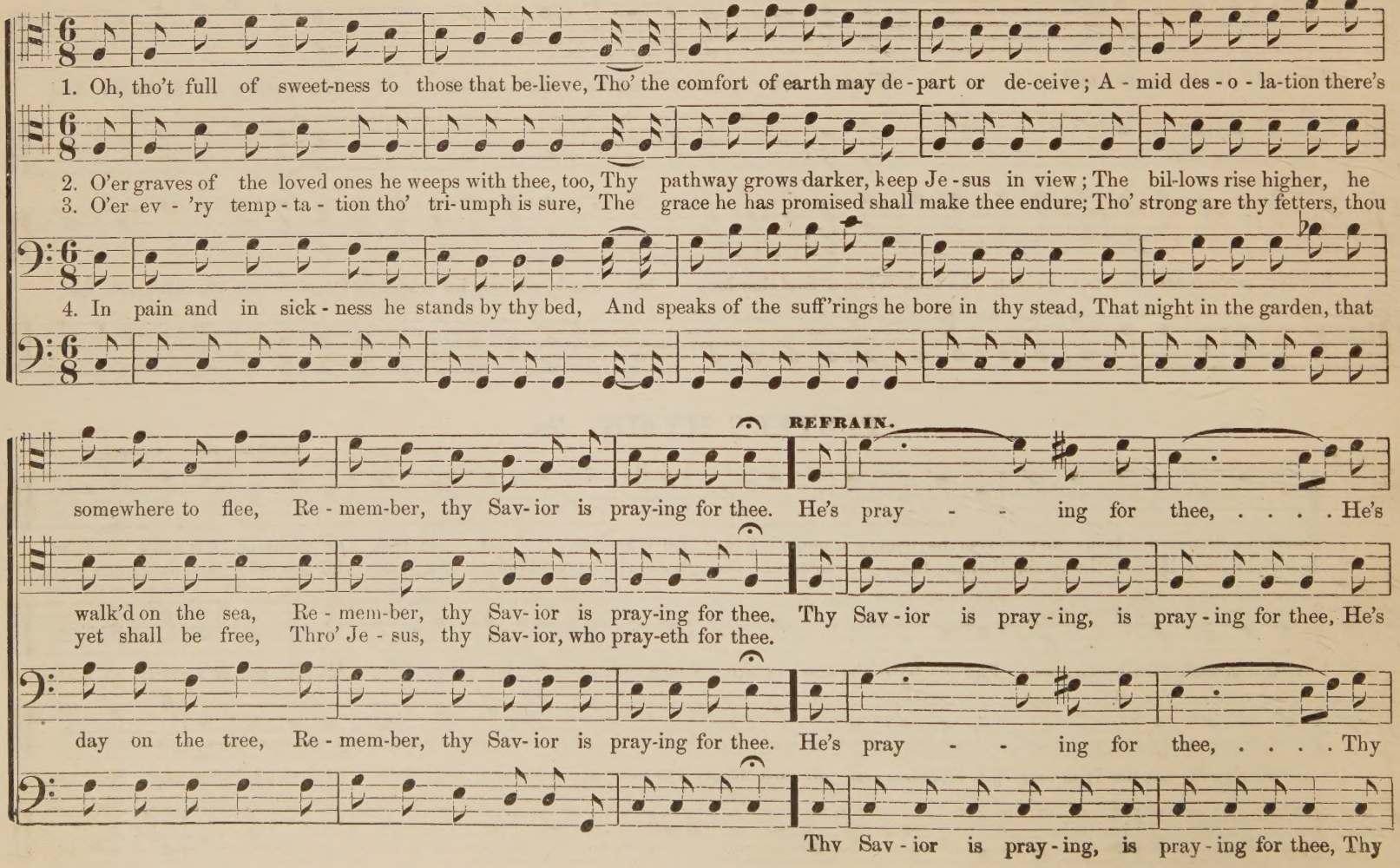

Joy that nev-er can be told, When a soul ... that long has wan - dered, Comes within the Saviour's fold.
Joy that nev-er can be, nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has wandered, long has wander'd Comes within the Saviour's fold.

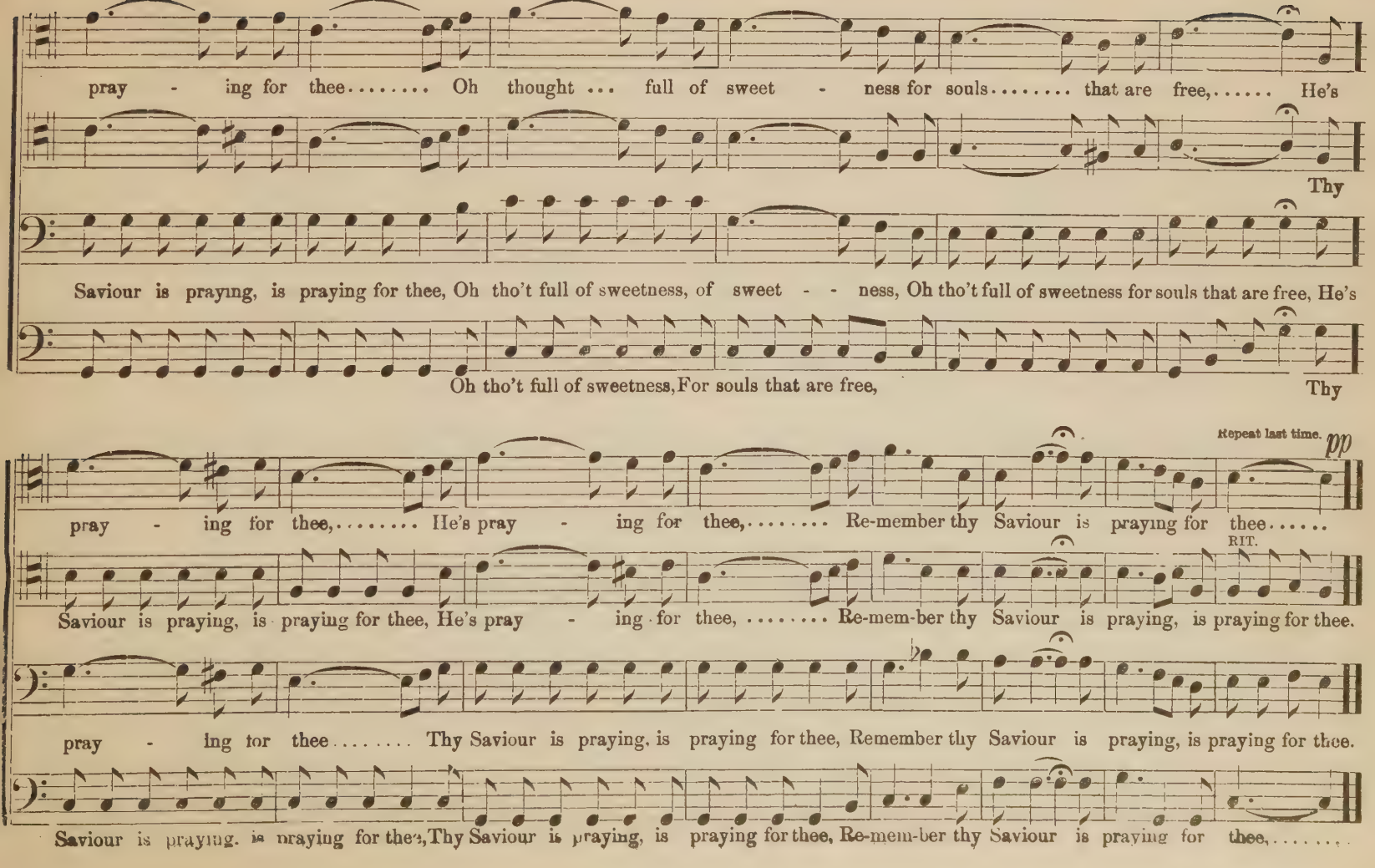
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL. 1800. Arranged.


1. Sweet the theme of Jesus' love! Sweet the theme all themes a-bove: Love un-mer - it - ed and free, Our tri-umph - ant song shall be.
2. Love which led Him to the cross, Bearing there un-ut-tered loss; Love, which bro't Him to the gloom Of the cold and darksome tomb.
3. Love which made Him hence arise, Far a - bove the star - ry skies, There, with ten-der, lov - ing care, All His people's griefs to share.
4. Love which will not let Him rest Till His chos - en all are blest; Till they all for whom He died, Live re - joic-ing by His side.

THE SAVIOR IS PRAYING FOR THEE.

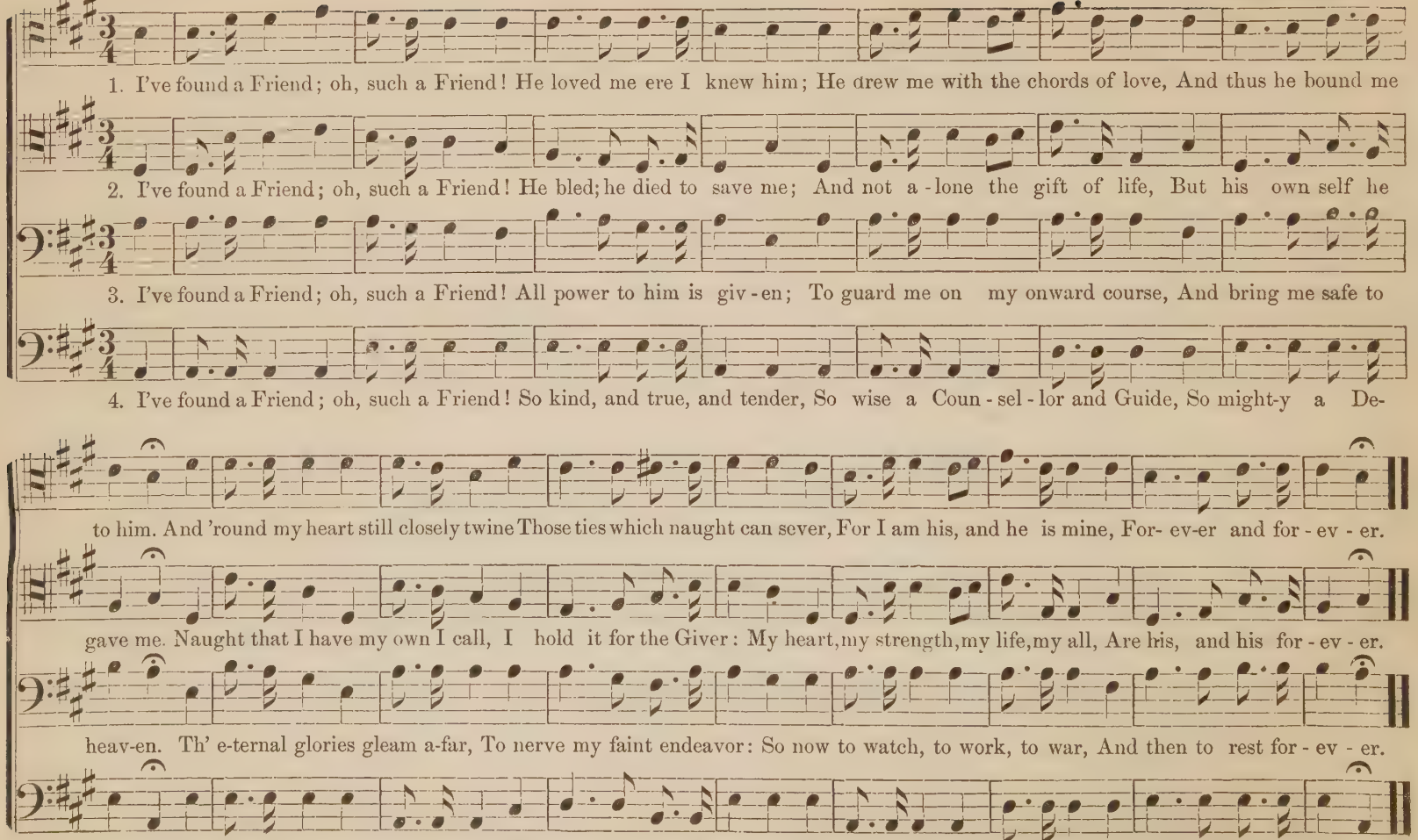
W. S. Heb. vii. 25. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, tho't full of sweet-ness to those that be-lieve, Tho' the comfort of earth may de-part or de-ceive; A - mid des - o - la-tion there's
2. O'er graves of the loved ones he weeps with thee, too, Thy pathway grows darker, keep Je - sus in view; The bil-lows rise higher, he
3. O'er ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion tho' tri-umph is sure, The grace he has promised shall make thee endure; Tho' strong are thy fetters, thou
4. In pain and in sick - ness he stands by thy bed, And speaks of the suff'rings he bore in thy stead, That night in the garden, that
REFRAIN.
somewhere to flee, Re - mem-ber, thy Sav - ior is pray-ing for thee. He's pray - - ing for thee, ... He's
walk'd on the sea, Re - mem-ber, thy Sav - ior is pray-ing for thee. Thy Sav - ior is pray - ing, is pray - ing for thee, He's
yet shall be free, Thro' Je - sus, thy Sav - ior, who pray-eth for thee.
day on the tree, Re - mem-ber, thy Sav - ior is pray-ing for thee. He's pray - - ing for thee, ... Thy
Thy Sav - ior is pray - ing, is pray - ing for thee, Thy


pray - ing for thee..... Oh thought ... full of sweet - ness for souls..... that are free,..... He's
Thy
Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Oh tho't full of sweetness, of sweet - - ness, Oh tho't full of sweetness for souls that are free, He's
Oh tho't full of sweetness, For souls that are free,
Thy
Repeat last time.
pp
pray - ing for thee,..... He's pray - ing for thee,..... Re-member thy Saviour is praying for thee.....
RIT.
Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, He's pray - ing for thee, ... Re-mem-ber thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee.
pray - ing for thee..... Thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Remember thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee.
Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Thy Saviour is praying, is praying for thee, Re-mem-ber thy Saviour is praying for thee,.....

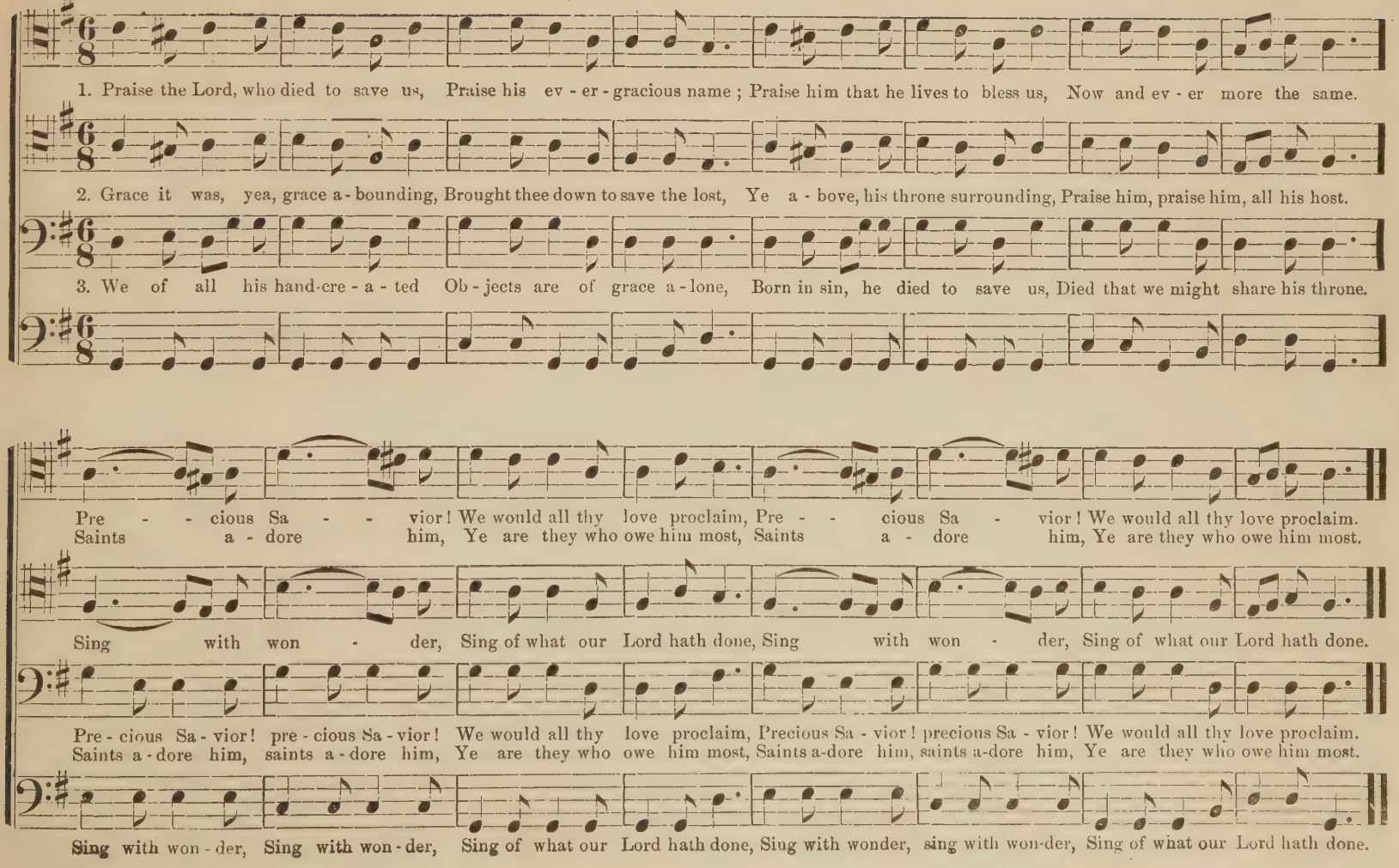
I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

From "Word and Work."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He drew me with the chords of love, And thus he bound me
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled; he died to save me; And not a-lone the gift of life, But his own self he
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to him is giv-en; To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender, So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-
to him. And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever, For I am his, and he is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
gave me. Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for-ev-er.
heav-en. Th' e-ternal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint endeavor: So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
fender! From him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sever? Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am his for-ev-er.

T. H. TANNER.


1. Praise the Lord, who died to save us, Praise his ev - er - gracious name ; Praise him that he lives to bless us, Now and ev - er more the same.
2. Grace it was, yea, grace a - bounding, Brought thee down to save the lost, Ye a - bove, his throne surrounding, Praise him, praise him, all his host.
3. We of all his hand-cre - a - ted Ob - jects are of grace a - lone, Born in sin, he died to save us, Died that we might share his throne.
Pre - - cious Sa - - vior! We would all thy love proclaim, Pre - - cious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim.
Saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most, Saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most.
Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done, Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done.
Pre - cious Sa - vior! pre - cious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim, Precious Sa - vior! precious Sa - vior! We would all thy love proclaim.
Saints a - dore him, saints a - dore him, Ye are they who owe him most, Saints a-dore him, saints a-dore him, Ye are they who owe him most.
Sing with won - der, Sing with won - der, Sing of what our Lord hath done, Sing with wonder, sing with won-der, Sing of what our Lord hath done.

ALL FROM JESUS

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All my hope of sins forgiven, All my peace while here I journey, All the prom-is - es of Heaven.

2. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All my vict'- ries o - ver sin, All my strength to bear and labor, All my help the goal to win.

3. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the righteousness and grace, All the cleansing and the fit-ness To be-hold my Father's face.

4. All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the com- fort of my mind, All I want in earth or glo- ry, More than all in Him I find.

CHORUS. 1st. 2d. RIT.

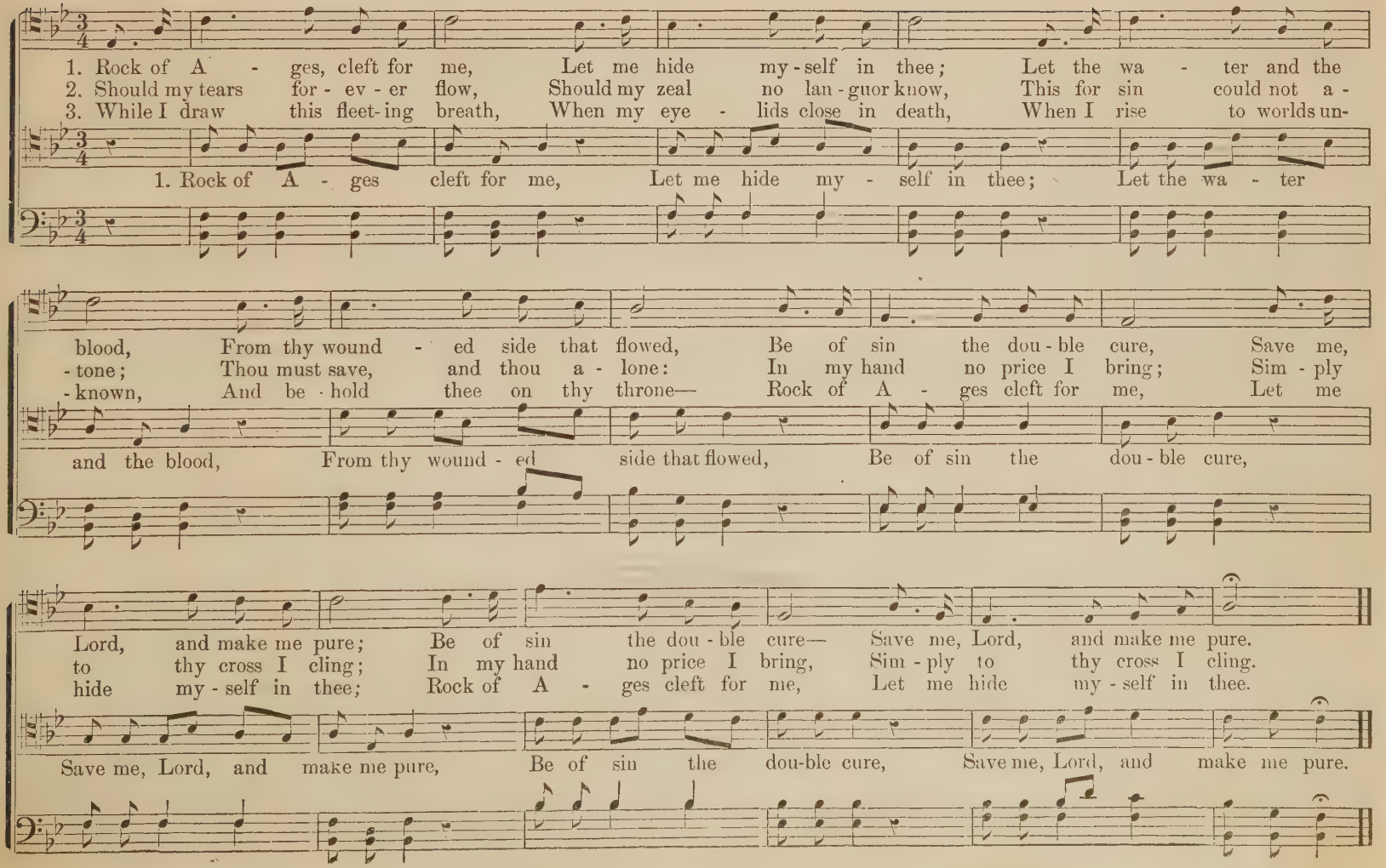
All from Je - sus All from Je - sus, All the gladness, all the song. { All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy blood-bought throng. / All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy happy ..... blood-bought throng

ff pp

All from Je - sus, All from Je - sus, All the gladness, all the song. { All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy blood-bought throng. / All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy, happy ..... blood-bought throng.

When sung as a solo, let the accompanying parts be sung in a subdued manner.

Mrs. P. P. BLISS. Arr. by M.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a -
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un-
1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter
blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me,
-tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply
-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne— Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me
and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure,
Lord, and make me pure; Be of sin the dou - ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
to thy cross I cling; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
hide my - self in thee; Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.
Save me, Lord, and make me pure, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

JESUS, ALL THE WAY.

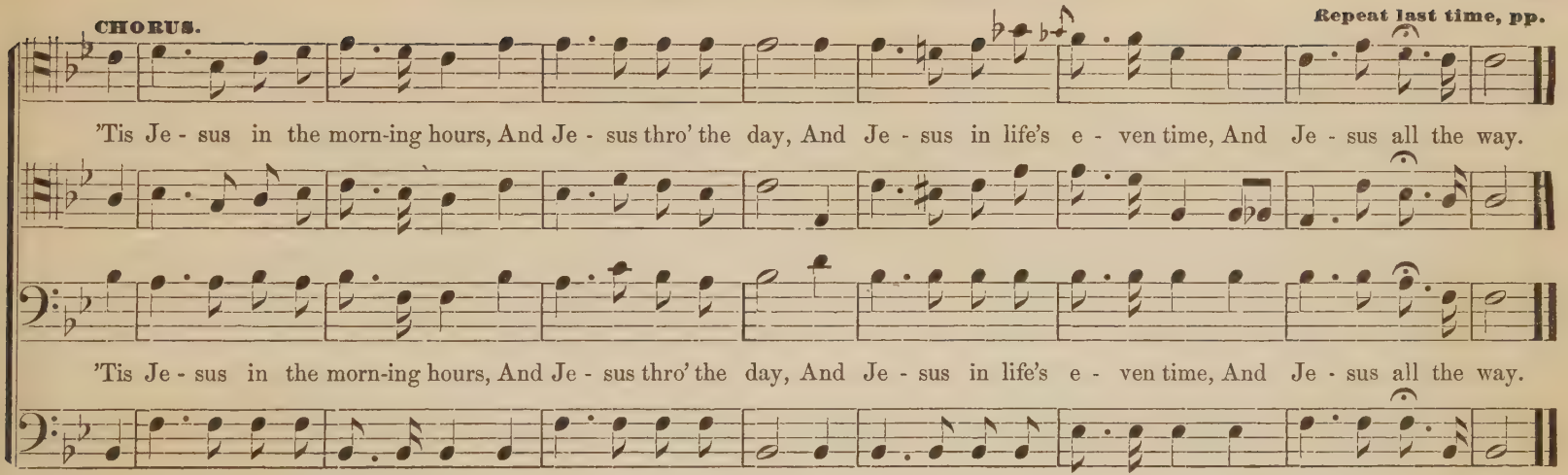
M. E. SERVOSS. C. C. CASE. By permission.

SOLO, OR TENORS IN UNISON.

1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burden'd heart Is sink-ing 'neath its load; And Je - sus when the trembling steps Can hard - ly keep the road;
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the in - fant tongue Can hard - ly lisp the name, And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same;
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea - ry, sad and lone; And Je - sus for the sin - ner's hope To change the heart of stone;

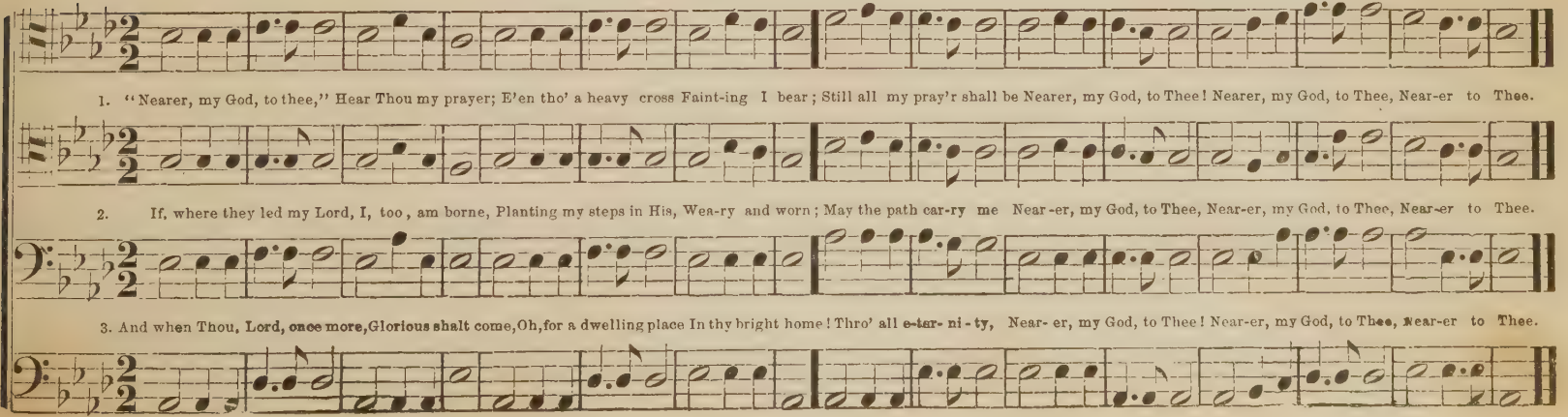
INSTRUMENT.

And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sorrow's night, For he a-lone can soothe the pain, Or guide the steps a - right.
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from him should stray, Our Shepherd walks be-fore his sheep, And leads him all the way.
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream; Then Je - sus, Je-sus ev - er-more, Shall be our new song's theme.


CHORUS.
Repeat last time, pp.
'Tis Je - sus in the morn-ing hours, And Je - sus thro' the day, And Je - sus in life's e - ven time, And Je - sus all the way.
'Tis Je - sus in the morn-ing hours, And Je - sus thro' the day, And Je - sus in life's e - ven time, And Je - sus all the way.

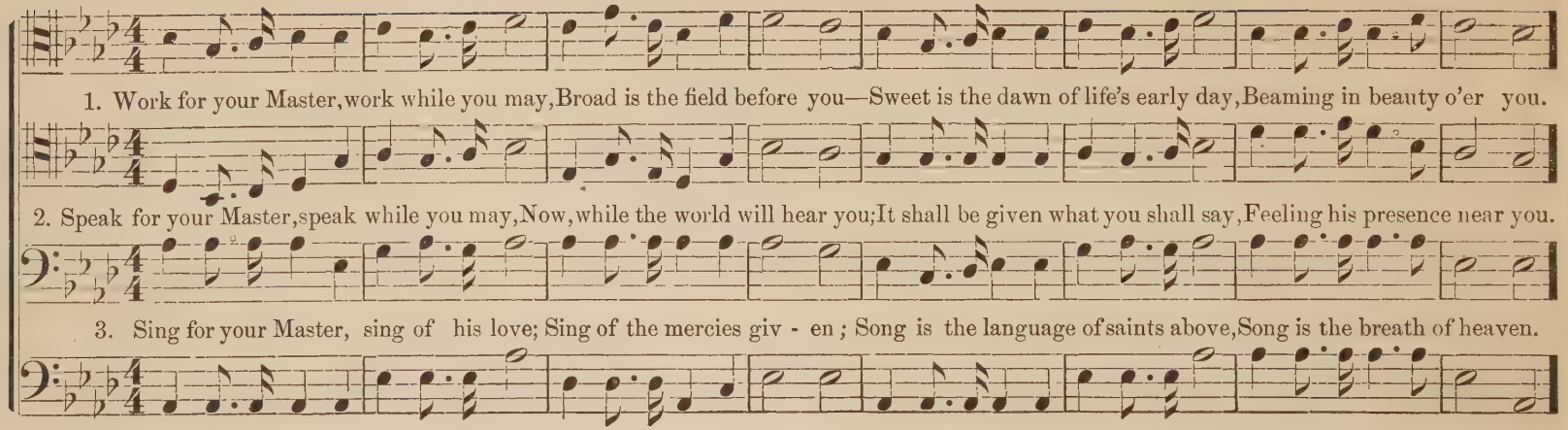
NEARER TO THEE.

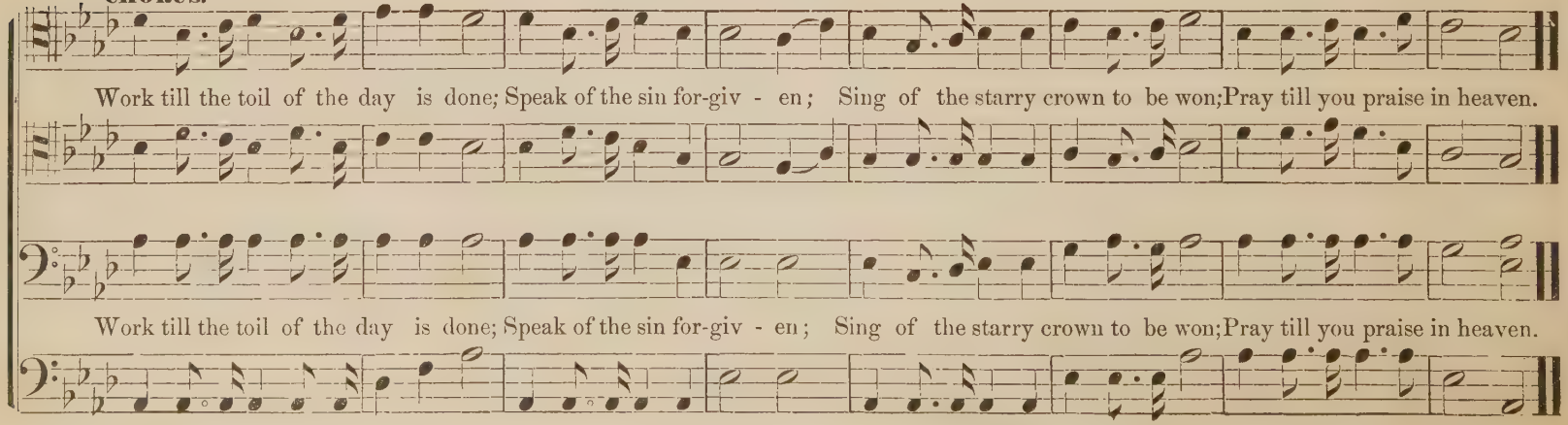
J. H. TENNEY. By permission.


1. "Nearer, my God, to thee," Hear Thou my prayer; E'en tho' a heavy cross Faint-ing I bear; Still all my pray'r shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
2. If, where they led my Lord, I, too, am borne, Planting my steps in His, Wea-ry and worn; May the path car-ry me Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
3. And when Thou, Lord, once more, Glorious shalt come, Oh, for a dwelling place In thy bright home! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

WORK FOR YOUR MASTER.

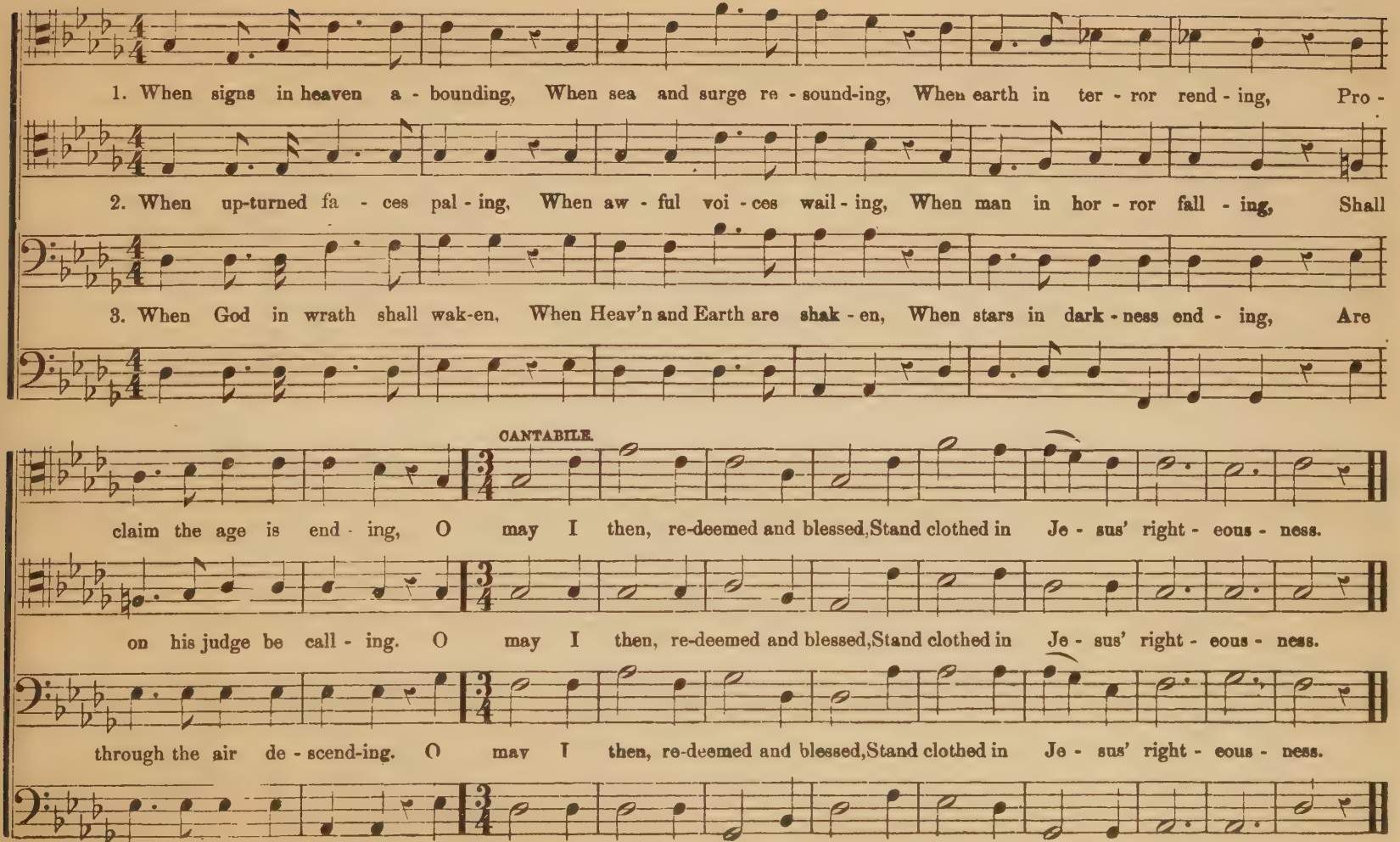
P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Work for your Master, work while you may, Broad is the field before you—Sweet is the dawn of life's early day, Beaming in beauty o'er you.
2. Speak for your Master, speak while you may, Now, while the world will hear you; It shall be given what you shall say, Feeling his presence near you.
3. Sing for your Master, sing of his love; Sing of the mercies giv - en; Song is the language of saints above, Song is the breath of heaven.


CHORUS.
Work till the toil of the day is done; Speak of the sin for-giv - en; Sing of the starry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.
Work till the toil of the day is done; Speak of the sin for-giv - en; Sing of the starry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.

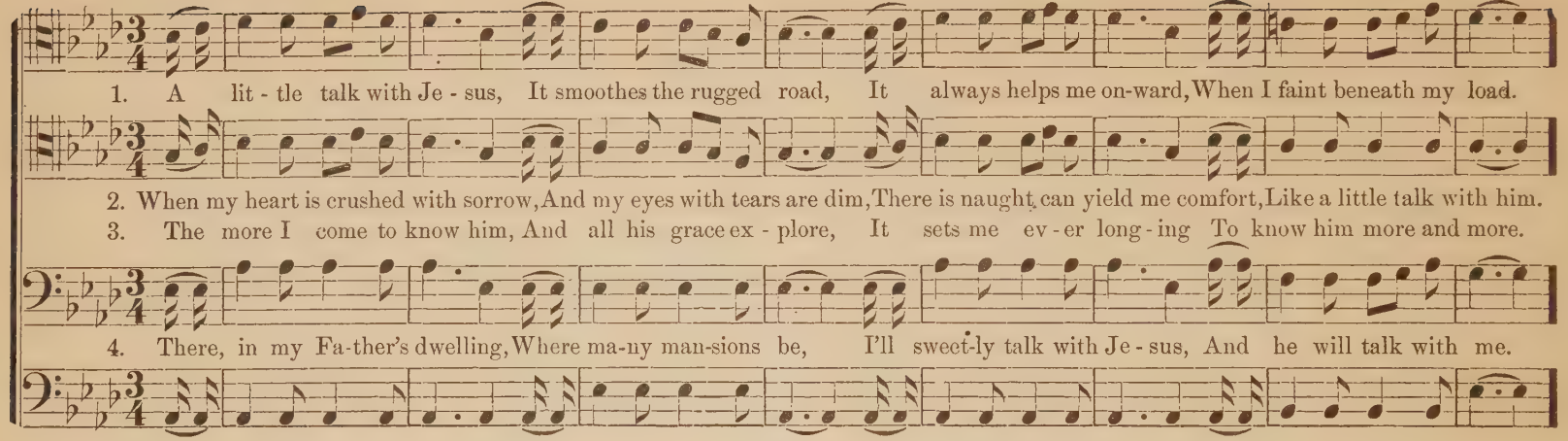
O MAY I THEN, REDEEMED AND BLEST.

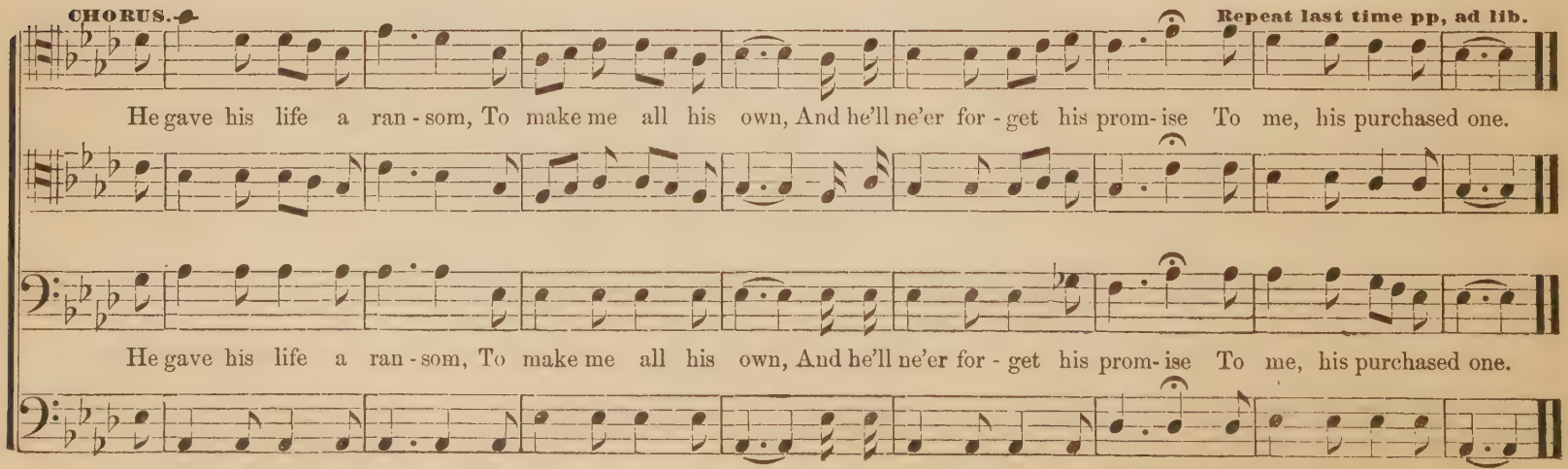
D. W. WHITTLE. ADAPTED.


1. When signs in heaven a - bounding, When sea and surge re - sound-ing, When earth in ter - ror rend - ing, Pro -
2. When up-turned fa - ces pal - ing, When aw - ful voi - ces wail - ing, When man in hor - ror fall - ing, Shall
3. When God in wrath shall wak-en, When Heav'n and Earth are shak - en, When stars in dark - ness end - ing, Are
CANTABILE.
claim the age is end - ing, O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.
on his judge be call - ing. O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.
through the air de - scend-ing. O may I then, re-deemed and blessed, Stand clothed in Je - sus' right - eous - ness.

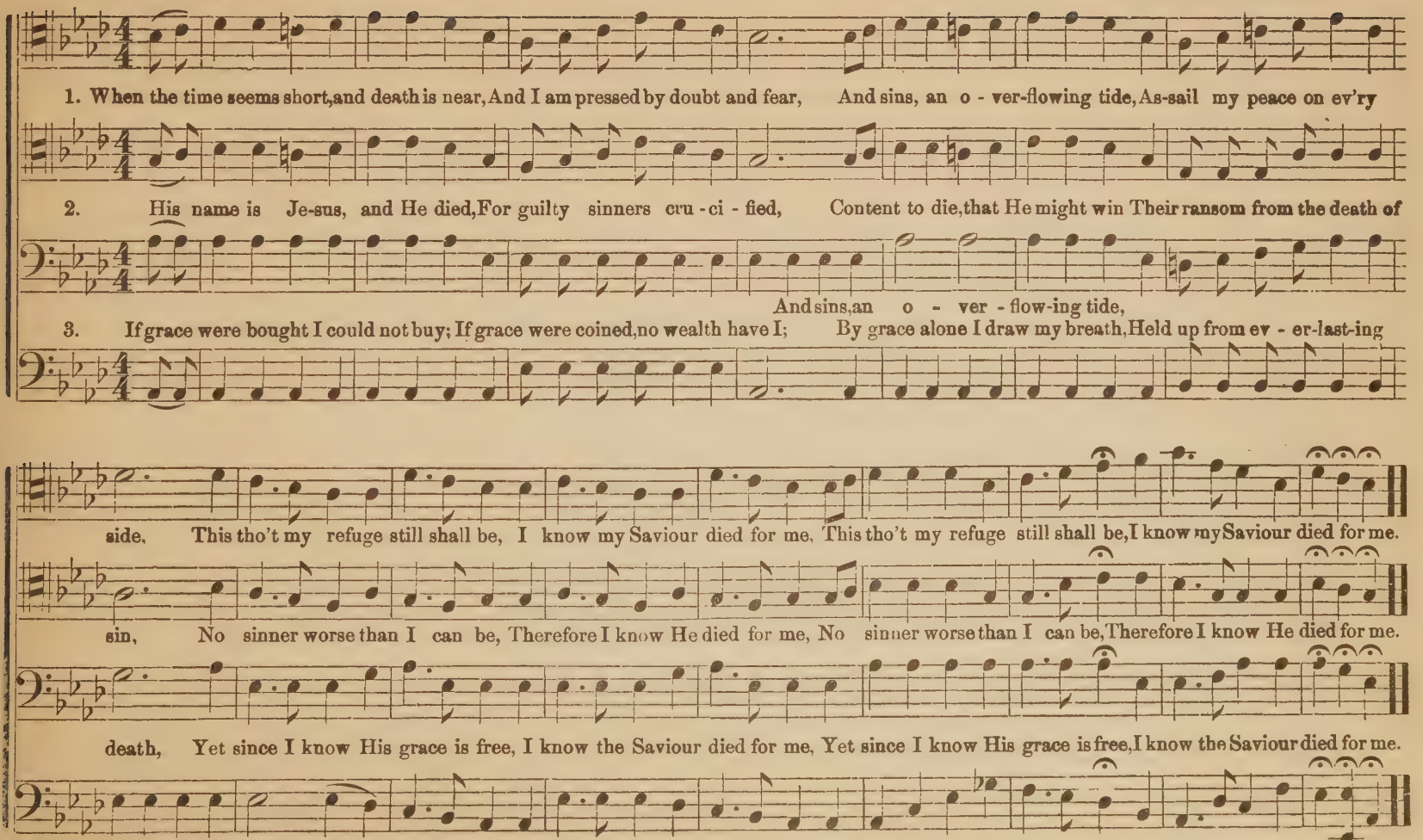
A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

Arranged. C. C. WILLIAMS.


1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, It smoothes the rugged road, It always helps me on-ward, When I faint beneath my load.
2. When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can yield me comfort, Like a little talk with him.
3. The more I come to know him, And all his grace ex - plore, It sets me ev - er long - ing To know him more and more.
4. There, in my Fa-ther's dwelling, Where ma-ny man-sions be, I'll sweet-ly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

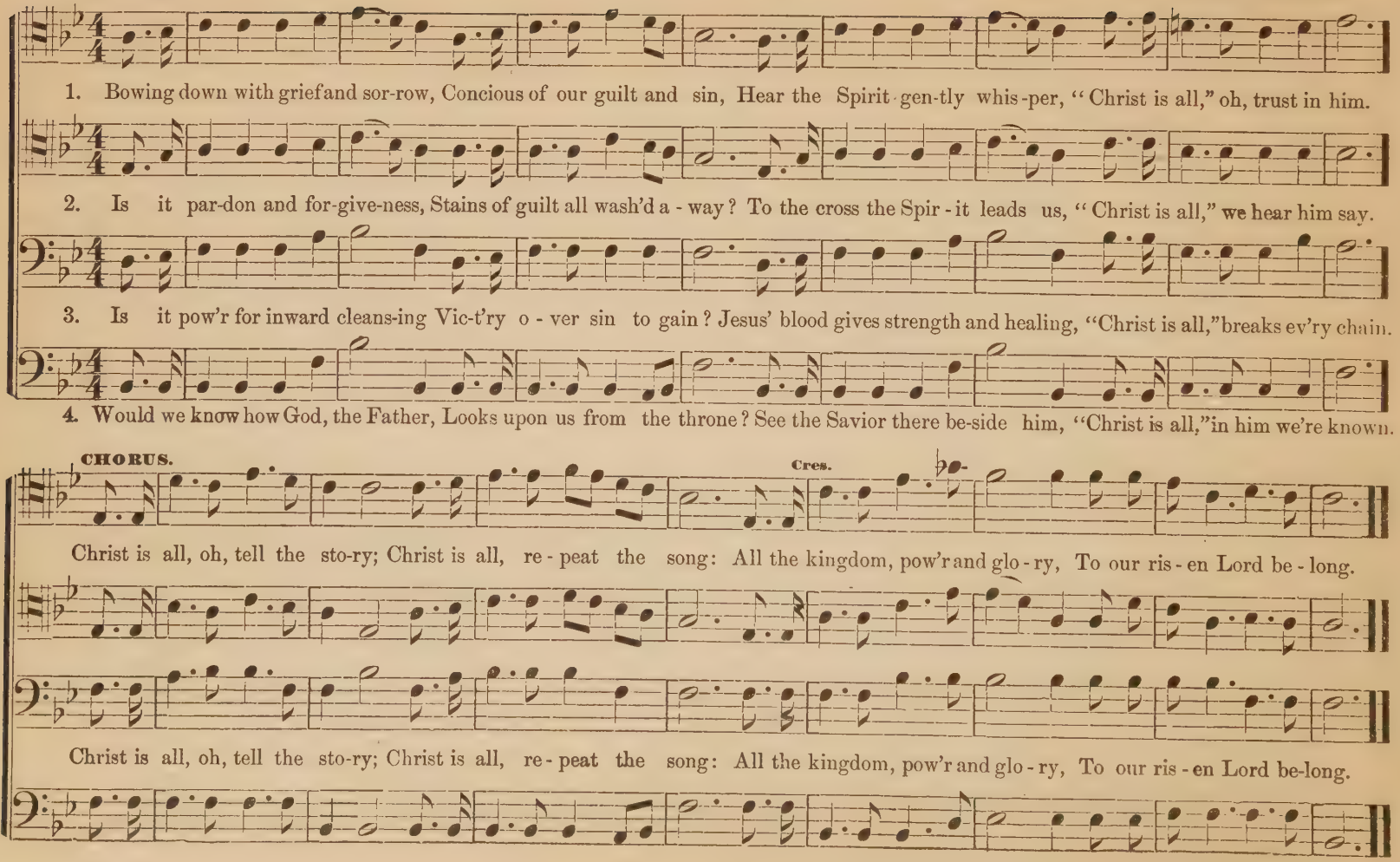

CHORUS.
Repeat last time pp, ad lib.
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own, And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own, And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.

HE DIED FOR ME.

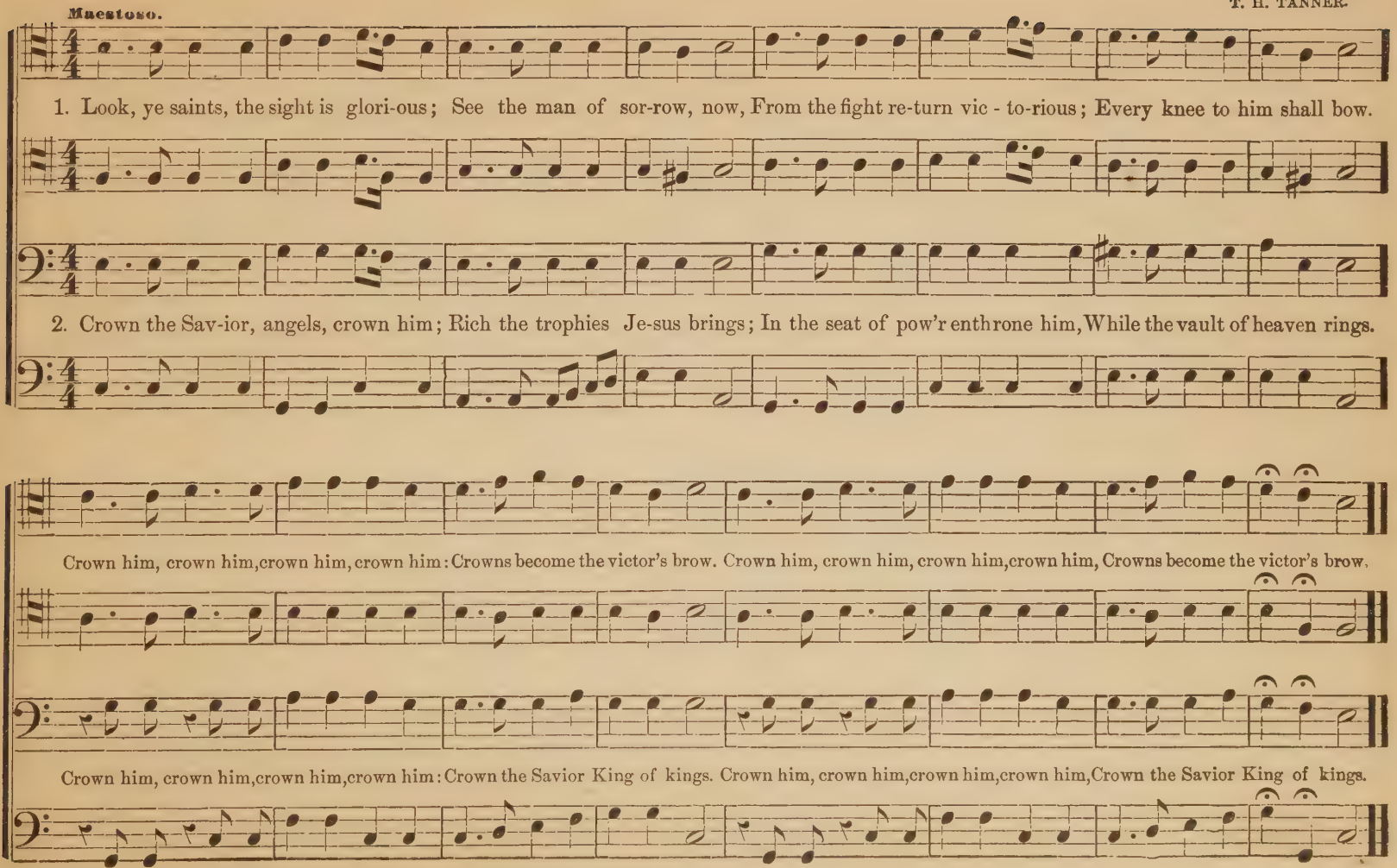
DR. BETHUNE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. When the time seems short, and death is near, And I am pressed by doubt and fear, And sins, an o - ver-flowing tide, As-sail my peace on ev'ry
2. His name is Je-sus, and He died, For guilty sinners cru - ci - fied, Content to die, that He might win Their ransom from the death of
And sins, an o - ver - flow-ing tide,
3. If grace were bought I could not buy; If grace were coined, no wealth have I; By grace alone I draw my breath, Held up from ev - er-last-ing
side. This tho't my refuge still shall be, I know my Saviour died for me. This tho't my refuge still shall be, I know my Saviour died for me.
sin, No sinner worse than I can be, Therefore I know He died for me, No sinner worse than I can be, Therefore I know He died for me.
death, Yet since I know His grace is free, I know the Saviour died for me, Yet since I know His grace is free, I know the Saviour died for me.
side, This tho't my ref - uge still shall be,

CHRIST IS ALL.

D. W. WHITTLE. Col. iii. 11. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

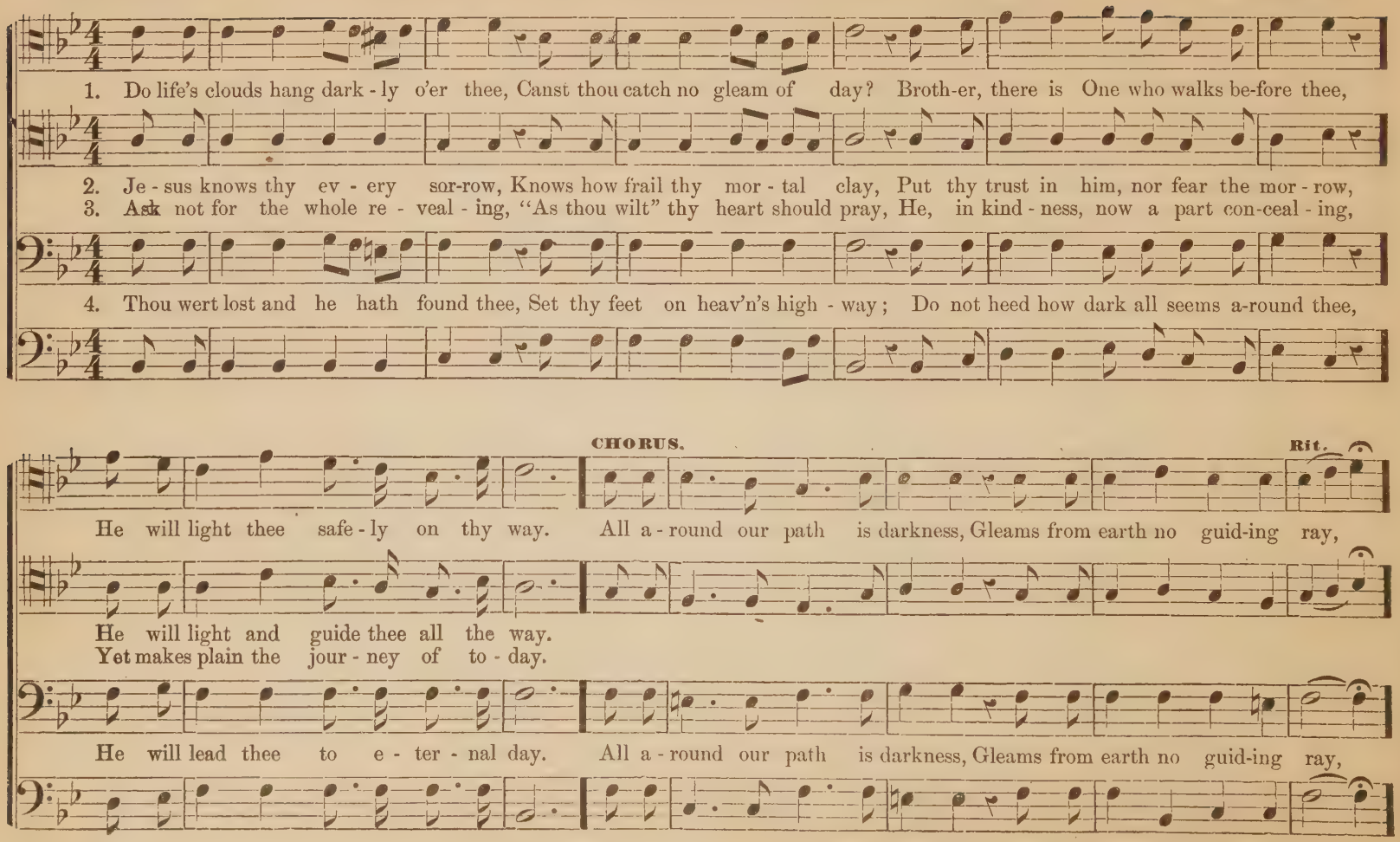
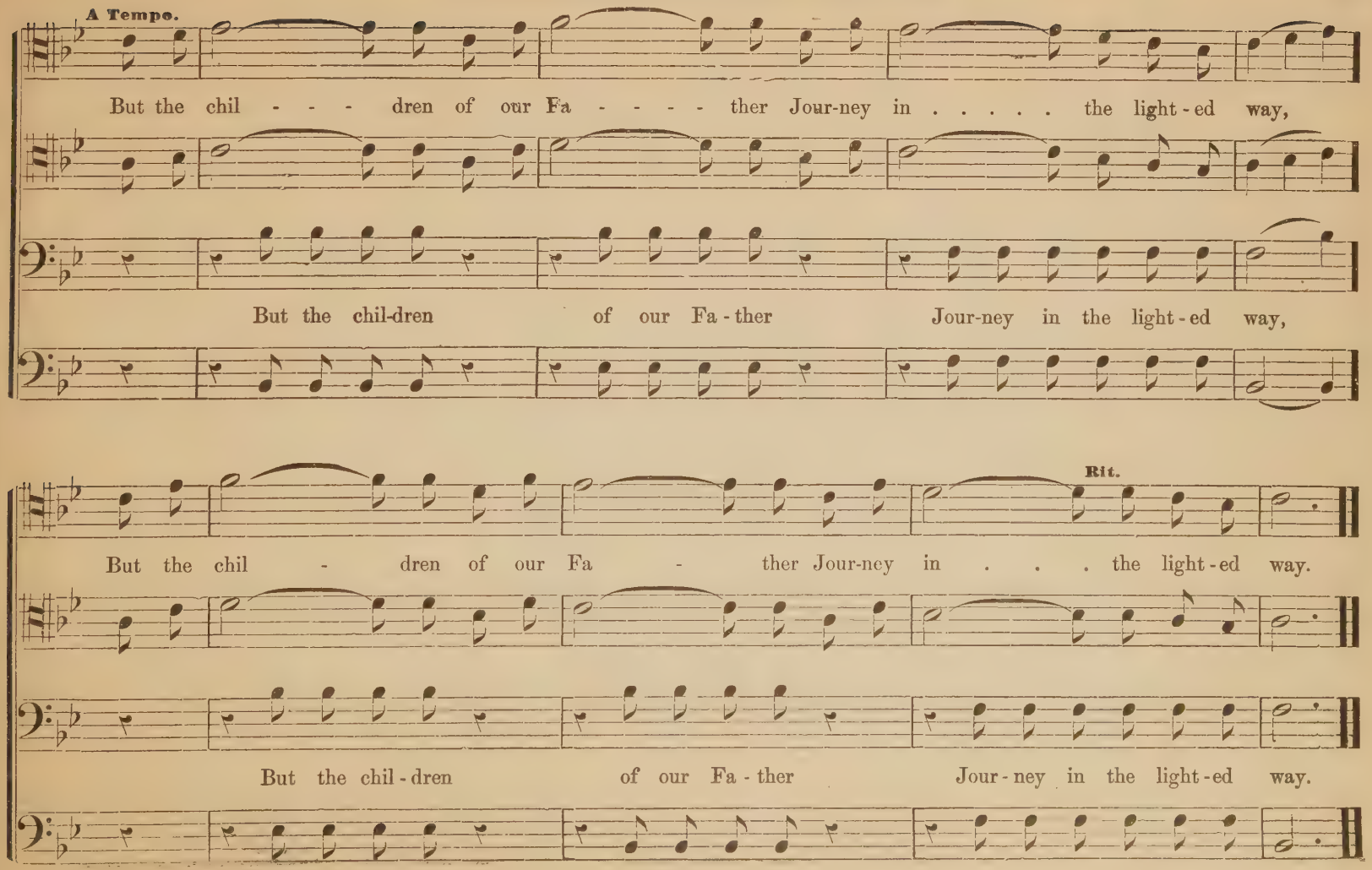

1. Bowing down with grief and sor-row, Concious of our guilt and sin, Hear the Spirit gen-tly whis-per, "Christ is all," oh, trust in him.
2. Is it par-don and for-give-ness, Stains of guilt all wash'd a - way? To the cross the Spir - it leads us, "Christ is all," we hear him say.
3. Is it pow'r for inward cleans-ing Vic-t'ry o - ver sin to gain? Jesus' blood gives strength and healing, "Christ is all," breaks ev'ry chain.
4. Would we know how God, the Father, Looks upon us from the throne? See the Savior there be-side him, "Christ is all," in him we're known.
CHORUS.
Cres.
Christ is all, oh, tell the sto-ry; Christ is all, re - peat the song: All the kingdom, pow'r and glo - ry, To our ris - en Lord be - long.
Christ is all, oh, tell the sto-ry; Christ is all, re - peat the song: All the kingdom, pow'r and glo - ry, To our ris - en Lord be-long.

CROWN HIM.

T. H. TANNER.

Maestoso.
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glori-ous; See the man of sor-row, now, From the fight re-turn vic - to-rious; Every knee to him shall bow.
2. Crown the Sav-ior, angels, crown him; Rich the trophies Je-sus brings; In the seat of pow'r enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns become the victor's brow. Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crowns become the victor's brow.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crown the Savior King of kings. Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown the Savior King of kings.

THE LIGHTED WAY.

M. E. SERVOSS. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John viii : 12. T. H. TANNER.


1. Do life's clouds hang dark - ly o'er thee, Canst thou catch no gleam of day? Broth-er, there is One who walks be-fore thee,
2. Je - sus knows thy ev - ery sor-row, Knows how frail thy mor - tal clay, Put thy trust in him, nor fear the mor - row,
3. Ask not for the whole re - veal - ing, "As thou wilt" thy heart should pray, He, in kind - ness, now a part con-ceal - ing,
4. Thou wert lost and he hath found thee, Set thy feet on heav'n's high - way; Do not heed how dark all seems a-round thee,
CHORUS.
Rit.
He will light thee safe - ly on thy way. All a - round our path is darkness, Gleams from earth no guid-ing ray,
He will light and guide thee all the way.
Yet makes plain the jour - ney of to - day.
He will lead thee to e - ter - nal day. All a - round our path is darkness, Gleams from earth no guid-ing ray,

A Tempo.
But the chil - - - dren of our Fa - - - - ther Jour-ney in . . . . . the light-ed way,
But the chil-dren of our Fa-ther Jour-ney in the light-ed way,
Rit.
But the chil - dren of our Fa - ther Jour-ney in . . . the light-ed way.
But the chil-dren of our Fa-ther Jour-ney in the light-ed way.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

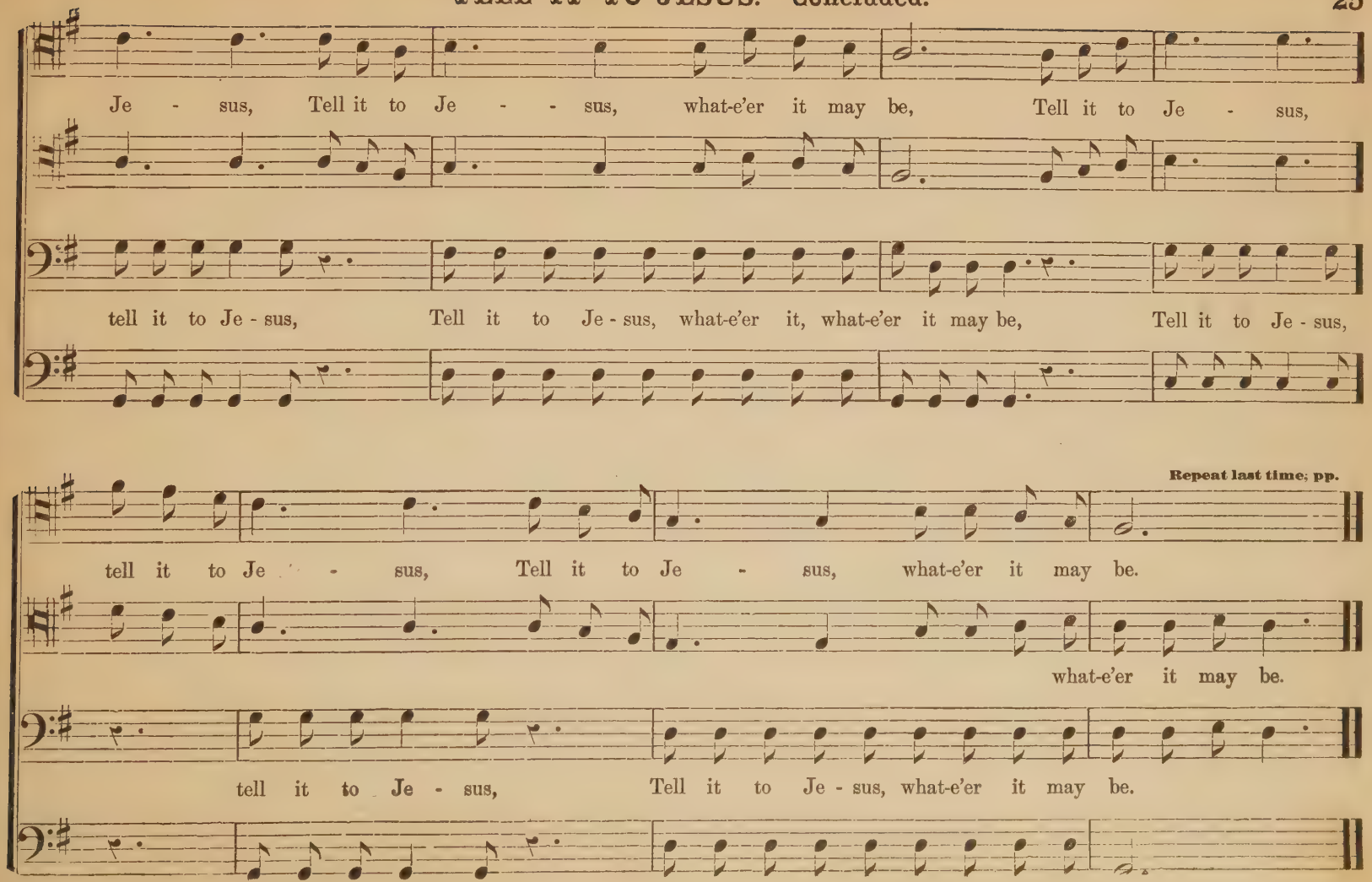
M. E. SERVOSS. C. C CASE. Arranged for male voices by M.

1. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell thy tempta - tion, thy weakness, thy fall, Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, All of thy sor - row, thy sickness, and sin, Go to him meek - ly,
3. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell him thy sor - row, thy an-guish, thy care, Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, Tell it while will - ing to bear what is best, He will take from thee

Instrument.

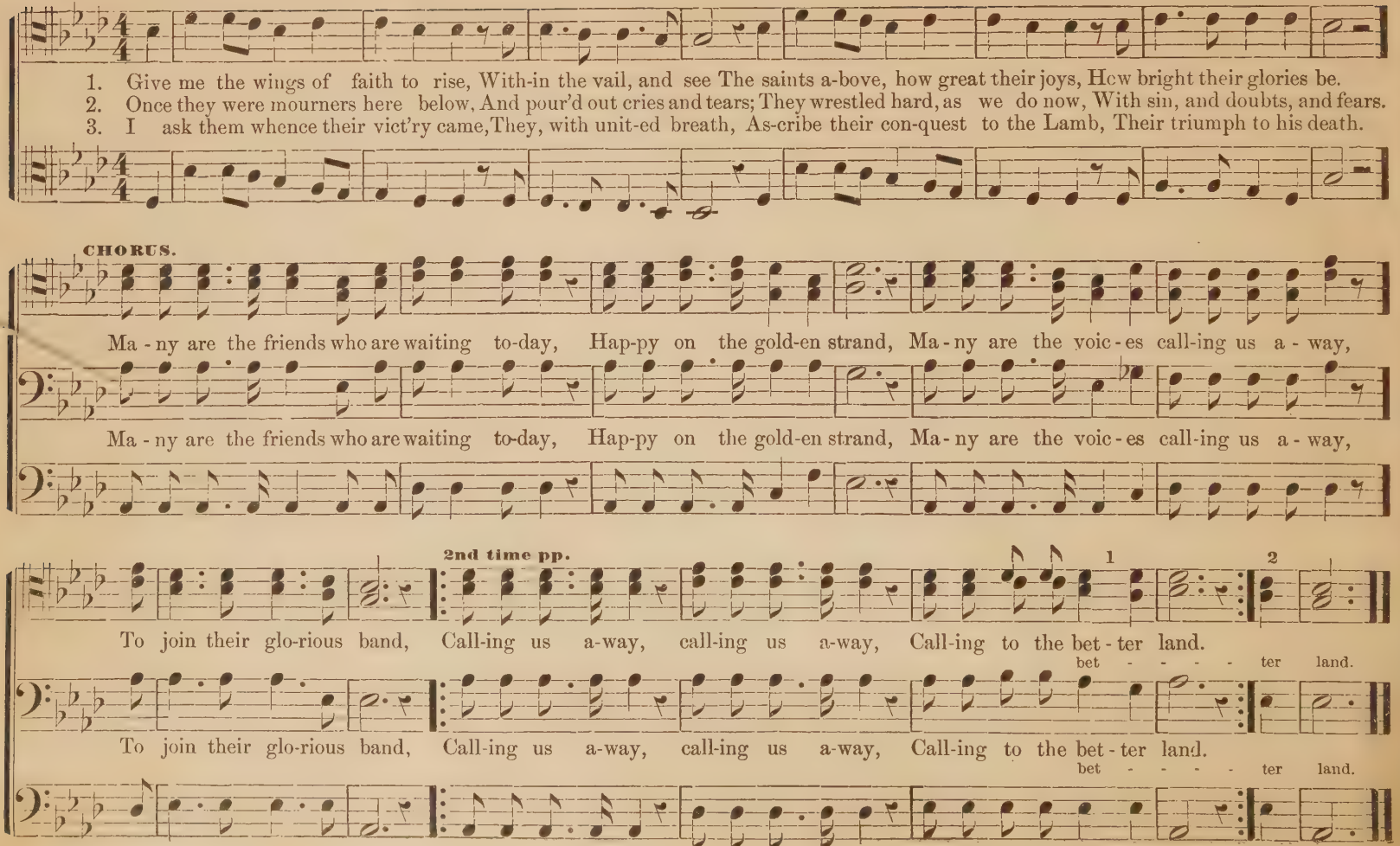
CHORUS.

tell it to Je - sus, He in com-pas - sion will lis - ten to all.
go to him hum - bly, He will in mer - cy for-give you a - gain. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to
tell it to Je - sus, He who has prom - ised thy trouble to share.
all that's not need - ed, Helping thee pa - tient - ly bear all the rest.

Tell it to Je - sus,

Je - sus, Tell it to Je - - sus, what-e'er it may be, Tell it to Je - sus,
tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it, what-e'er it may be, Tell it to Je - sus,
Repeat last time; pp.
tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it may be.
what-e'er it may be.
tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, what-e'er it may be.

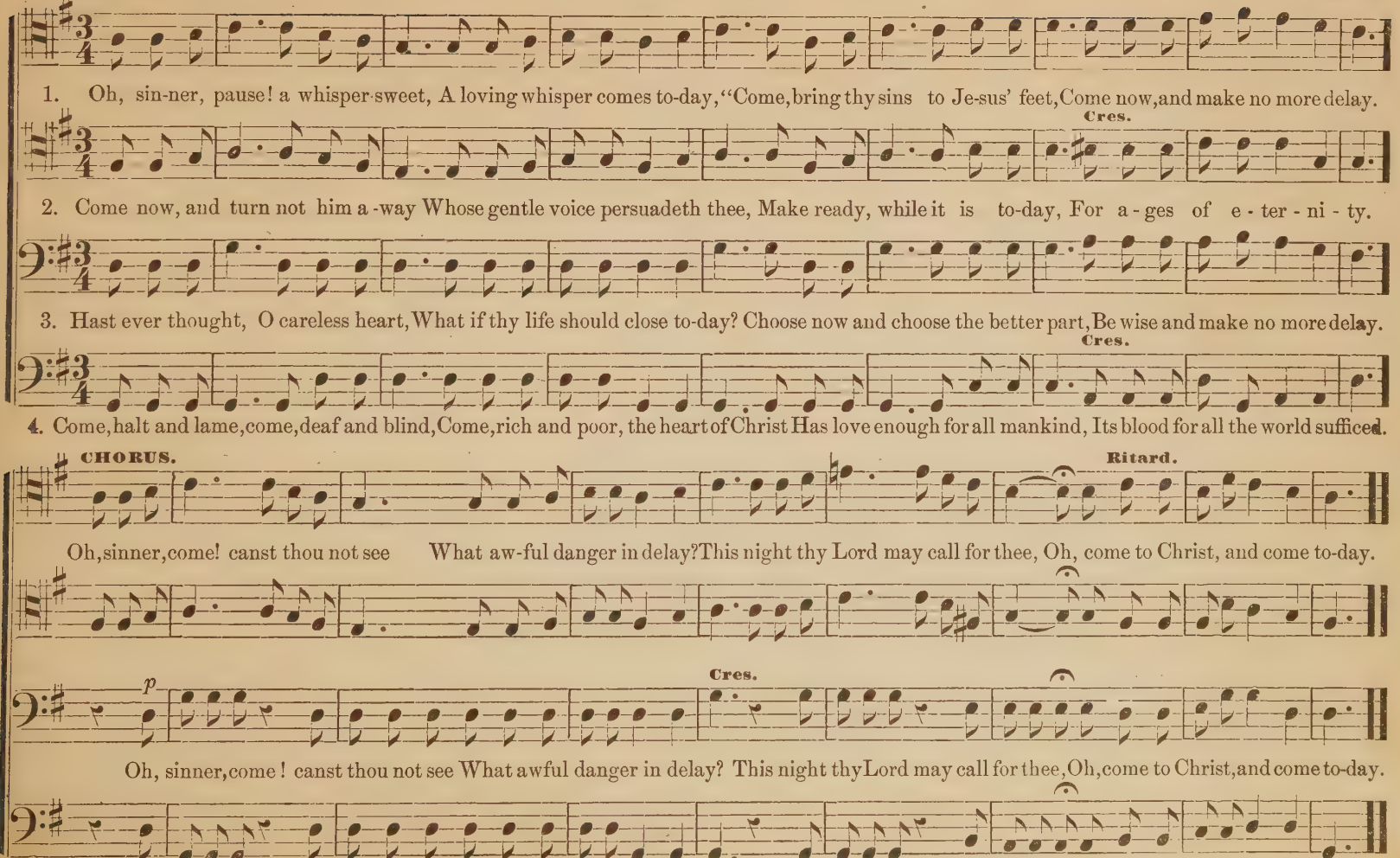
CALLING US AWAY.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

WALTER KITTRIDGE, by per, arr. by J. M. G.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail, and see The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sin, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came, They, with unit-ed breath, As-cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.
CHORUS.
Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand, Ma - ny are the voic - es call-ing us a - way,
Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand, Ma - ny are the voic - es call-ing us a - way,
2nd time pp.
1
2
To join their glo-rious band, Call-ing us a-way, call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.
bet - - - - ter land.
To join their glo-rious band, Call-ing us a-way, call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.
bet - - - - ter land.

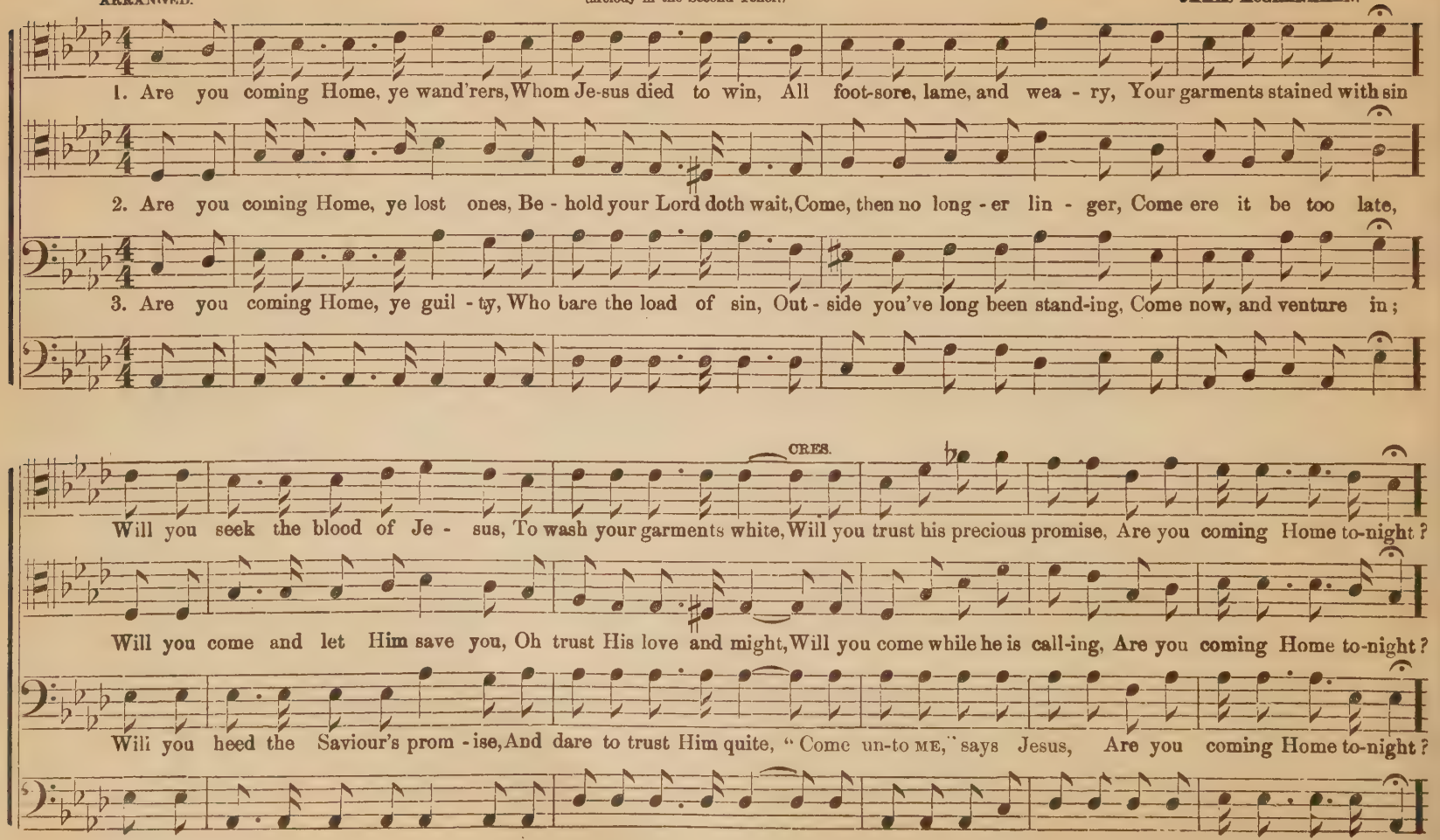
OH, COME, AND COME TO-DAY.

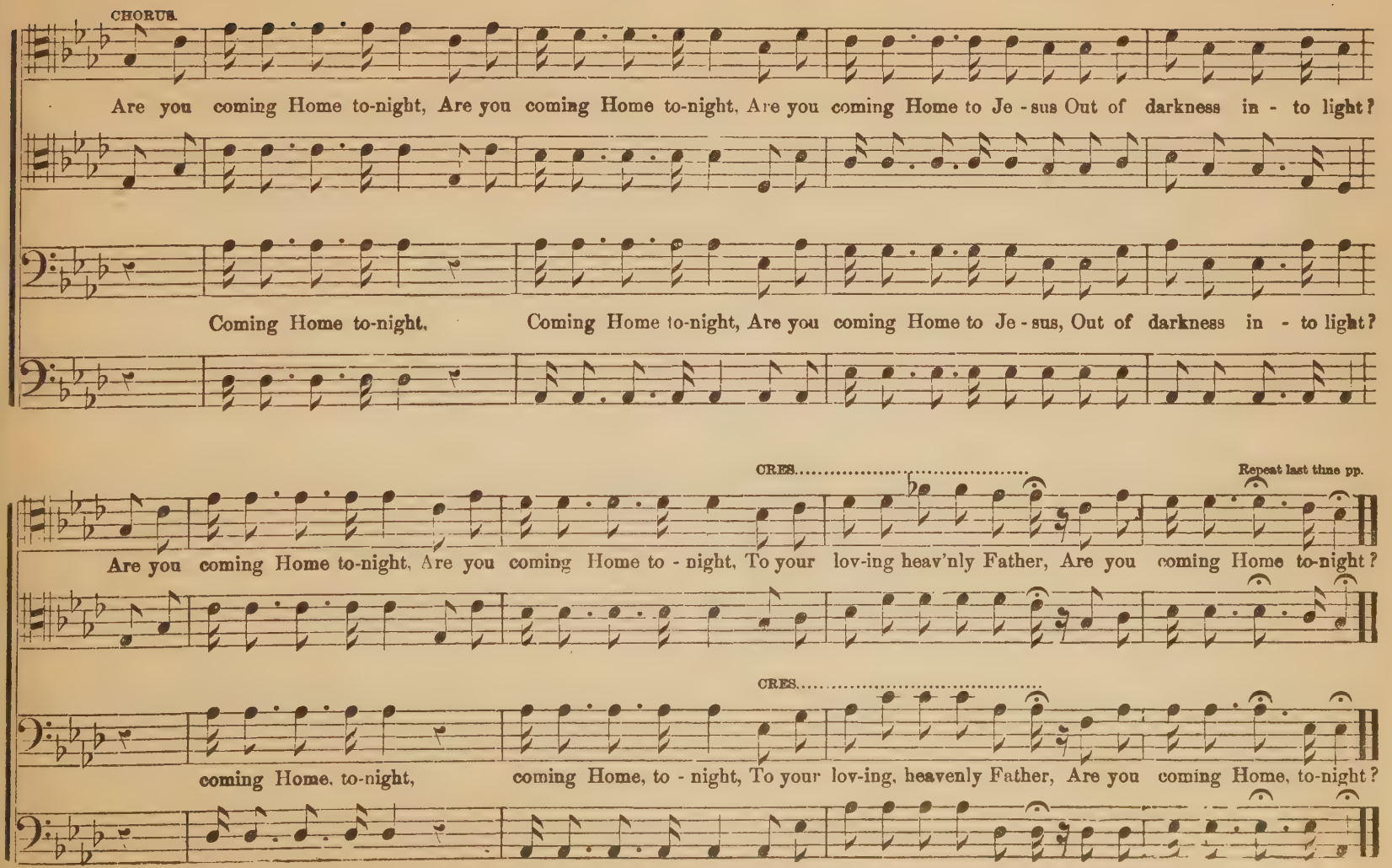
EBEN E. REXFORD. T. H. TANNER.


1. Oh, sin-ner, pause! a whisper-sweet, A loving whisper comes to-day, "Come, bring thy sins to Je-sus' feet, Come now, and make no more delay.
Cres.
2. Come now, and turn not him a-way Whose gentle voice persuadeth thee, Make ready, while it is to-day, For a-ges of e-ter-ni-ty.
3. Hast ever thought, O careless heart, What if thy life should close to-day? Choose now and choose the better part, Be wise and make no more delay.
Cres.
4. Come, halt and lame, come, deaf and blind, Come, rich and poor, the heart of Christ Has love enough for all mankind, Its blood for all the world sufficed.
CHORUS.
Ritard.
Oh, sinner, come! canst thou not see What aw-ful danger in delay? This night thy Lord may call for thee, Oh, come to Christ, and come to-day.
p
Cres.
Oh, sinner, come! canst thou not see What awful danger in delay? This night thy Lord may call for thee, Oh, come to Christ, and come to-day.

ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

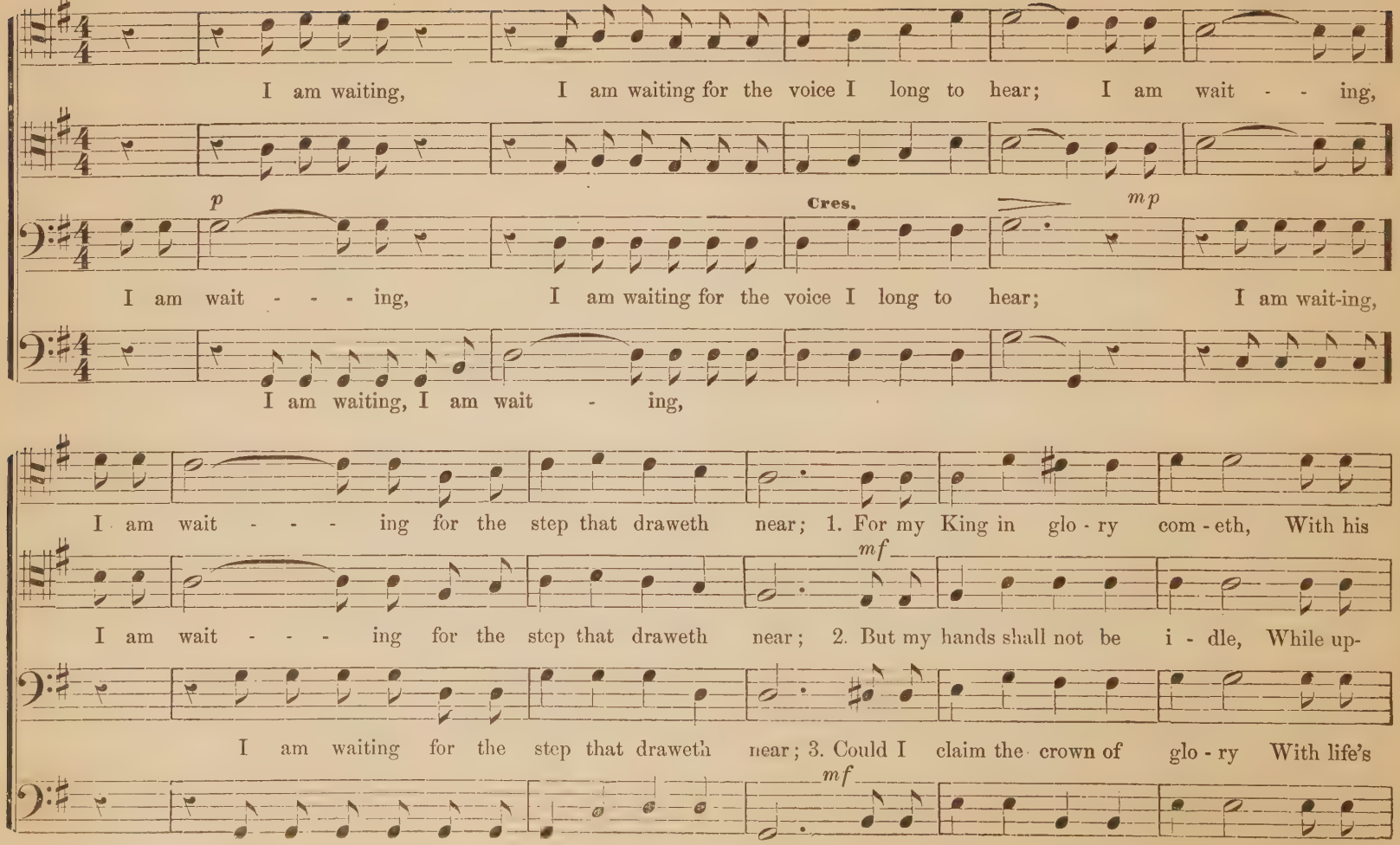
ARRANGED. (Melody in the Second Tenor.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

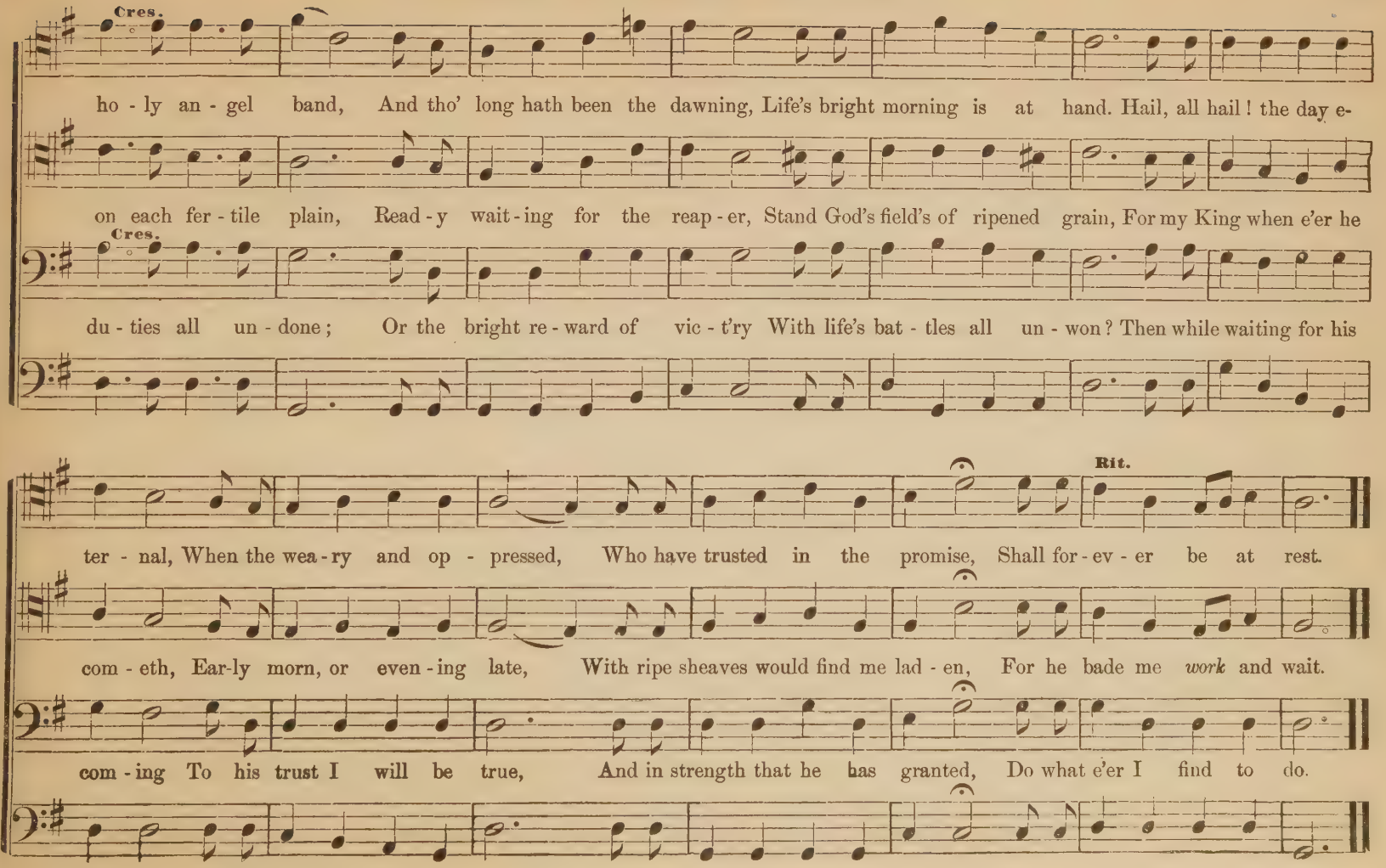

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je-sus died to win, All foot-sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your garments stained with sin
2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones, Be - hold your Lord doth wait, Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late,
3. Are you coming Home, ye guil - ty, Who bare the load of sin, Out - side you've long been stand-ing, Come now, and venture in;
CRES.
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus, To wash your garments white, Will you trust his precious promise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come and let Him save you, Oh trust His love and might, Will you come while he is call-ing, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite, "Come un-to ME," says Jesus, Are you coming Home to-night?


CHORUS.
Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to Je - sus Out of darkness in - to light?
Coming Home to-night, Coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light?
CRES.
Repeat last time pp.
Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to - night, To your lov-ing heav'nly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?
CRES.
coming Home, to-night, coming Home, to - night, To your lov-ing, heavenly Father, Are you coming Home, to-night?

I AM WAITING.

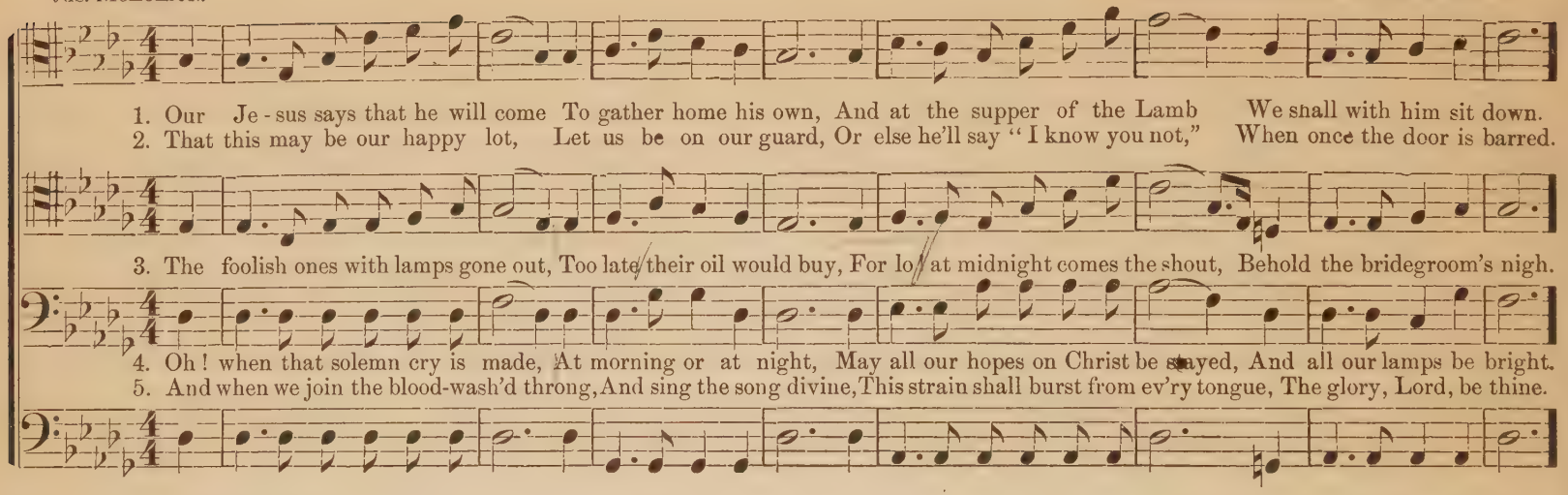
M. E. SERVOSS. I wait for the Lord. Psa. 130 : 5. T. H. TANNER.

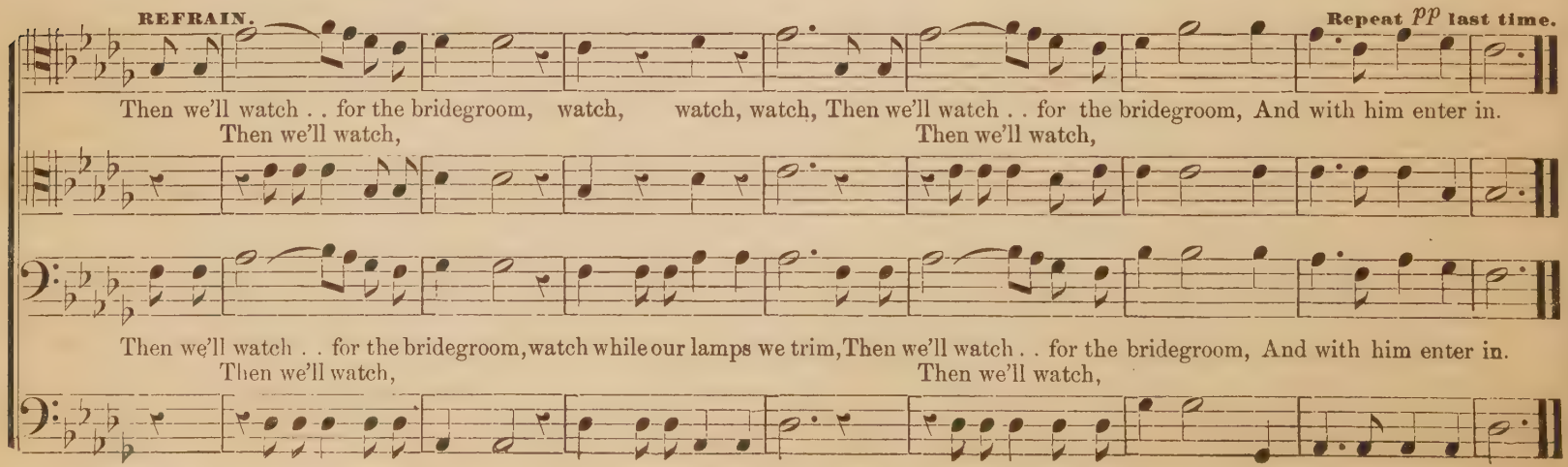

I am waiting, I am waiting for the voice I long to hear; I am wait - - ing,
p
Cres.
mp
I am wait - - - ing, I am waiting for the voice I long to hear; I am wait-ing,
I am waiting, I am wait - ing,
I am wait - - - ing for the step that draweth near; 1. For my King in glo - ry com - eth, With his
mf
I am wait - - - ing for the step that draweth near; 2. But my hands shall not be i - dle, While up-
I am waiting for the step that draweth near; 3. Could I claim the crown of glo - ry With life's
mf


Cres.
ho - ly an - gel band, And tho' long hath been the dawning, Life's bright morning is at hand. Hail, all hail! the day e-
on each fer - tile plain, Read - y wait - ing for the reap - er, Stand God's field's of ripened grain, For my King when e'er he
Cres.
du - ties all un - done; Or the bright re - ward of vic - t'ry With life's bat - tles all un - won? Then while waiting for his
Rit.
ter - nal, When the wea - ry and op - pressed, Who have trusted in the promise, Shall for - ev - er be at rest.
com - eth, Ear-ly morn, or even - ing late, With ripe sheaves would find me lad - en, For he bade me *work* and wait.
com - ing To his trust I will be true, And in strength that he has granted, Do what e'er I find to do.

WATCHING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

JAS. NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWEENY, by per. Arranged by M.

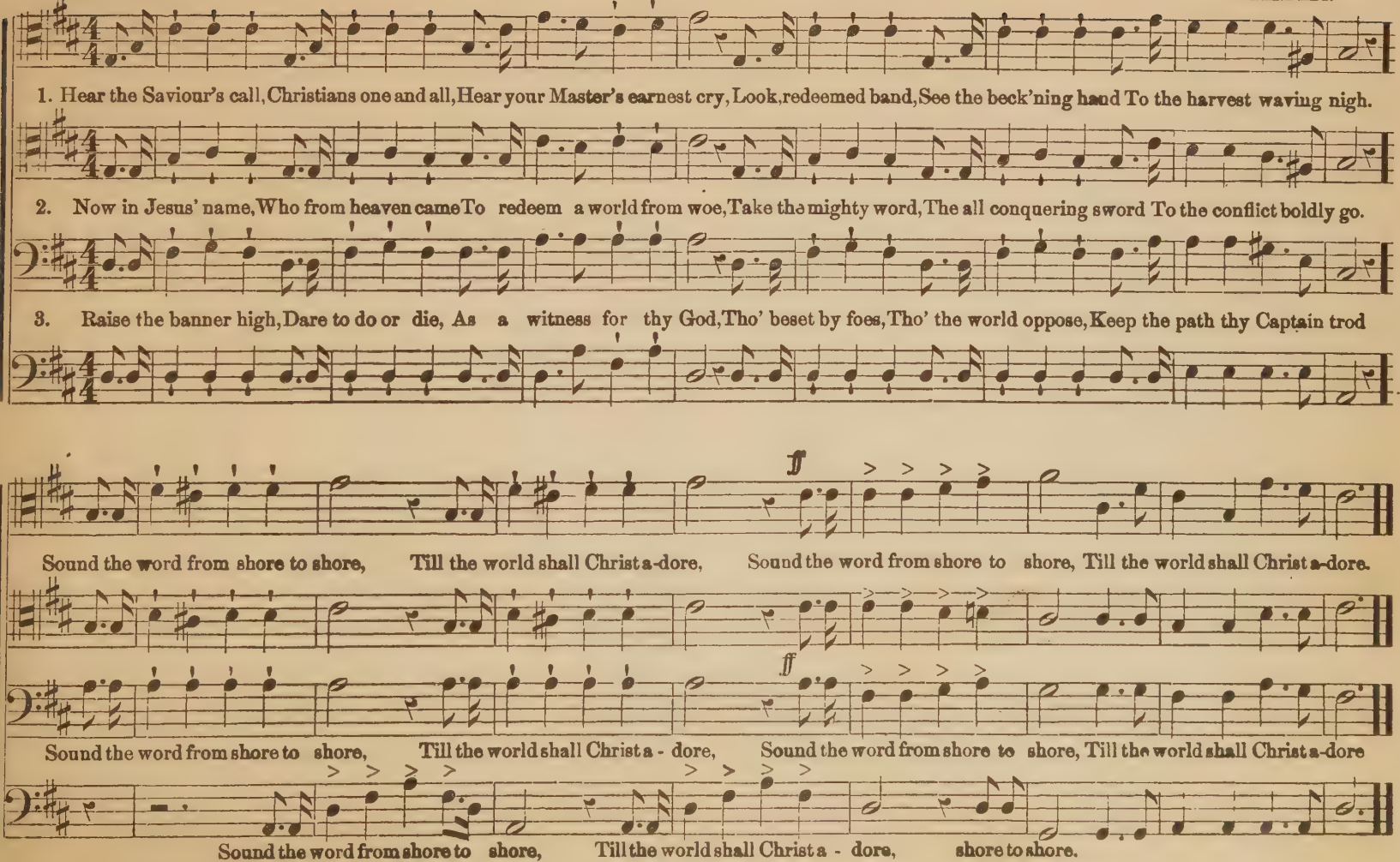

1. Our Je - sus says that he will come To gather home his own, And at the supper of the Lamb We shall with him sit down.
2. That this may be our happy lot, Let us be on our guard, Or else he'll say "I know you not," When once the door is barred.
3. The foolish ones with lamps gone out, Too late their oil would buy, For lo at midnight comes the shout, Behold the bridegroom's nigh.
4. Oh! when that solemn cry is made, At morning or at night, May all our hopes on Christ be stayed, And all our lamps be bright.
5. And when we join the blood-wash'd throng, And sing the song divine, This strain shall burst from ev'ry tongue, The glory, Lord, be thine.


REFRAIN.
Repeat pp last time.
Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, watch, watch, watch, Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, And with him enter in.
Then we'll watch, Then we'll watch,
Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, watch while our lamps we trim, Then we'll watch . . for the bridegroom, And with him enter in.
Then we'll watch, Then we'll watch,

HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

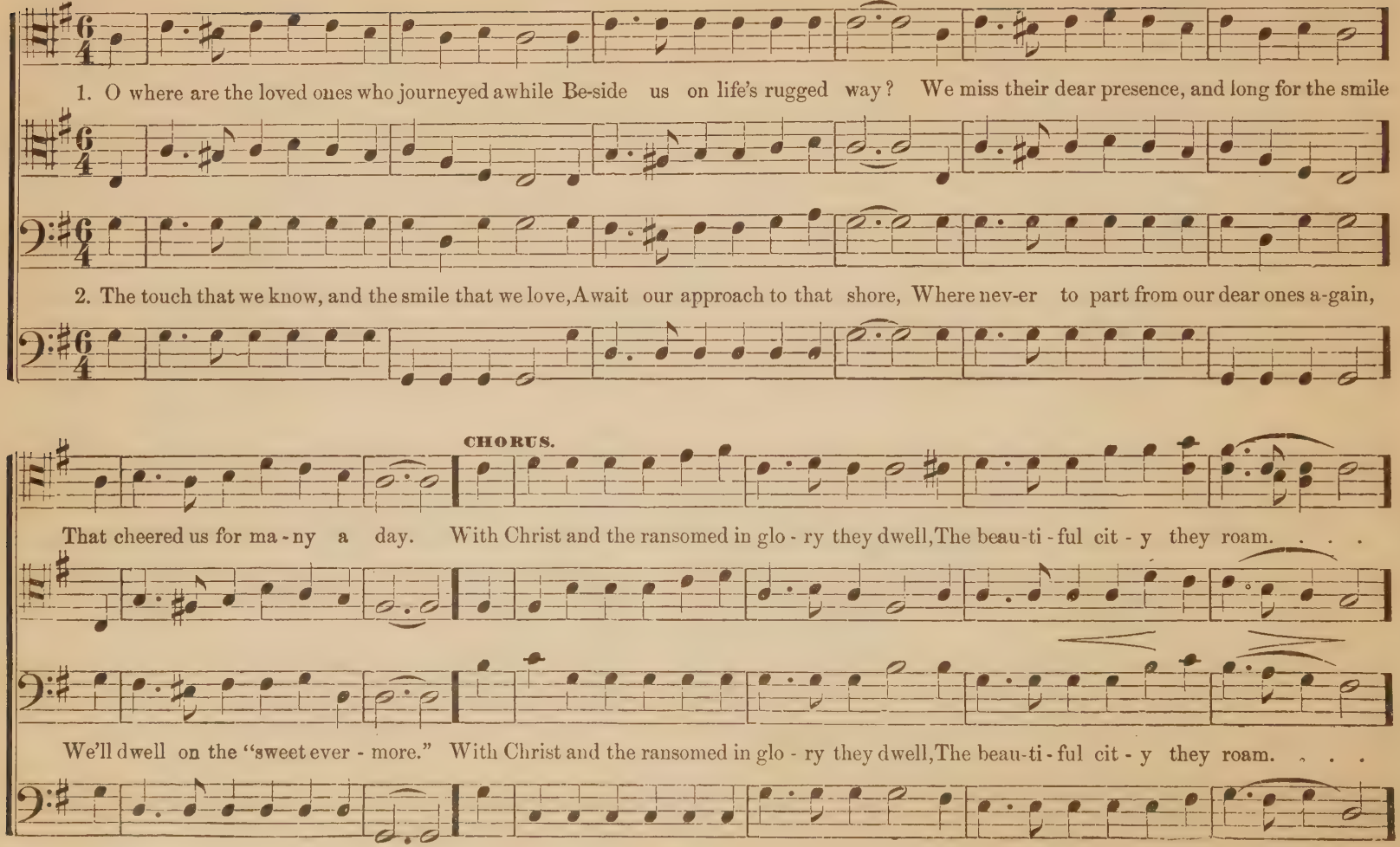
W. W. D.

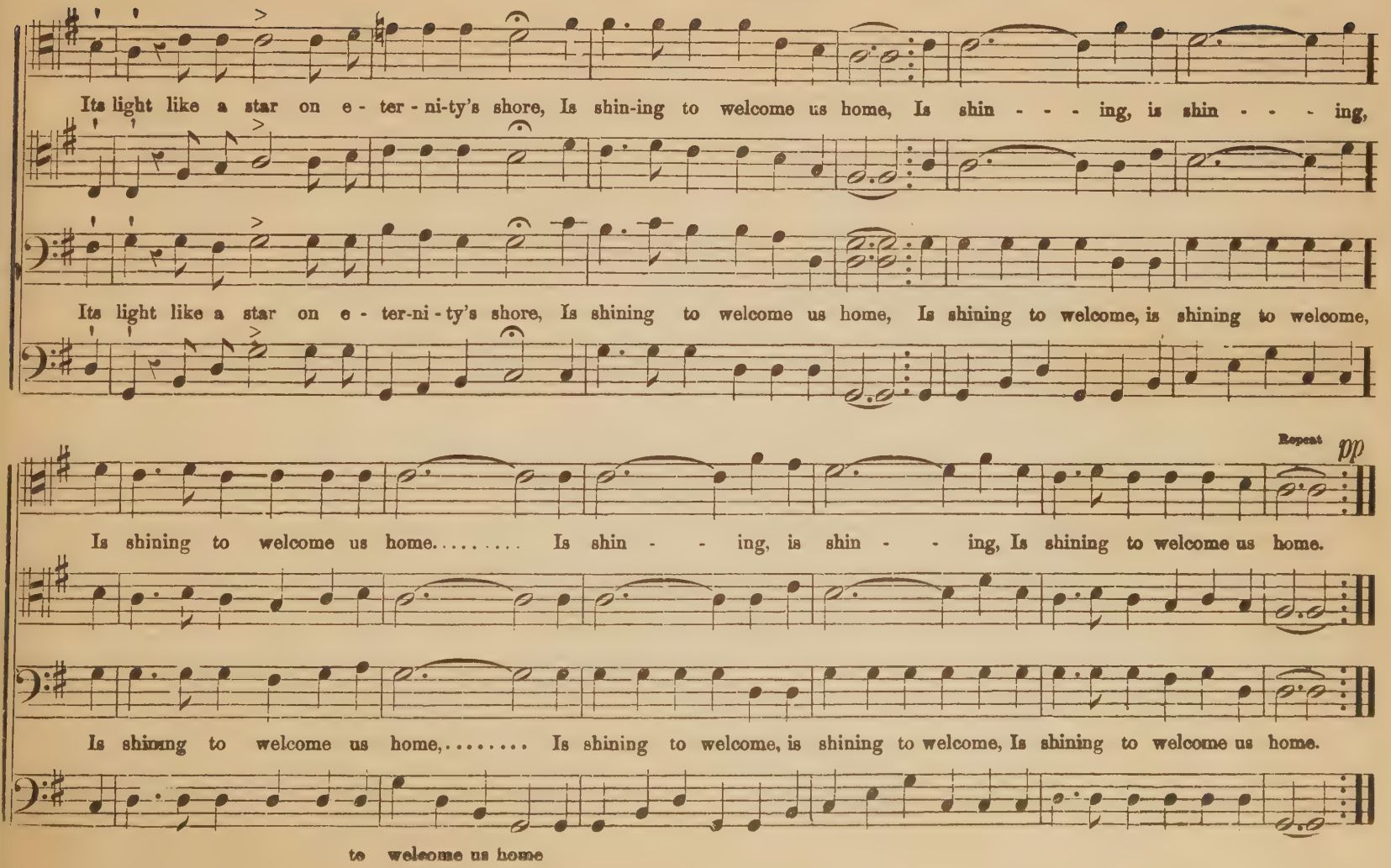
FRANZ ABT.


1. Hear the Saviour's call, Christians one and all, Hear your Master's earnest cry, Look, redeemed band, See the beck'ning hand To the harvest waving nigh.
2. Now in Jesus' name, Who from heaven came To redeem a world from woe, Take the mighty word, The all conquering sword To the conflict boldly go.
3. Raise the banner high, Dare to do or die, As a witness for thy God, Tho' beset by foes, Tho' the world oppose, Keep the path thy Captain trod
ff
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore, Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore.
ff
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a - dore, Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a-dore
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ a - dore, shore to shore.

WHERE ARE THE LOVED?

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O where are the loved ones who journeyed awhile Be-side us on life's rugged way? We miss their dear presence, and long for the smile
2. The touch that we know, and the smile that we love, Await our approach to that shore, Where nev-er to part from our dear ones a-gain,
CHORUS.
That cheered us for ma-ny a day. With Christ and the ransomed in glo-ry they dwell, The beau-ti-ful cit-y they roam. . . .
We'll dwell on the "sweet ever-more." With Christ and the ransomed in glo-ry they dwell, The beau-ti-ful cit-y they roam. . . .


Its light like a star on e - ter - ni-ty's shore, Is shin-ing to welcome us home, Is shin - - - ing, is shin - - - ing,
Its light like a star on e - ter-ni - ty's shore, Is shining to welcome us home, Is shining to welcome, is shining to welcome,
Repeat
pp
Is shining to welcome us home..... Is shin - - ing, is shin - - ing, Is shining to welcome us home.
Is shining to welcome us home,..... Is shining to welcome, is shining to welcome, Is shining to welcome us home.
to welcome us home

ALONE WITH THE SAVIOR.

E. R. LATTA. May be sung in D, or D flat. JULIUS MAIER.

1. There is a com-munion the spir-it may share A-lone with the Sav-ior, en-gag-ing in pray'r; And there is no oth-er com-

2. No words need be spok-en our wants to ex-press, He knoweth our long-ings and all our dis-tress, On earth he was smitten and

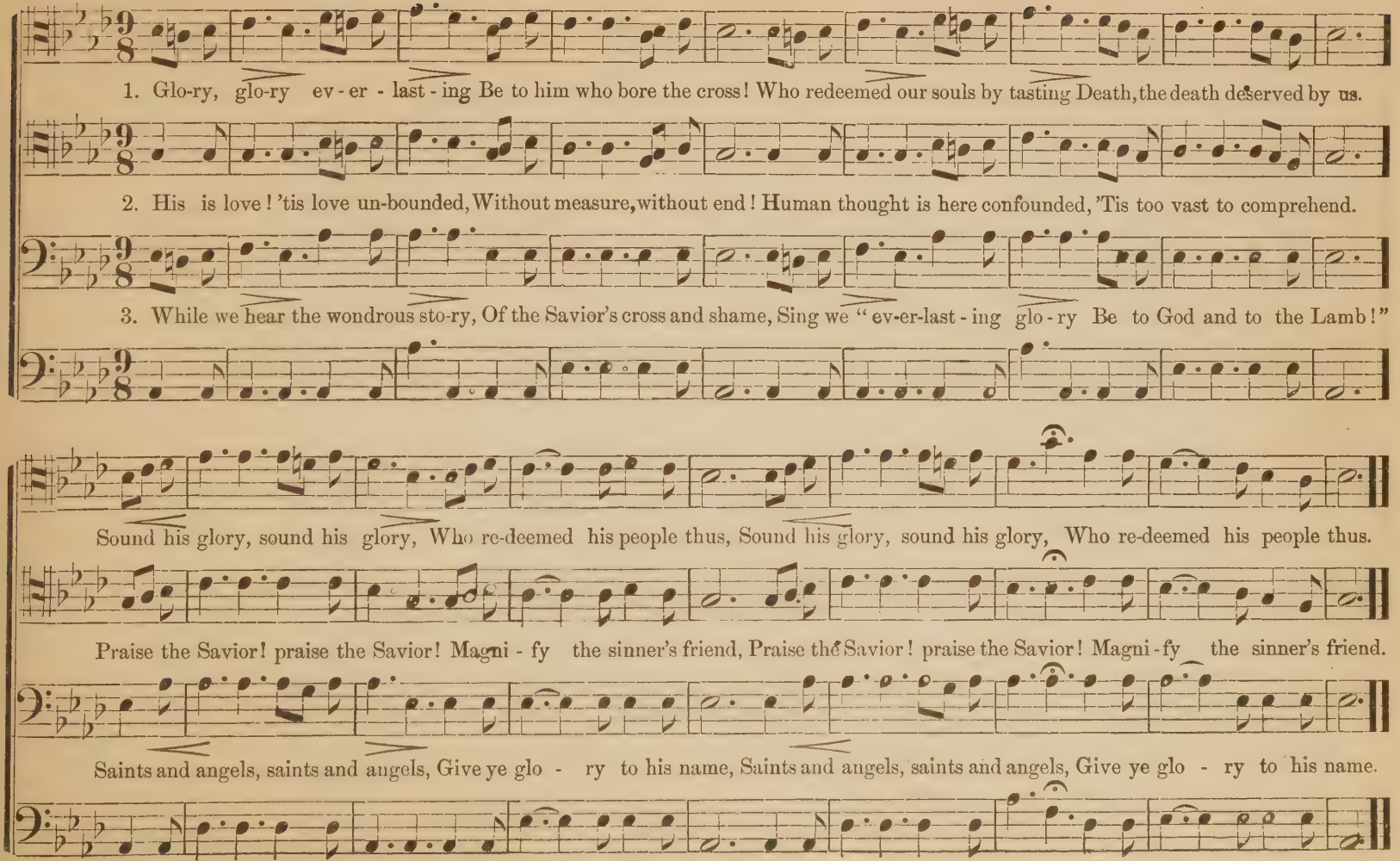
3. He know-eth our tri-als, how-ev-er se-vere, Each sigh he re-gard-eth and vieweth each tear; Tho' oth-ers may slight us and

-mun-ion so sweet, As that, when a-lone with our Sav-ior we meet, As that, when a-lone with our Sav - - ior we meet.

la-den with grief, He shar-eth our burdens and giv-eth re-lief, He shar-eth our burdens and giv - - eth re-lief.

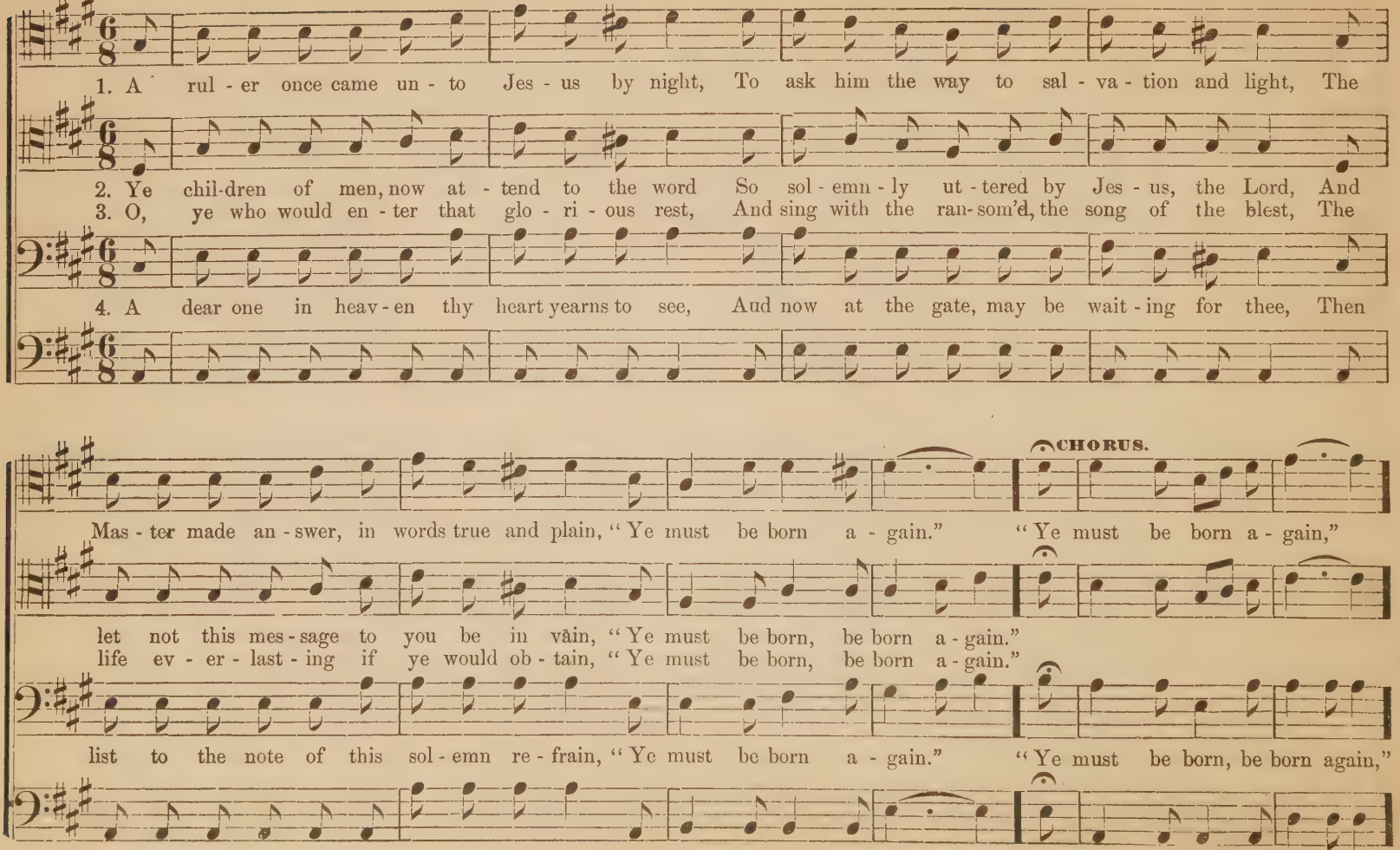
treat with dis-dain, None ev-er need seek him and seek him in vain, None ev-er need seek him and seek . . . him in vain.

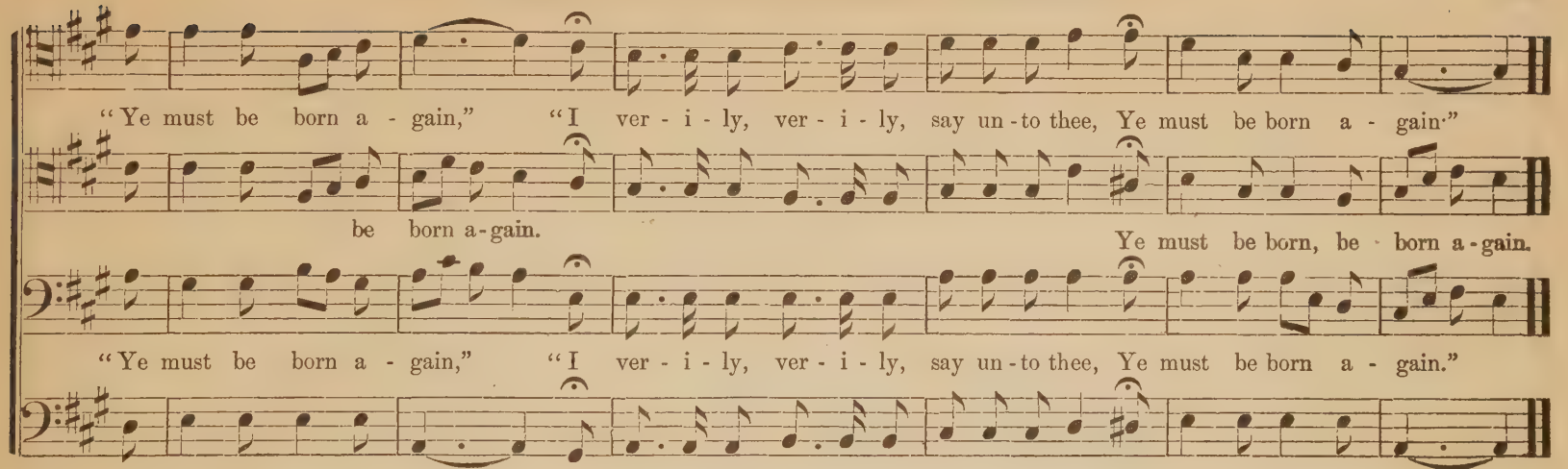
GLORY, GLORY EVERLASTING.

T. H. TANNER.

1. Glo-ry, glo-ry ev - er - last - ing Be to him who bore the cross! Who redeemed our souls by tasting Death, the death deserved by us.
2. His is love! 'tis love un-bounded, Without measure, without end! Human thought is here confounded, 'Tis too vast to comprehend.
3. While we hear the wondrous sto-ry, Of the Savior's cross and shame, Sing we "ev-er-last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Sound his glory, sound his glory, Who re-deemed his people thus, Sound his glory, sound his glory, Who re-deemed his people thus.
Praise the Savior! praise the Savior! Magni - fy the sinner's friend, Praise the Savior! praise the Savior! Magni - fy the sinner's friend.
Saints and angels, saints and angels, Give ye glo - ry to his name, Saints and angels, saints and angels, Give ye glo - ry to his name.

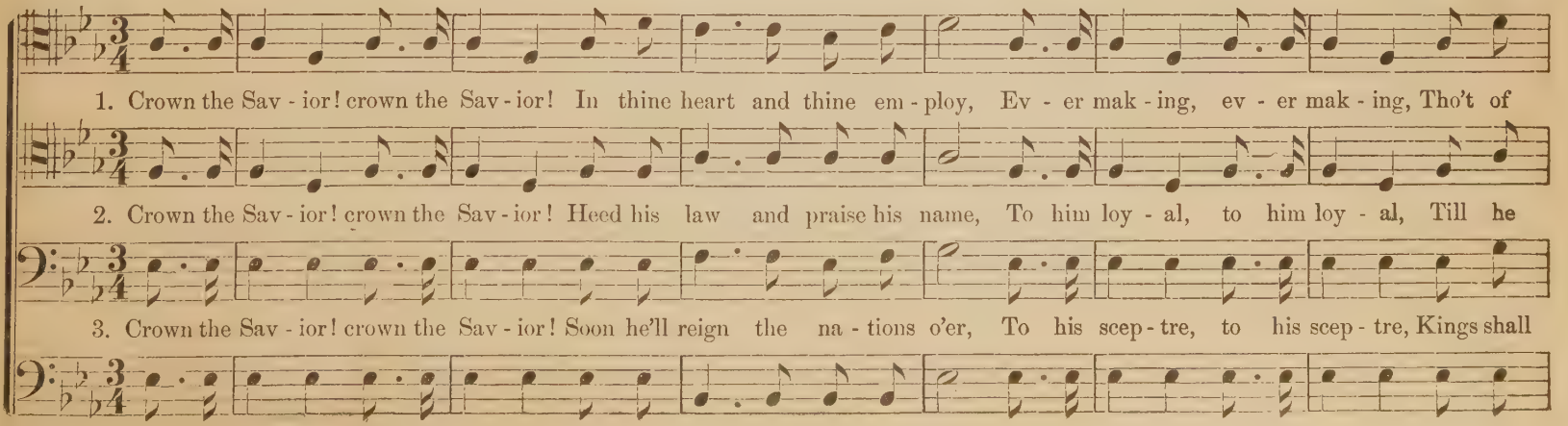
YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

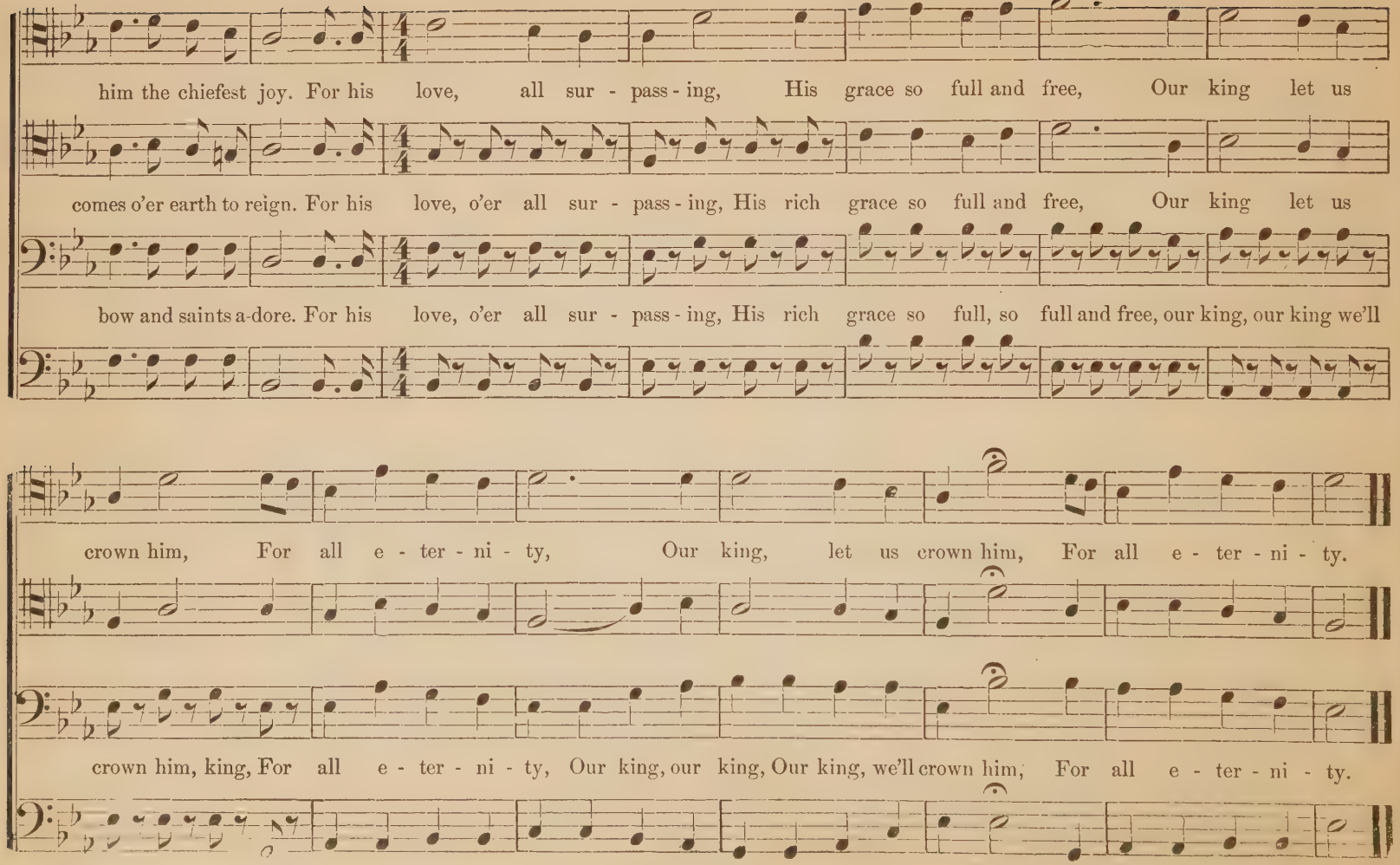
Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per. Arranged by M.

1. A ruler once came unto Jesus by night, To ask him the way to salvation and light, The
2. Ye children of men, now attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And
3. O, ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd, the song of the blest, The
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, And now at the gate, may be waiting for thee, Then
CHORUS.
Master made answer, in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again." "Ye must be born again,"
let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born, be born again."
life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born, be born again."
list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again." "Ye must be born, be born again,"


"Ye must be born a - gain," "I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain."
be born a - gain.
Ye must be born, be - born a - gain.
"Ye must be born a - gain," "I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain."

CROWN THE SAVIOR!

W. W. D. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! In thine heart and thine em - ploy, Ev - er mak - ing, ev - er mak - ing, Tho't of
2. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! Heed his law and praise his name, To him loy - al, to him loy - al, Till he
3. Crown the Sav - ior! crown the Sav - ior! Soon he'll reign the na - tions o'er, To his scep - tre, to his scep - tre, Kings shall


him the chiefest joy. For his love, all sur - pass - ing, His grace so full and free, Our king let us
comes o'er earth to reign. For his love, o'er all sur - pass - ing, His rich grace so full and free, Our king let us
bow and saints a-dore. For his love, o'er all sur - pass - ing, His rich grace so full, so full and free, our king, our king we'll
crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty, Our king, let us crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty.
crown him, king, For all e - ter - ni - ty, Our king, our king, Our king, we'll crown him, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

I CAN NOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

HOWARD M. DOW, by per.

Moderato.

1. I can not always trace the way Where thou Almighty One dost move, But I can always, al-ways say, But I can al-ways, al-ways

2. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort

3. Yes, God is love: a word like this can ev'-ry gloom-y thought remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes, to

But I can al-ways, al-ways say,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,

pp Rit.

say That God is love. Can al-ways say, can al-ways say That God is love.

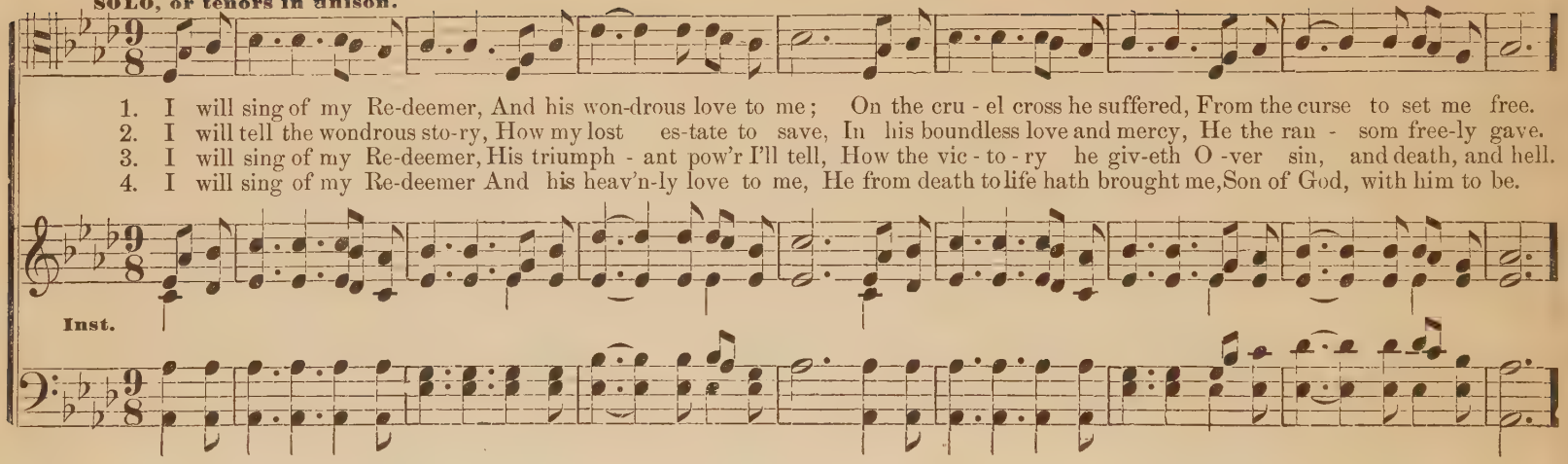
hath, That God is love. But I can al - ways, al-ways say, But I can al - ways, al-ways say That God is love.
In this my soul, In this my soul, sweet comfort hath, sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
And turn all tears, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

bliss, For God is love. And turn all tears, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

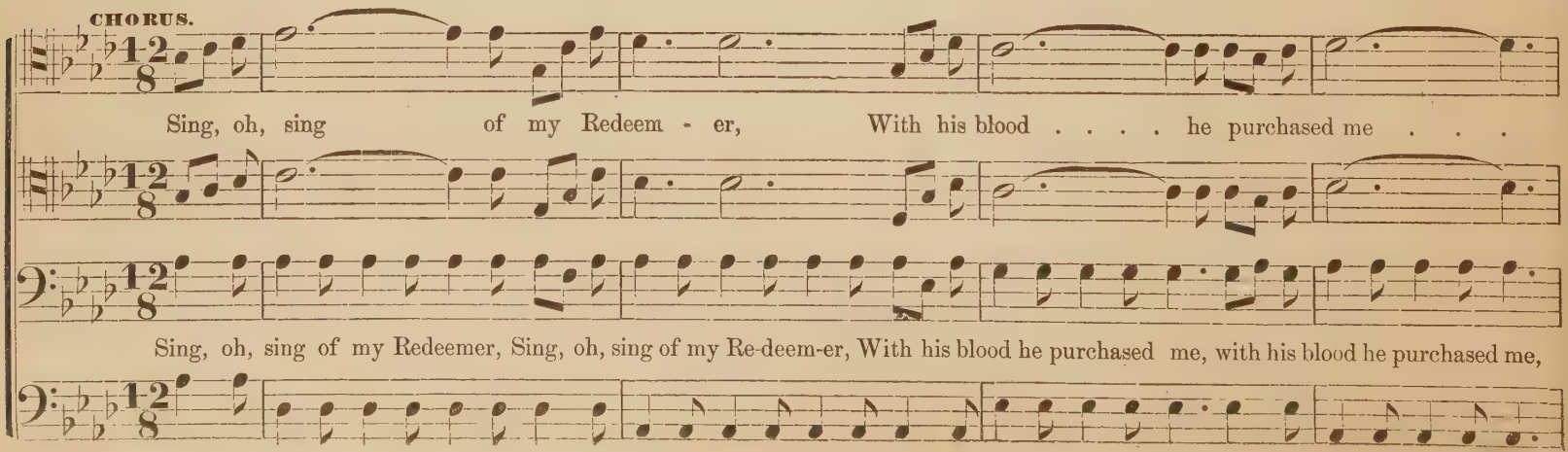
MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

SOLO, or tenors in unison.


1. I will sing of my Re-deemer, And his won-drous love to me; On the cru - el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save, In his boundless love and mercy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
3. I will sing of my Re-deemer, His triumph - ant pow'r I'll tell, How the vic - to - ry he giv-eth O -ver sin, and death, and hell.
4. I will sing of my Re-deemer And his heav'n-ly love to me, He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with him to be.
Inst.

CHORUS.


Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem - er, With his blood . . . . he purchased me . . .
Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With his blood he purchased me, with his blood he purchased me,

Repeat last time pp.

On the cross . . . . he sealed my par - don, Paid the debt . . . . . and made me free, and made me free.

On the cross he sealed my pardon, On the cross he sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.

TENDERLY, LOVINGLY.

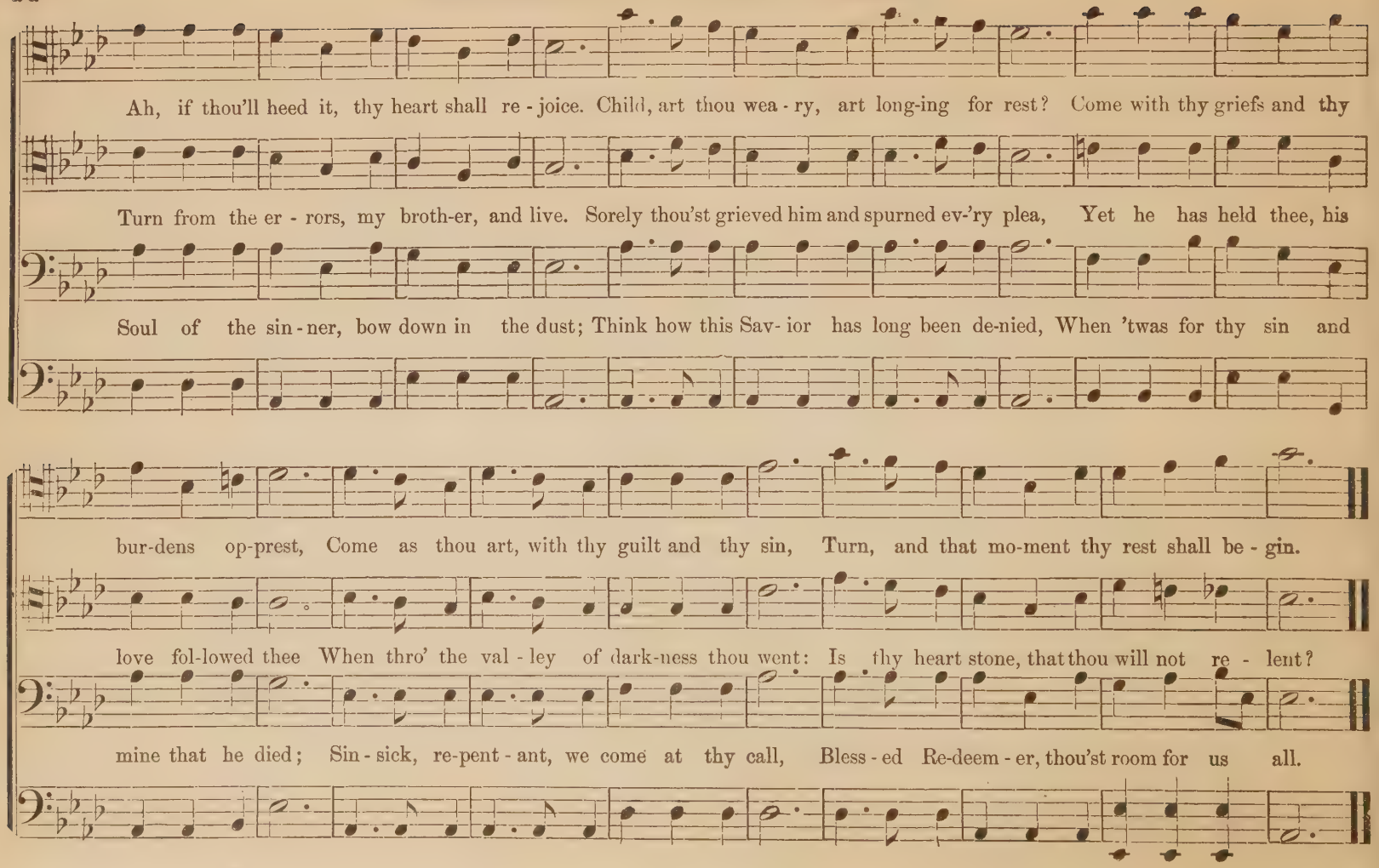
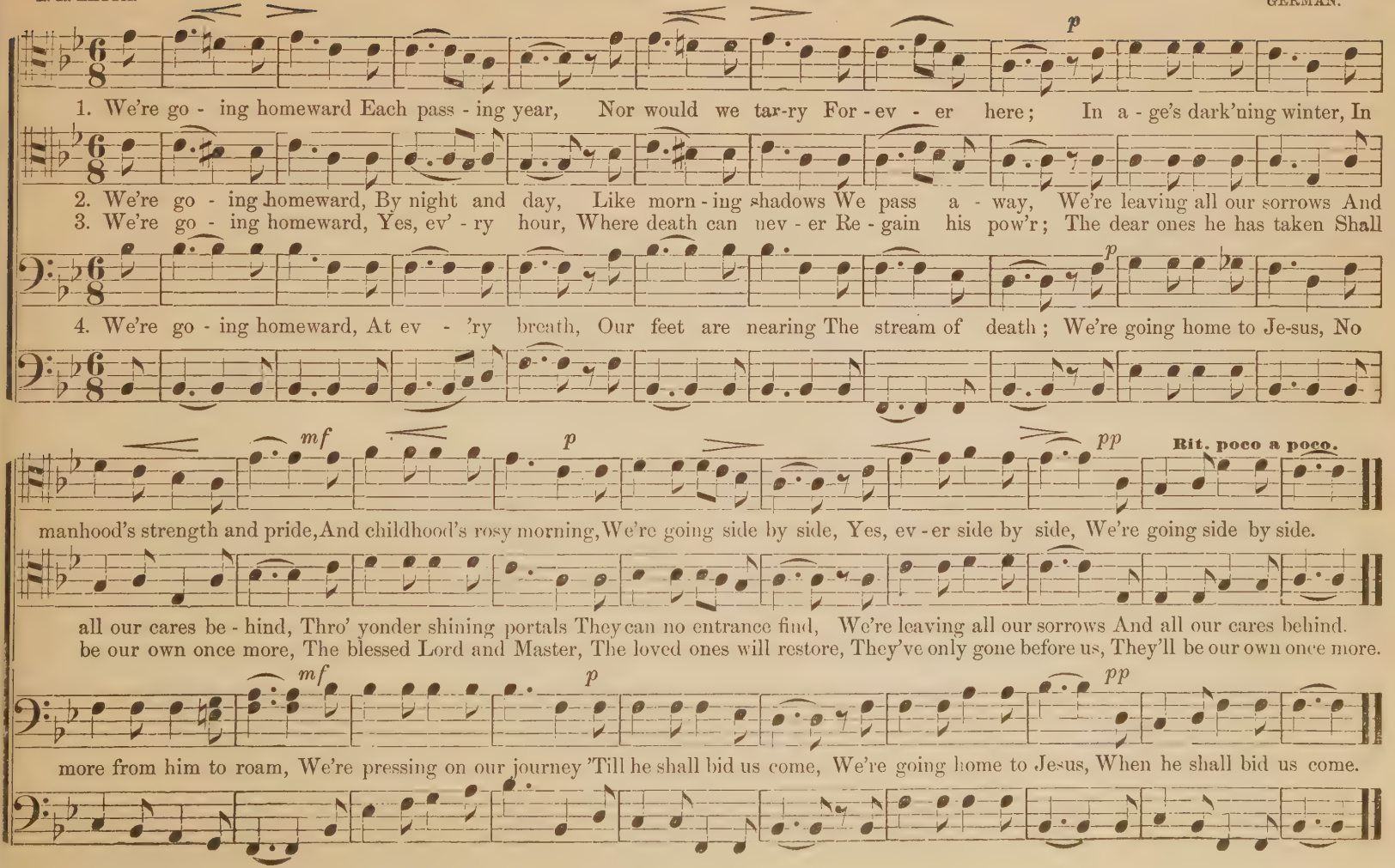
EBEN E. REXFORD. May be sung in G or G-flat. T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Ten - der - ly, loving - ly, call-eth to - day One who is watching the feet gone as-tray; Soft - ly and pleadingly, hear the sweet voice,

2. Ten - der - ly, loving - ly, com-eth the call: Par - don, free par-don is wait-ing for all; Sins that are scarlet his love will for - give,

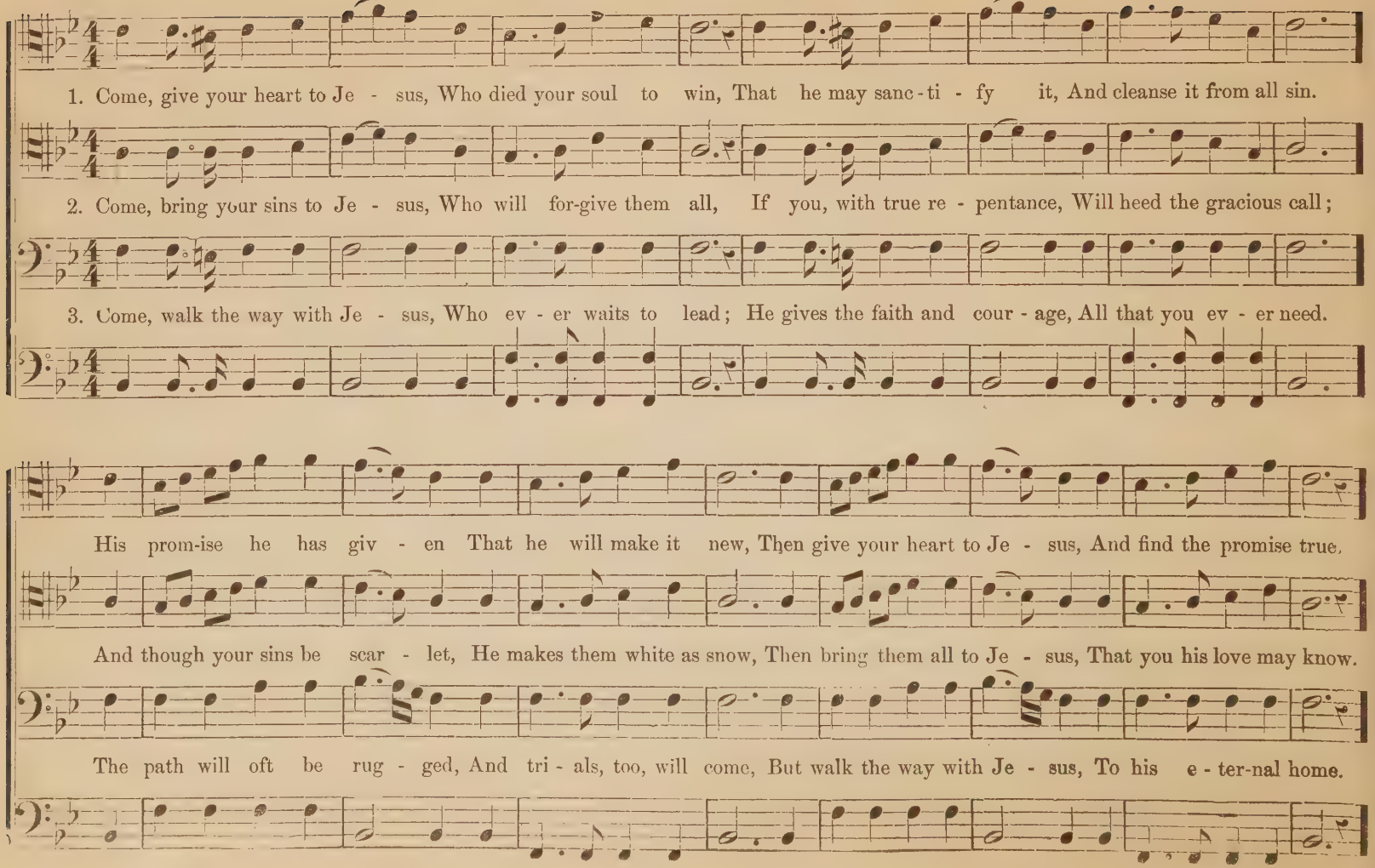
3. Ten -der-ly, lovingly, hear the sweet plea, See the hands bleeding that beckon to thee, See the pierc'd side where the spear-head was thrust,

TENDERLY, LOVINGLY. Concluded.

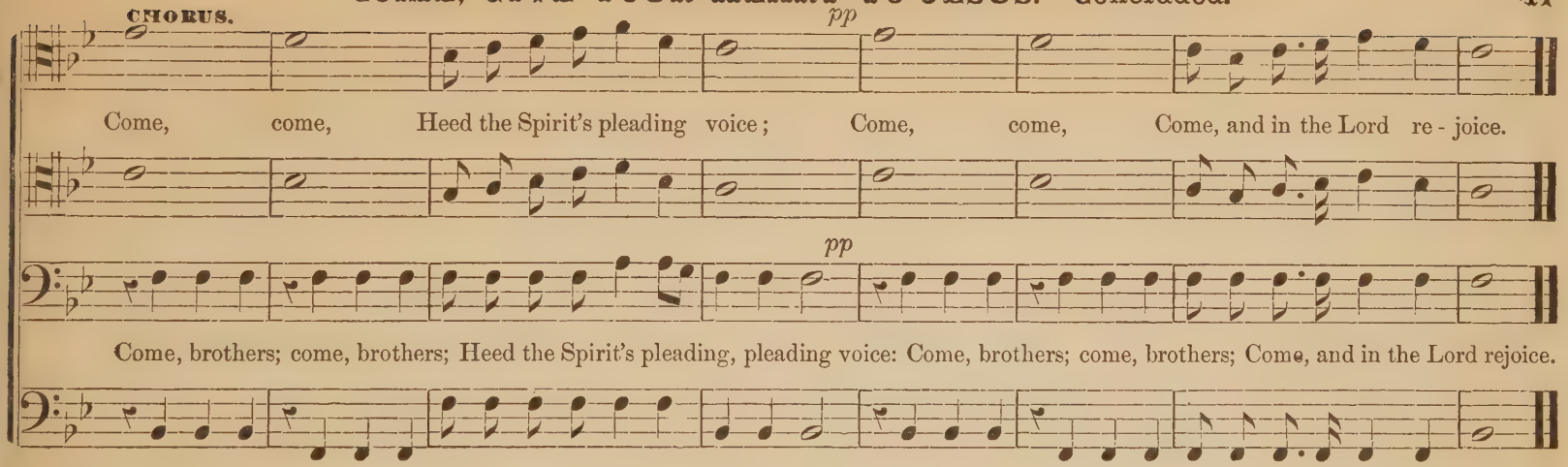

Ah, if thou'll heed it, thy heart shall re - joice. Child, art thou wea - ry, art long-ing for rest? Come with thy griefs and thy
Turn from the er - rors, my broth-er, and live. Sorely thou'st grieved him and spurned ev-'ry plea, Yet he has held thee, his
Soul of the sin - ner, bow down in the dust; Think how this Sav - ior has long been de-nied, When 'twas for thy sin and
bur-dens op-prest, Come as thou art, with thy guilt and thy sin, Turn, and that mo-ment thy rest shall be - gin.
love fol-lowed thee When thro' the val - ley of dark-ness thou went: Is thy heart stone, that thou will not re - lent?
mine that he died; Sin - sick, re-pent - ant, we come at thy call, Bless - ed Re-deem - er, thou'st room for us all.

p
1. We're go - ing homeward Each pass - ing year, Nor would we tar-ry For - ev - er here; In a - ge's dark'ning winter, In
2. We're go - ing homeward, By night and day, Like morn - ing shadows We pass a - way, We're leaving all our sorrows And
3. We're go - ing homeward, Yes, ev' - ry hour, Where death can nev - er Re - gain his pow'r; The dear ones he has taken Shall
p
4. We're go - ing homeward, At ev - 'ry breath, Our feet are nearing The stream of death; We're going home to Je-sus, No
mf
p
pp
Rit. poco a poco.
manhood's strength and pride, And childhood's rosy morning, We're going side by side, Yes, ev - er side by side, We're going side by side.
all our cares be - hind, Thro' yonder shining portals They can no entrance find, We're leaving all our sorrows And all our cares behind.
be our own once more, The blessed Lord and Master, The loved ones will restore, They've only gone before us, They'll be our own once more.
mf
p
pp
more from him to roam, We're pressing on our journey 'Till he shall bid us come, We're going home to Jesus, When he shall bid us come.

COME, GIVE YOUR HEART TO JESUS.

E. A. BARNES. Rev. XXII : 17 C. C. CASE.

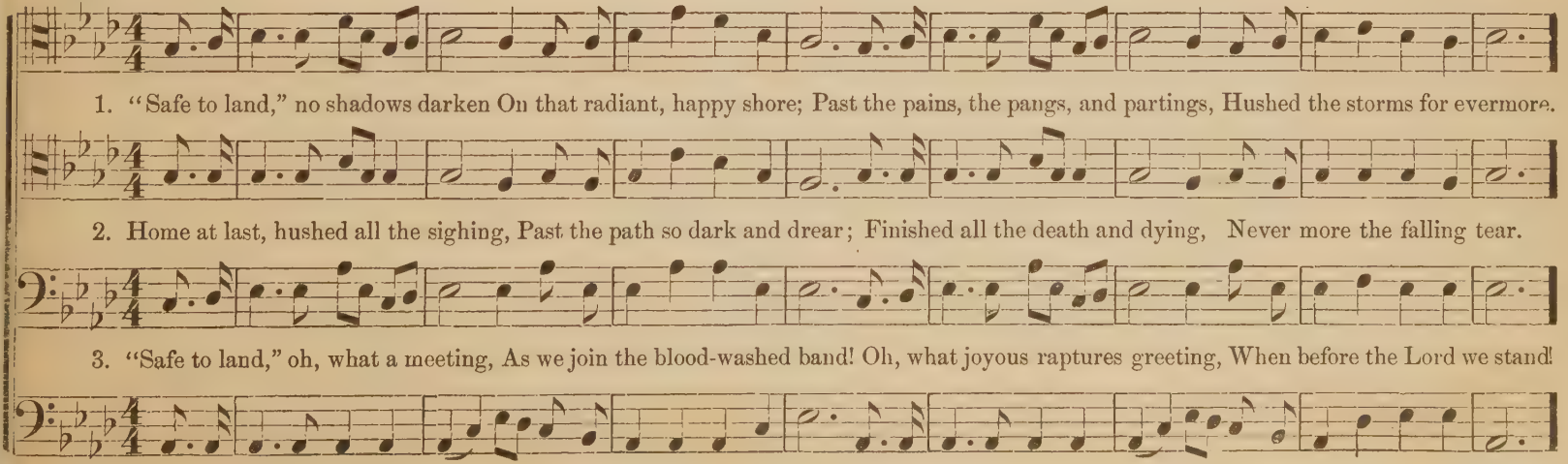

1. Come, give your heart to Je - sus, Who died your soul to win, That he may sanc - ti - fy it, And cleanse it from all sin.
2. Come, bring your sins to Je - sus, Who will for-give them all, If you, with true re - pentance, Will heed the gracious call;
3. Come, walk the way with Je - sus, Who ev - er waits to lead; He gives the faith and cour - age, All that you ev - er need.
His prom-ise he has giv - en That he will make it new, Then give your heart to Je - sus, And find the promise true.
And though your sins be scar - let, He makes them white as snow, Then bring them all to Je - sus, That you his love may know.
The path will oft be rug - ged, And tri - als, too, will come, But walk the way with Je - sus, To his e - ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

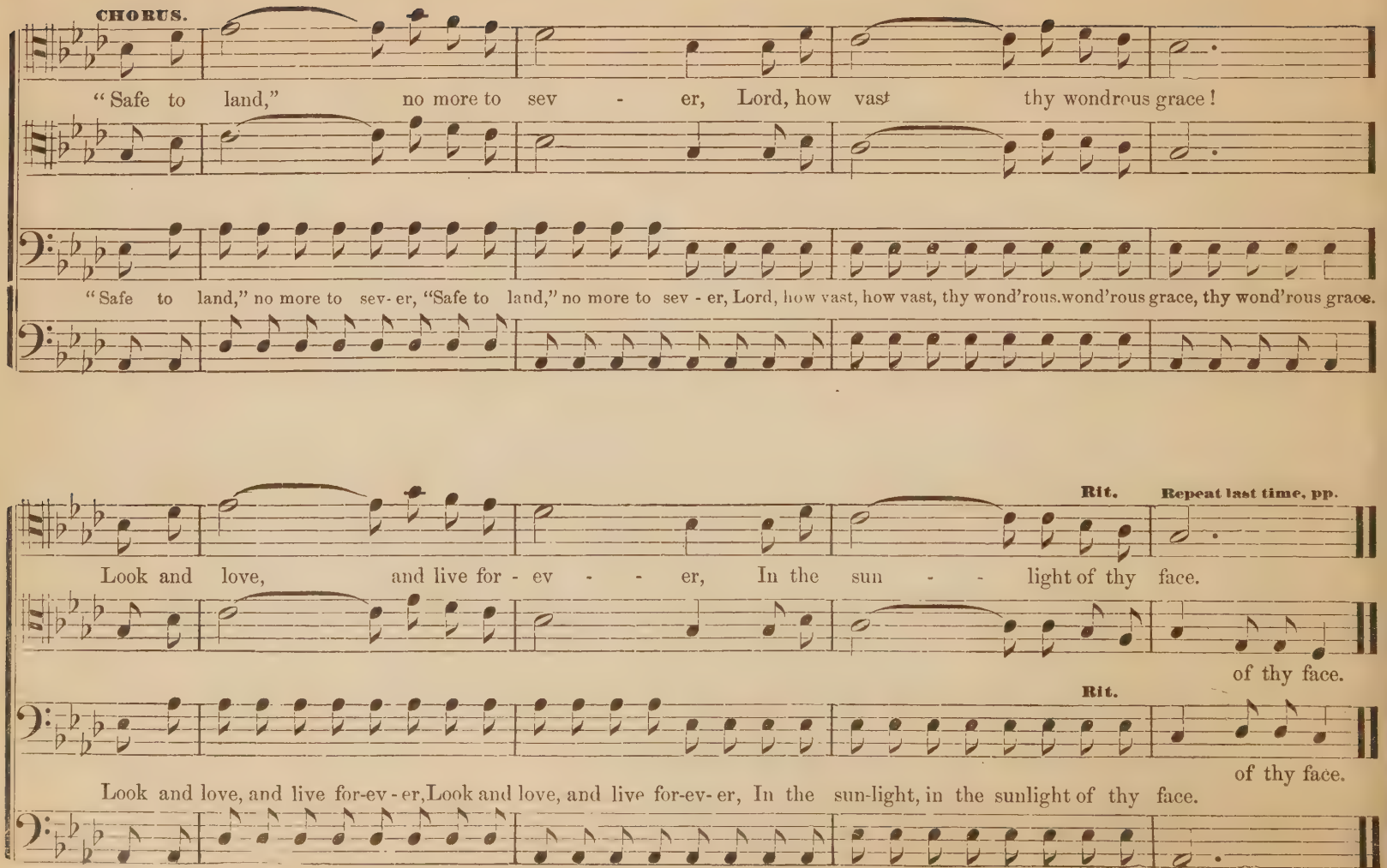

pp
Come, come, Heed the Spirit's pleading voice; Come, come, Come, and in the Lord re - joice.
pp
Come, brothers; come, brothers; Heed the Spirit's pleading, pleading voice: Come, brothers; come, brothers; Come, and in the Lord rejoice.

SAFE TO LAND.

English. T. H. TANNER.

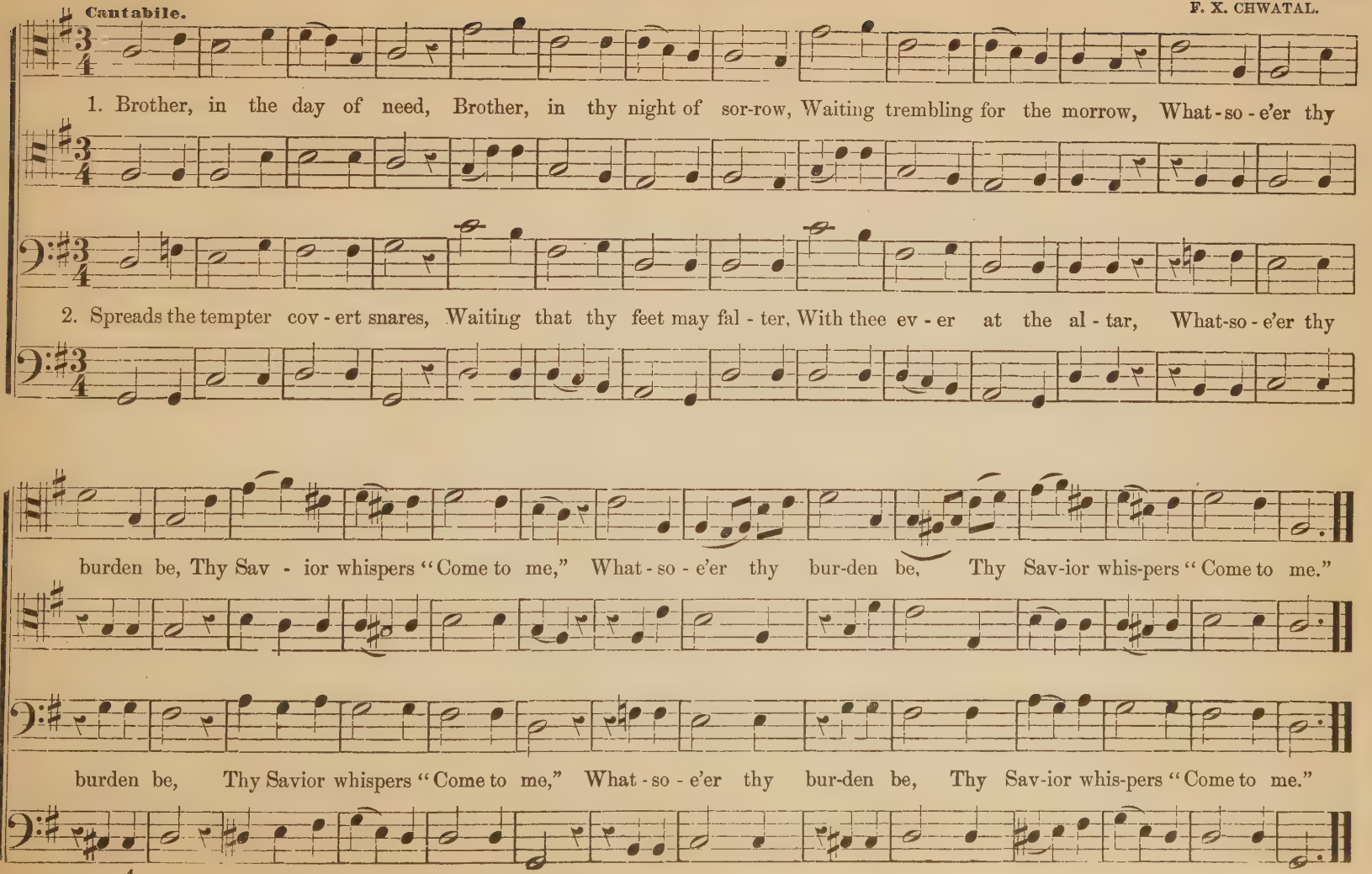

1. "Safe to land," no shadows darken On that radiant, happy shore; Past the pains, the pangs, and partings, Hushed the storms for evermore.
2. Home at last, hushed all the sighing, Past the path so dark and drear; Finished all the death and dying, Never more the falling tear.
3. "Safe to land," oh, what a meeting, As we join the blood-washed band! Oh, what joyous raptures greeting, When before the Lord we stand!

SAFE TO LAND. Concluded.

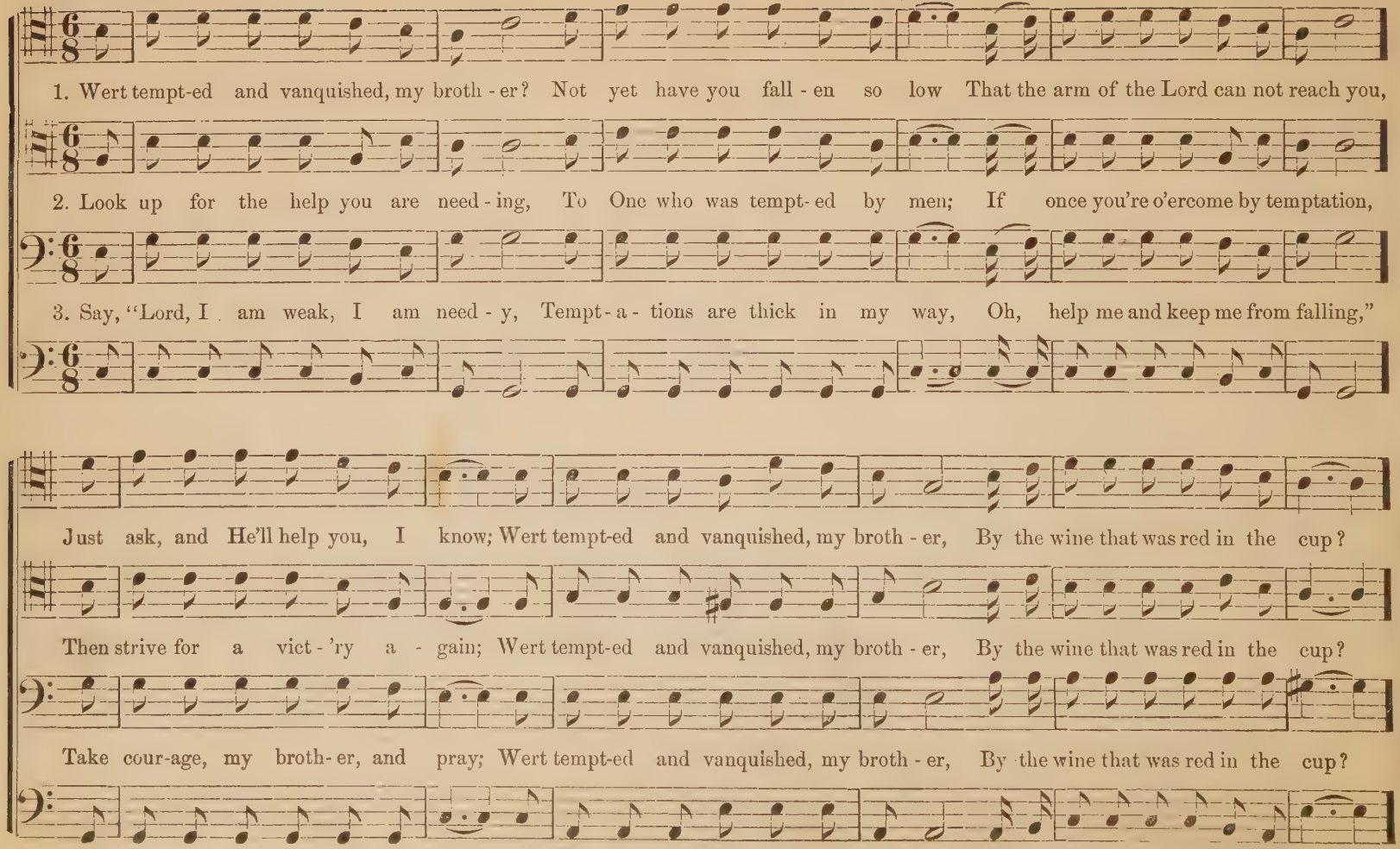
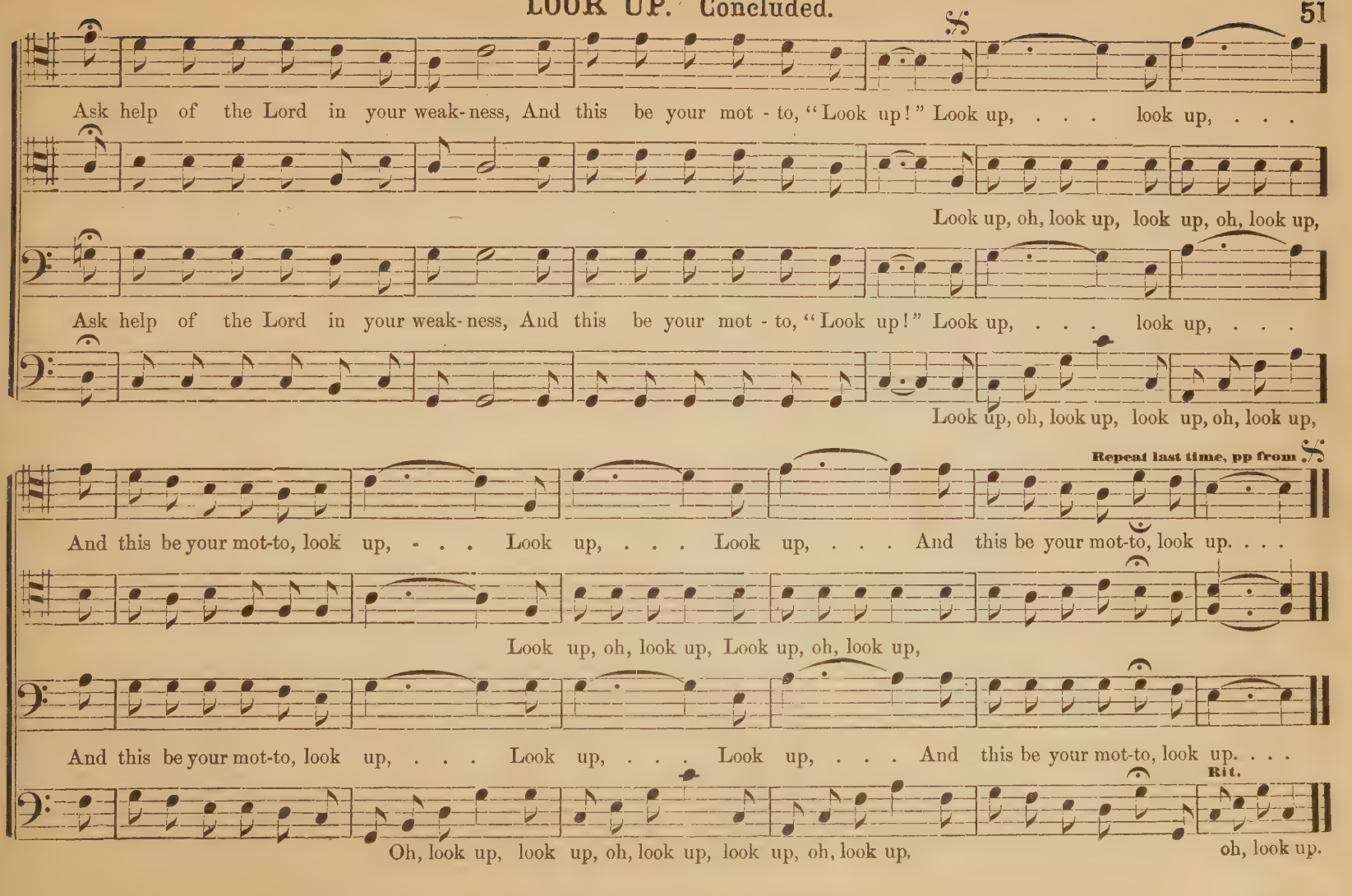

CHORUS.
"Safe to land," no more to sev - er, Lord, how vast thy wondrous grace!
"Safe to land," no more to sev-er, "Safe to land," no more to sev - er, Lord, how vast, how vast, thy wond'rous.wond'rous grace, thy wond'rous grace.
Rit.
Repeat last time, pp.
Look and love, and live for - ev - - er, In the sun - - light of thy face.
of thy face.
Rit.
of thy face.
Look and love, and live for-ev - er, Look and love, and live for-ev- er, In the sun-light, in the sunlight of thy face.

COME TO ME.

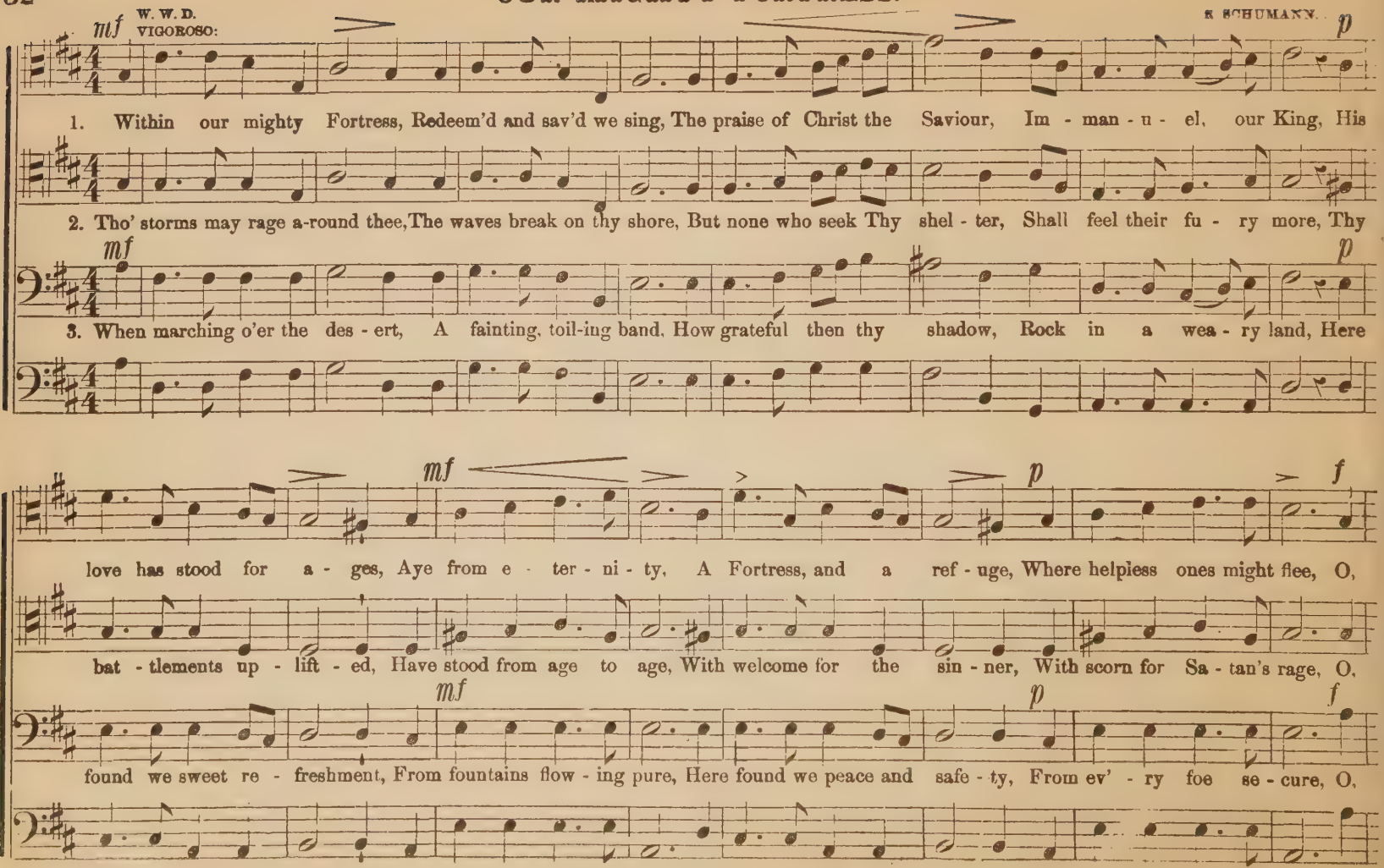
F. X. CHWATAL.

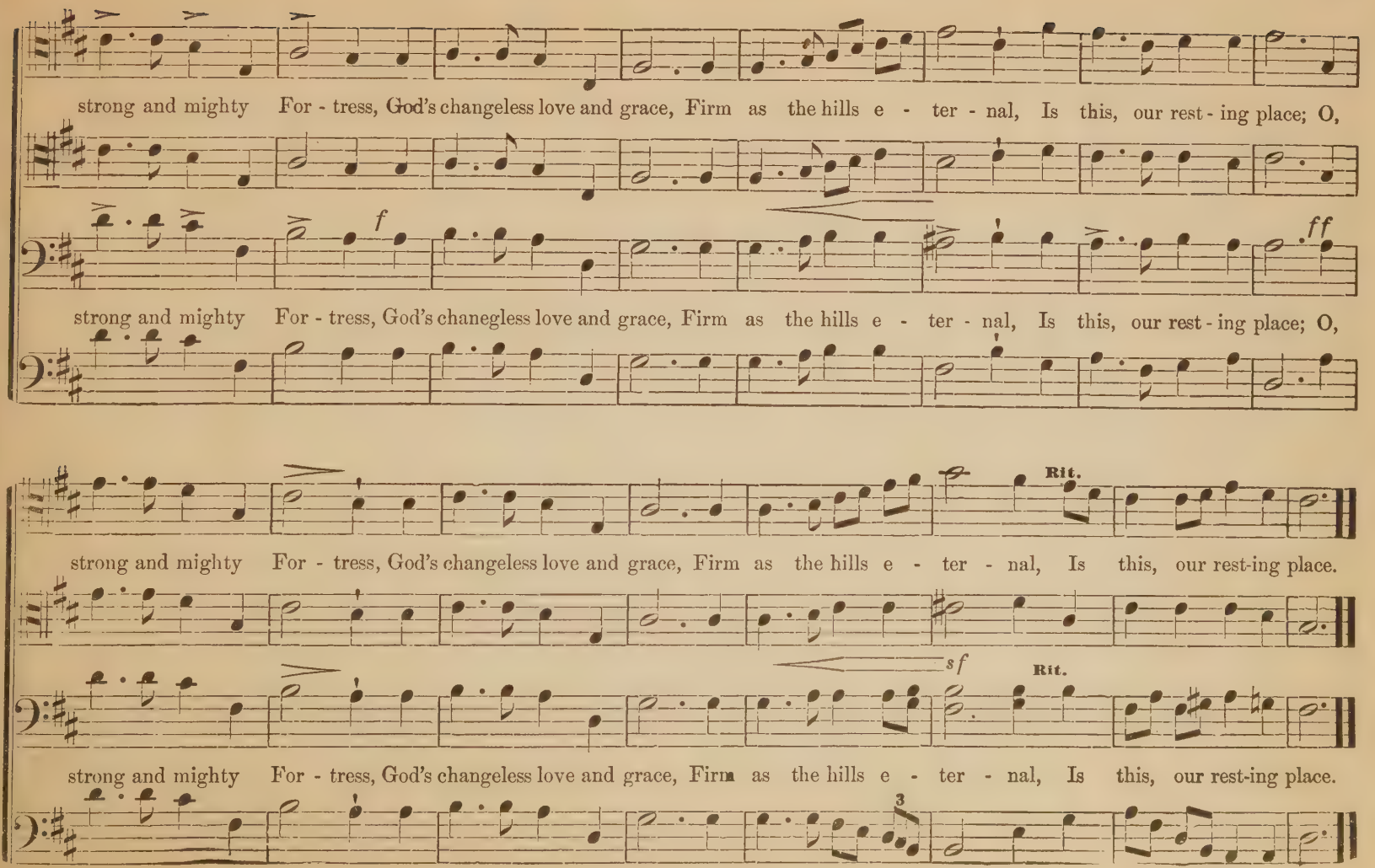

Cantabile.
1. Brother, in the day of need, Brother, in thy night of sor-row, Waiting trembling for the morrow, What-so-e'er thy
2. Spreads the tempter cov-ert snares, Waiting that thy feet may fal-ter, With thee ev-er at the al-tar, What-so-e'er thy
burden be, Thy Sav-ior whispers "Come to me," What-so-e'er thy bur-den be, Thy Sav-ior whis-pers "Come to me."
burden be, Thy Savior whispers "Come to me," What-so-e'er thy bur-den be, Thy Sav-ior whis-pers "Come to me."

LOOK UP.

EBEN E. REXFORD. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er? Not yet have you fall - en so low That the arm of the Lord can not reach you,
2. Look up for the help you are need - ing, To One who was tempt- ed by men; If once you're o'ercome by temptation,
3. Say, "Lord, I am weak, I am need - y, Tempt - a - tions are thick in my way, Oh, help me and keep me from falling,"
Just ask, and He'll help you, I know; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?
Then strive for a vict - 'ry a - gain; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?
Take cour-age, my broth- er, and pray; Wert tempt-ed and vanquished, my broth - er, By the wine that was red in the cup?

Ask help of the Lord in your weak-ness, And this be your mot - to, "Look up!" Look up, . . . look up, . . .
Look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up,
Ask help of the Lord in your weak-ness, And this be your mot - to, "Look up!" Look up, . . . look up, . . .
Look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up,
Repeat last time, pp from
And this be your mot-to, look up, . . . Look up, . . . Look up, . . . And this be your mot-to, look up. . . .
Look up, oh, look up, Look up, oh, look up,
And this be your mot-to, look up, . . . Look up, . . . Look up, . . . And this be your mot-to, look up. . . .
Rit.
Oh, look up, look up, oh, look up, look up, oh, look up.
oh, look up.

OUR MIGHTY FORTRESS.

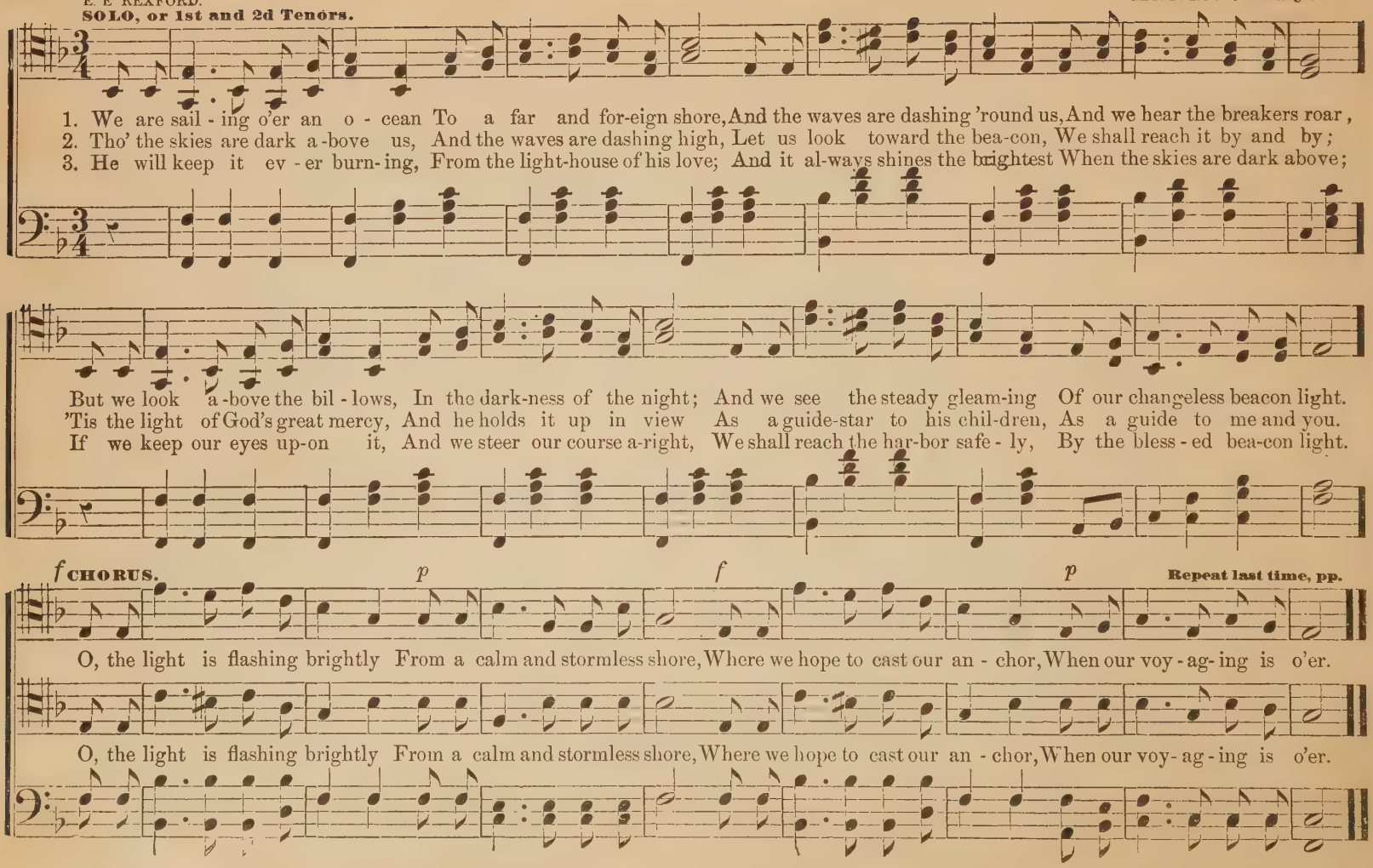

W. W. D.
VIGOROSO:
R. SCHUMANN.
mf
p
1. Within our mighty Fortress, Redeem'd and sav'd we sing, The praise of Christ the Saviour, Im - man - u - el, our King, His
2. Tho' storms may rage a-round thee, The waves break on thy shore, But none who seek Thy shel - ter, Shall feel their fu - ry more, Thy
3. When marching o'er the des - ert, A fainting, toil-ing band, How grateful then thy shadow, Rock in a wea - ry land, Here
mf
p
f
love has stood for a - ges, Aye from e - ter - ni - ty, A Fortress, and a ref - uge, Where helpless ones might flee, O,
bat - tlements up - lift - ed, Have stood from age to age, With welcome for the sin - ner, With scorn for Sa - tan's rage, O,
found we sweet re - freshment, From fountains flow - ing pure, Here found we peace and safe - ty, From ev' - ry foe se - cure, O,


strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing place; O,
f
strong and mighty For - tress, God's chanegless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing place; O,
ff
Rit.
strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest-ing place.
sf
Rit.
strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest-ing place.
3

THE BEACON LIGHT.

E. E REXFORD.
SOLO, or 1st and 2d Tenors.

GEO. F. ROOT. Arranged.


1. We are sail - ing o'er an o - cean To a far and for-eign shore, And the waves are dashing 'round us, And we hear the breakers roar,
2. Tho' the skies are dark a-bove us, And the waves are dashing high, Let us look toward the bea-con, We shall reach it by and by;
3. He will keep it ev - er burn-ing, From the light-house of his love; And it al-ways shines the brightest When the skies are dark above;
But we look a-bove the bil - lows, In the dark-ness of the night; And we see the steady gleam-ing Of our changeless beacon light.
'Tis the light of God's great mercy, And he holds it up in view As a guide-star to his chil-dren, As a guide to me and you.
If we keep our eyes up-on it, And we steer our course a-right, We shall reach the har-bor safe - ly, By the bless - ed bea-con light.
f CHORUS.
p
f
p
Repeat last time, pp.
O, the light is flashing brightly From a calm and stormless shore, Where we hope to cast our an - chor, When our voy - ag - ing is o'er.
O, the light is flashing brightly From a calm and stormless shore, Where we hope to cast our an - chor, When our voy - ag - ing is o'er.

O YIELD WHILE THE SPIRIT IS STRIVING.

E. R. LATTA.

From the German.

Andante. *p*

1. Oh, yield while the spir - it is striv - ing, Thy com - ing no long - er de - lay, While still he con-tin - ues to

2. So oft thou hast slight-ed his pres - ence, So oft thou hast bid him de - part, Per-chance he may tar - ry no

3. Oh, yield while the spir - it is striv - ing, No more in the wil - der - ness roam, Draw nigh, and the Fa - ther will

p *p* **Rit.**

prompt thee, His gen - tle en-trea-ties o - bey, While still he con-tin - ues to prompt thee, His gen - tle en - treat-ies o - bey.

long - er, To knock at the door of your heart, Per-chance he may tar - ry no long - er, To knock at the door of your heart.

meet you, And joy - ful - ly wel-come you home, Draw nigh and the Fa-ther will meet you, And joy - ful- ly wel-come you home.

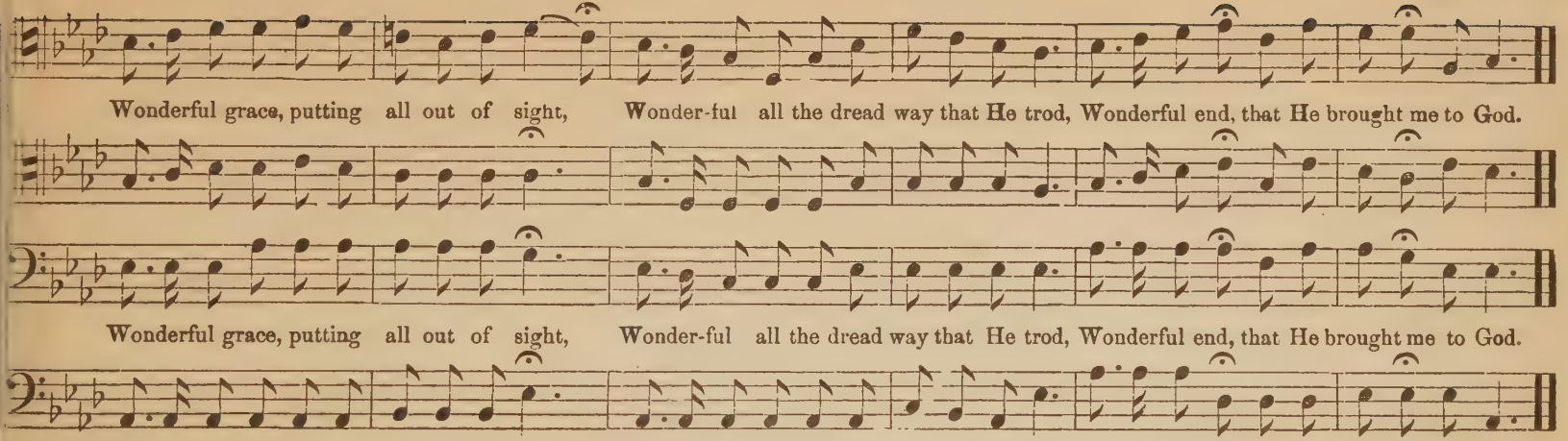
OUT OF, AND INTO.

Arranged by D. W. WHITTLE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

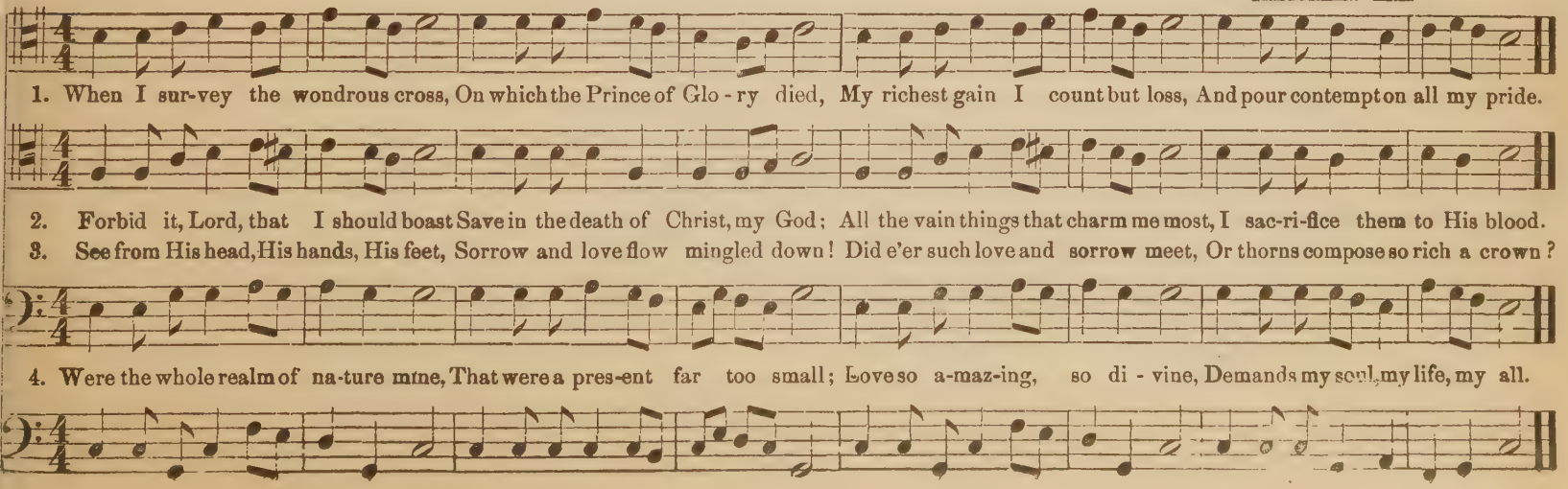
1. Out of the dis - tance and darkness so deep, Out of the set - tled and per - il - ous sleep In - to the light and the
2. Out of the bit - ter - ness, madness and strife, Out of my - self and of all I called life, In - to com-mun - ion with
3. Out of dis - as - ter and ru - in com-plete, Out of the strug-gle and drea - ry de - feat, In - to the sense of for -
4. Out of my sor - row and bondage and shame, Out of the e - vils too fear - ful to name, In - to a righteous and

CHORUS.

glo - ry of God, In - to the ho - li - est cleansed by the blood. Won - der-ful ho - li - ness, bringing to light,
Fa - ther and Son, In - to the shar-ing of all that Christ won.
- give - ness and rest, In - to in - her - it - ance with all the blest.
per - manent peace, In - to the grand-est and full - est re - lease. Won - der-ful ho - li - ness, bringing to light,

Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight, Wonder-ful all the dread way that He trod, Wonderful end, that He brought me to God.
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight, Wonder-ful all the dread way that He trod, Wonderful end, that He brought me to God.

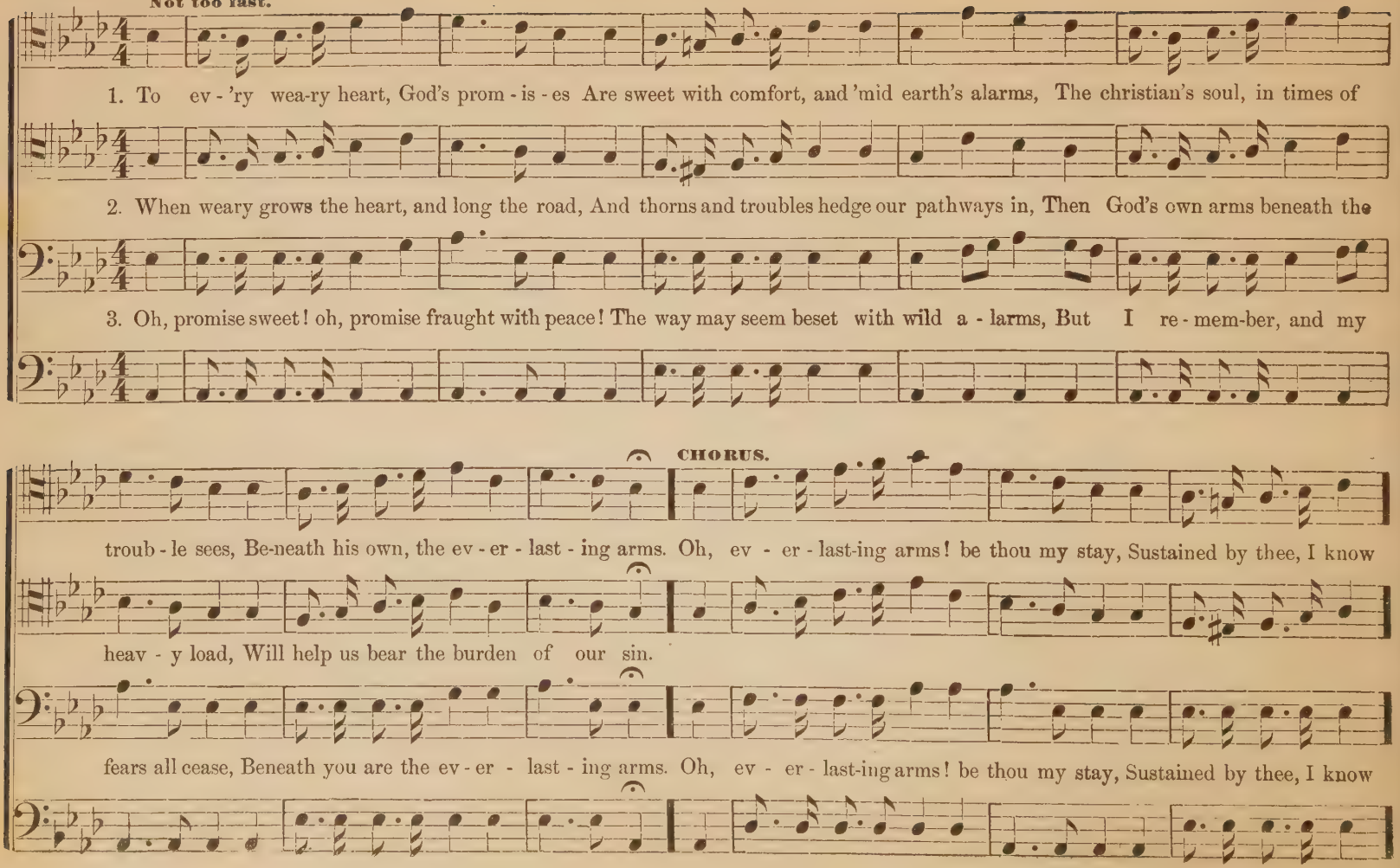
HAMBURG L. M.

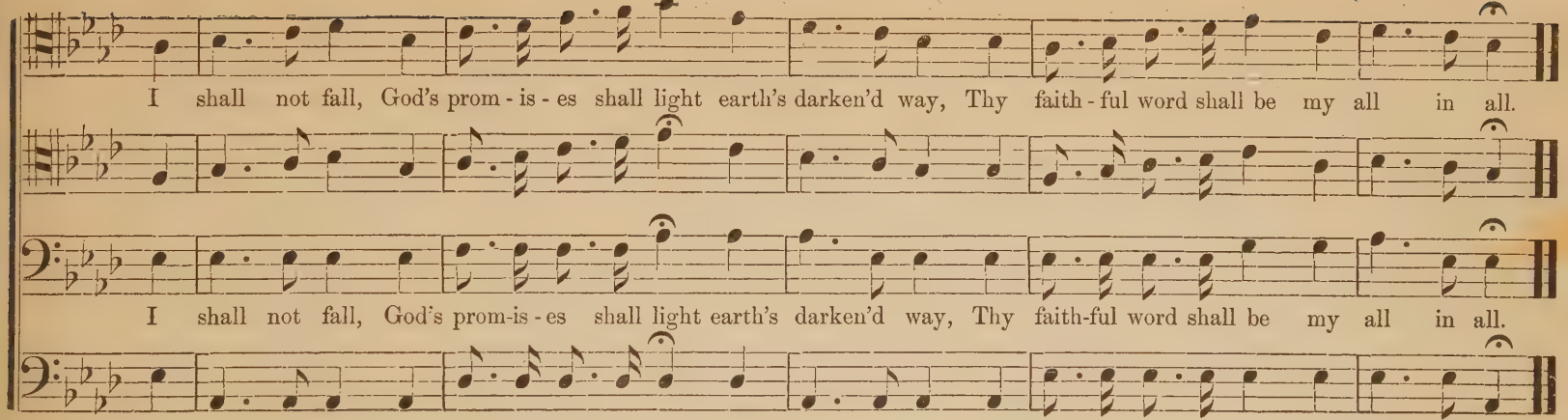
GREGORIAN. ARR.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small; Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

GOD'S PROMISES.

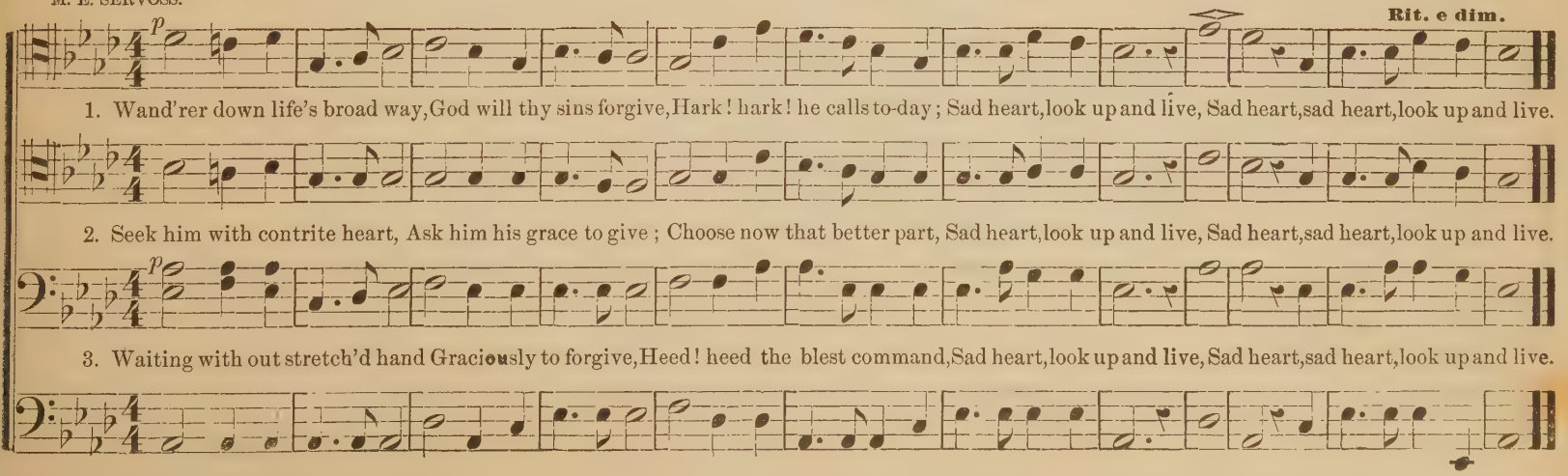
EBEN E. REXFORD. C. C. CASE.

Not too fast.

1. To ev - 'ry wea-ry heart, God's prom - is - es Are sweet with comfort, and 'mid earth's alarms, The christian's soul, in times of
2. When weary grows the heart, and long the road, And thorns and troubles hedge our pathways in, Then God's own arms beneath the
3. Oh, promise sweet! oh, promise fraught with peace! The way may seem beset with wild a - larms, But I re - mem-ber, and my
CHORUS.
troub - le sees, Be-neath his own, the ev - er - last - ing arms. Oh, ev - er - last-ing arms! be thou my stay, Sustained by thee, I know
heav - y load, Will help us bear the burden of our sin.
fears all cease, Beneath you are the ev - er - last - ing arms. Oh, ev - er - last-ing arms! be thou my stay, Sustained by thee, I know


I shall not fall, God's prom - is - es shall light earth's darken'd way, Thy faith - ful word shall be my all in all.
I shall not fall, God's prom-is - es shall light earth's darken'd way, Thy faith-ful word shall be my all in all.

SAD HEART, LOOK UP.

M. E. SERVOSS.


p
Rit. e dim.
1. Wand'rer down life's broad way, God will thy sins forgive, Hark! hark! he calls to-day; Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.
2. Seek him with contrite heart, Ask him his grace to give; Choose now that better part, Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.
p
3. Waiting with out stretch'd hand Graciously to forgive, Heed! heed the blest command, Sad heart, look up and live, Sad heart, sad heart, look up and live.

ARM! ARM! FOR THE CONFLICT.

PAULINA. 1st Chron. xiv, 10. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

The second tenor may be sung as a solo as far as chorus, or by all the tenors in unison.

1. The foe has a - ris - en as nev - er be - fore, He raves at the hearth-stone, he reels at the door; He waits in the highway, il -

2. He startles the darkness with crime and affright, And shrieks of the help - less add hor - ror to night; He lurks in high places all

3. Say not it is weakness to strive a-gainst might, Say not he is guilt - less who quails in the fight; When heaven is with us, our

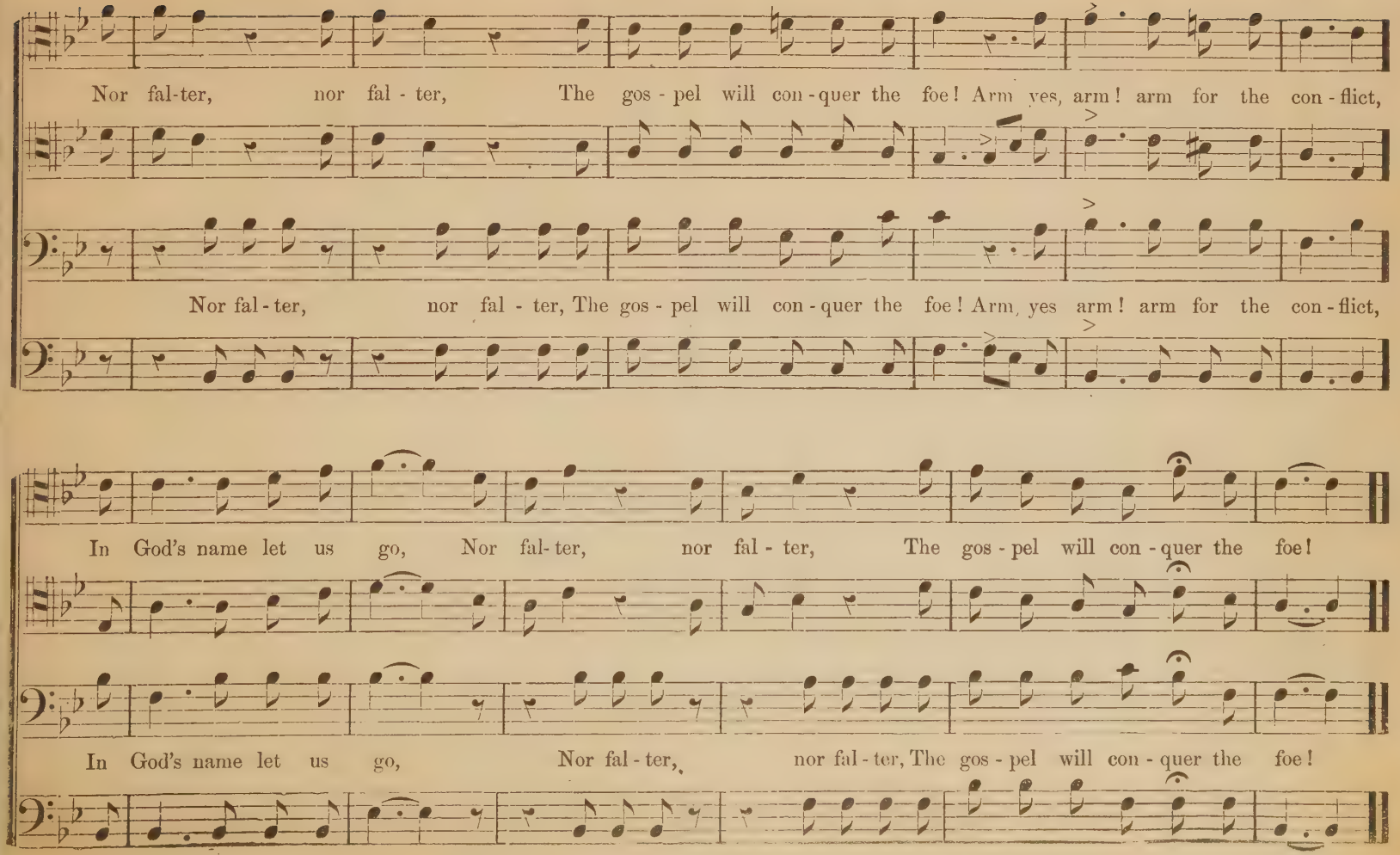
Rit. CHORUS, with spirit.

- lumined and screen'd, In form as an an - gel, in heart as a fiend. Then arm! arm for the con - flict, in God's name let us go.

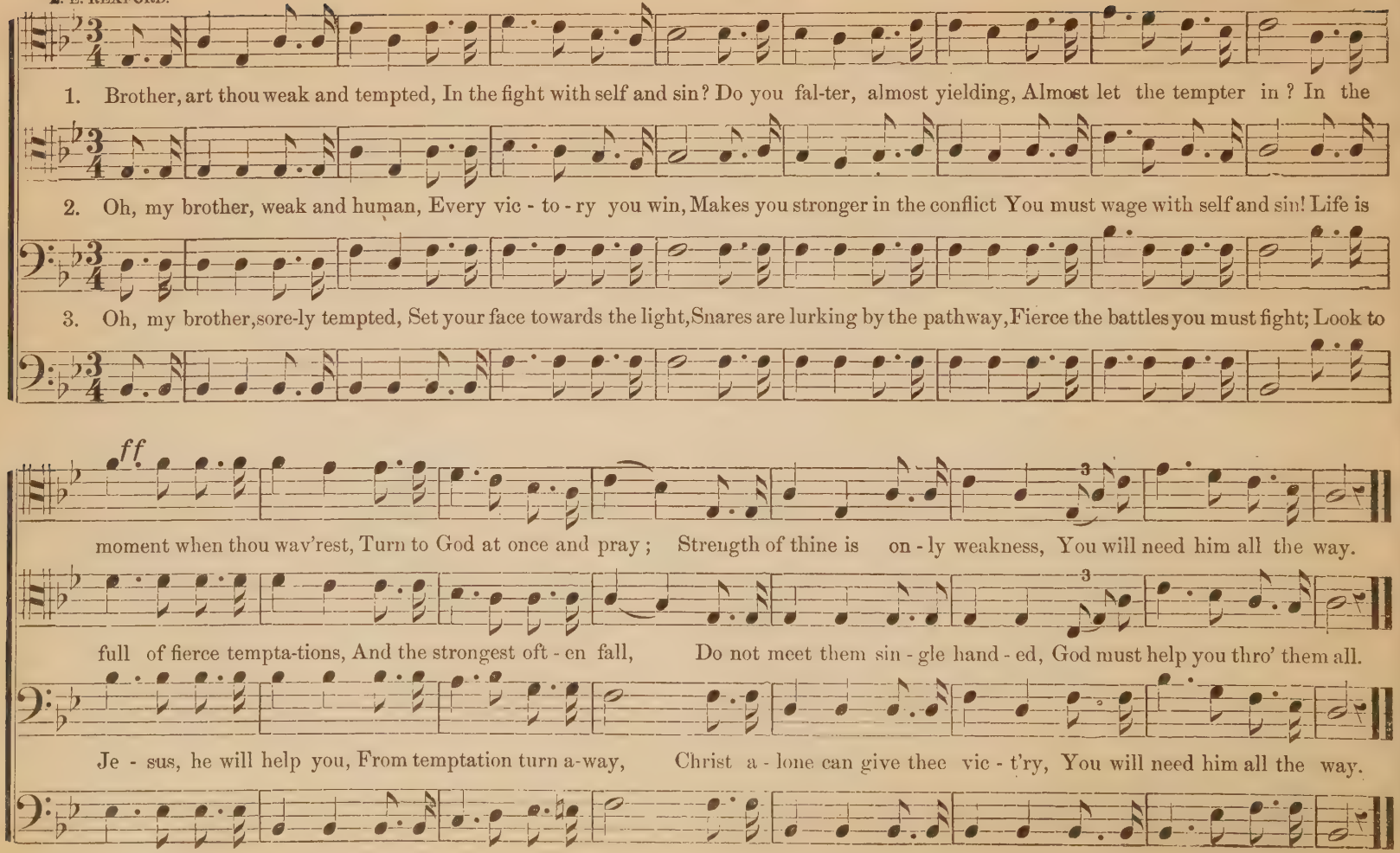
pow-er to draw, And pal-sies the arm of the strength of the law.

Rit.

strength and our stay, And calls to its ser-vice, who dare dis - o - bey? Then arm! arm for the con - flict, in God's name let us go.

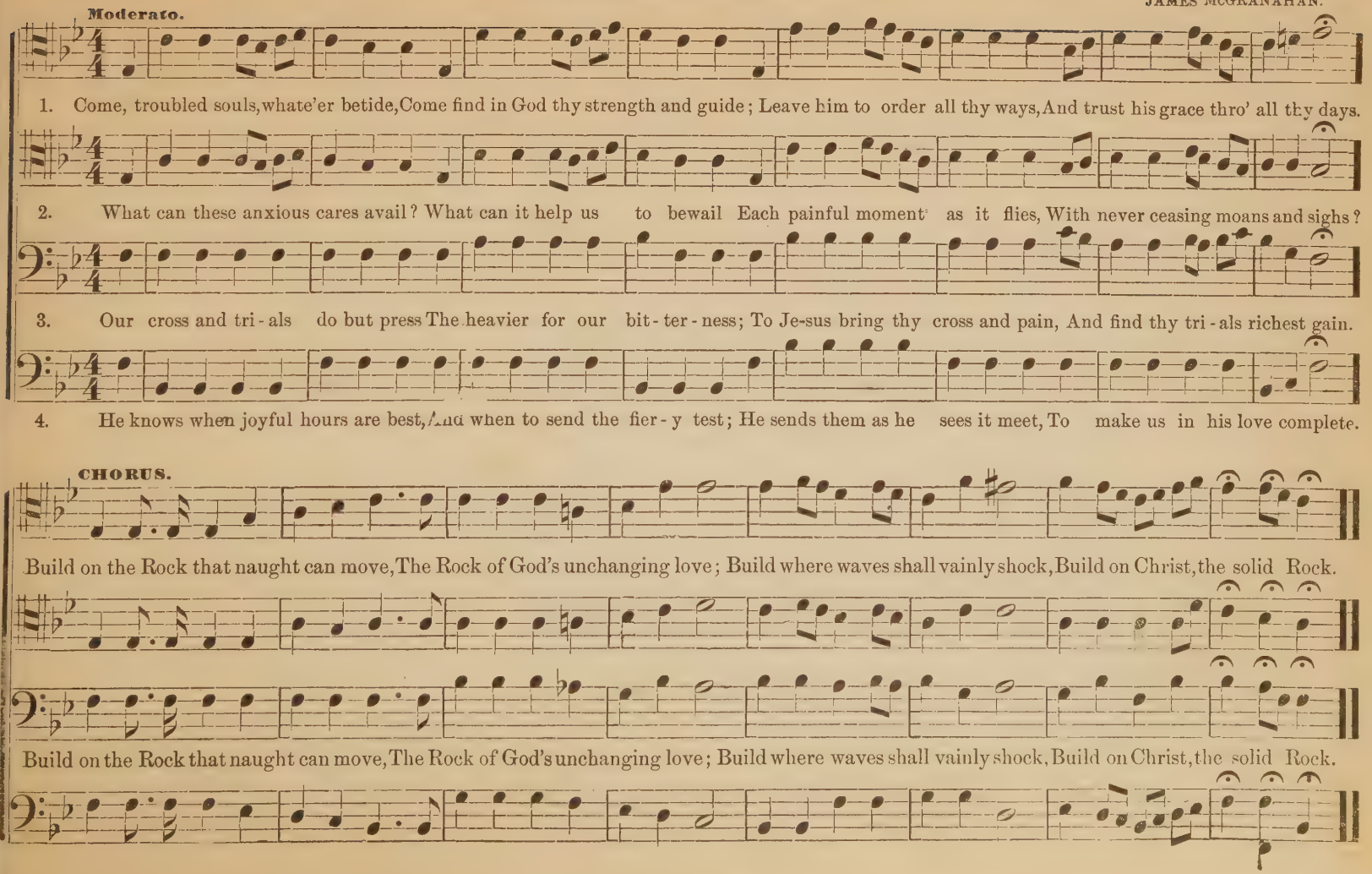

Nor fal-ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe! Arm yes, arm! arm for the con - flict,
Nor fal - ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe! Arm, yes arm! arm for the con - flict,
In God's name let us go, Nor fal-ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe!
In God's name let us go, Nor fal - ter, nor fal - ter, The gos - pel will con - quer the foe!

YOU WILL NEED HIM ALL THE WAY.

E. E. REXFORD. JAS. M. NORTH, by per.

1. Brother, art thou weak and tempted, In the fight with self and sin? Do you fal-ter, almost yielding, Almost let the tempter in? In the
2. Oh, my brother, weak and human, Every vic - to - ry you win, Makes you stronger in the conflict You must wage with self and sin! Life is
3. Oh, my brother, sore-ly tempted, Set your face towards the light, Snares are lurking by the pathway, Fierce the battles you must fight; Look to
ff
moment when thou wav'rest, Turn to God at once and pray; Strength of thine is on - ly weakness, You will need him all the way.
full of fierce tempta-tions, And the strongest oft - en fall, Do not meet them sin - gle hand - ed, God must help you thro' them all.
Je - sus, he will help you, From temptation turn a-way, Christ a - lone can give thee vic - t'ry, You will need him all the way.

BUILD ON THE ROCK.

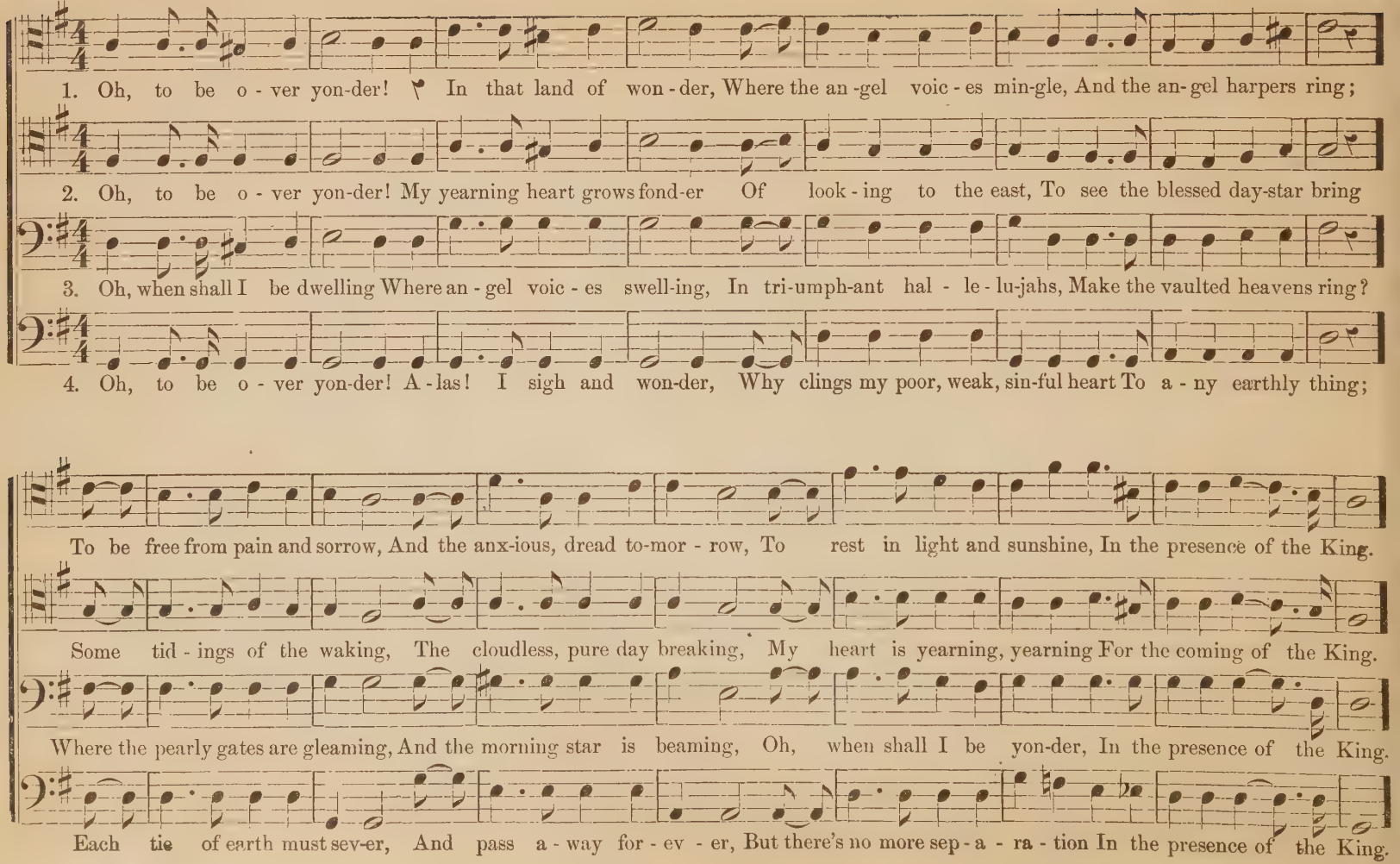
JAMES McGRANAHAN.


Moderato.
1. Come, troubled souls, whate'er betide, Come find in God thy strength and guide; Leave him to order all thy ways, And trust his grace thro' all thy days.
2. What can these anxious cares avail? What can it help us to bewail Each painful moment as it flies, With never ceasing moans and sighs?
3. Our cross and tri-als do but press The heavier for our bit-ter-ness; To Je-sus bring thy cross and pain, And find thy tri-als richest gain.
4. He knows when joyful hours are best, And when to send the fier-y test; He sends them as he sees it meet, To make us in his love complete.
CHORUS.
Build on the Rock that naught can move, The Rock of God's unchanging love; Build where waves shall vainly shock, Build on Christ, the solid Rock.
Build on the Rock that naught can move, The Rock of God's unchanging love; Build where waves shall vainly shock, Build on Christ, the solid Rock.

OVER YONDER.

MISS FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! In that land of won - der, Where the an -gel voic - es min-gle, And the an- gel harpers ring;
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! My yearning heart grows fond-er Of look - ing to the east, To see the blessed day-star bring
3. Oh, when shall I be dwelling Where an - gel voic - es swell-ing, In tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu-jahs, Make the vaulted heavens ring?
4. Oh, to be o - ver yon-der! A - las! I sigh and won-der, Why clings my poor, weak, sin-ful heart To a - ny earthly thing;
To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anx-ious, dread to-mor - row, To rest in light and sunshine, In the presence of the King.
Some tid - ings of the waking, The cloudless, pure day breaking, My heart is yearning, yearning For the coming of the King.
Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning star is beaming, Oh, when shall I be yon-der, In the presence of the King.
Each tie of earth must sev-er, And pass a - way for - ev - er, But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.

OVER YONDER. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp, if desired.

Rit.

Oh . . . to be over yon - der! In . . . . that land of won - der, There . . . to be for - ev - er, In the presence of the King.

Oh to be o - ver yon-der, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder, There to be for - ev - er, In the presence of the King.

THE SEA OF LOVE.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

Allegretto.

B. D. ALLEN.

Cres.

Dim.

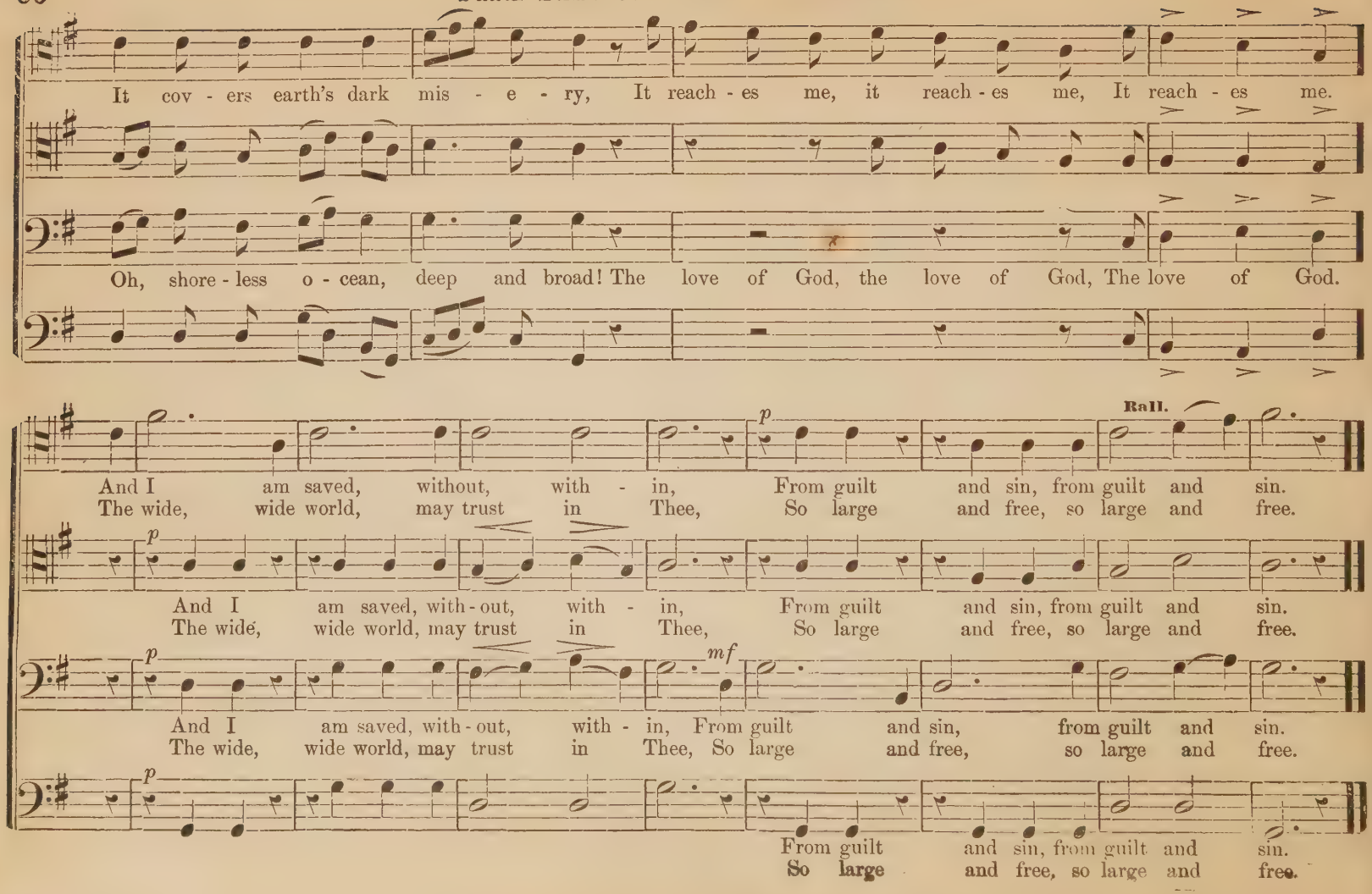
1. The love of Je-sus, O how free! A boundless sea! a boundless sea! Embracing all, be-low, a-bove, The sea of love! the sea of love!

Cres.

Dim.

2. Now, stormy wind and rolling deep, Since love doth keep, since love doth keep, Will only bring me nearer home, Where I would come, where I would come

THE SEA OF LOVE. Concluded.

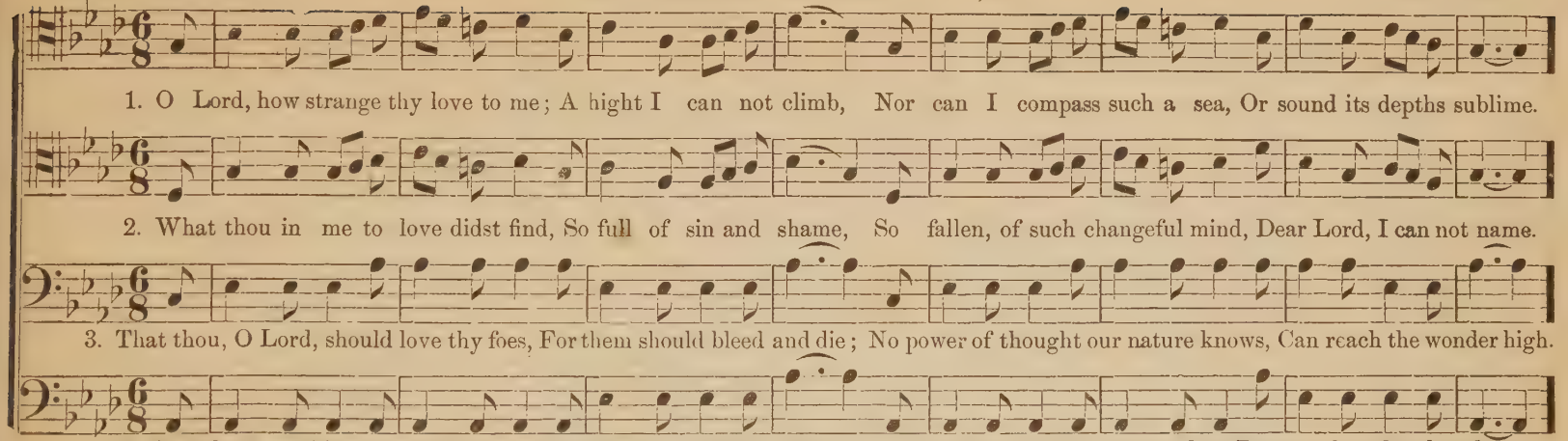

It cov - ers earth's dark mis - e - ry, It reach - es me, it reach - es me, It reach - es me.
Oh, shore - less o - cean, deep and broad! The love of God, the love of God, The love of God.
p
Rall.
And I am saved, without, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.
p
And I am saved, with - out, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.
p
mf
And I am saved, with - out, with - in, From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
The wide, wide world, may trust in Thee, So large and free, so large and free.
p
From guilt and sin, from guilt and sin.
So large and free, so large and free.

WONDROUS LOVE.

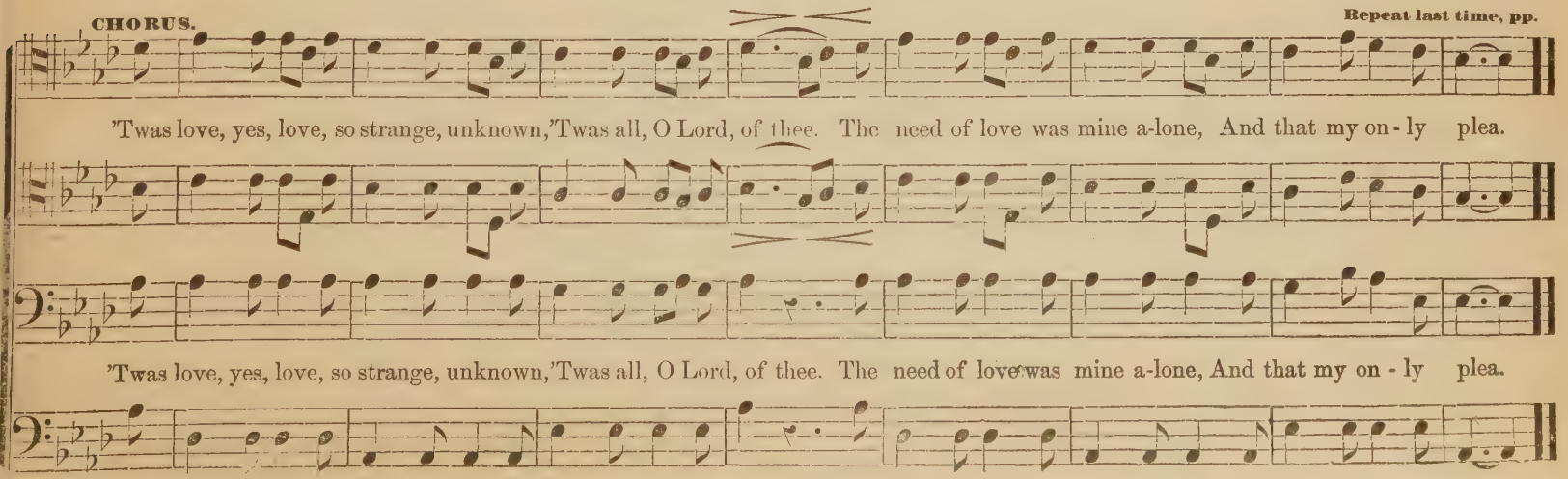
REV. J. B. RANKIN

"We love him because he first loved us."—Jno. iv., 19.

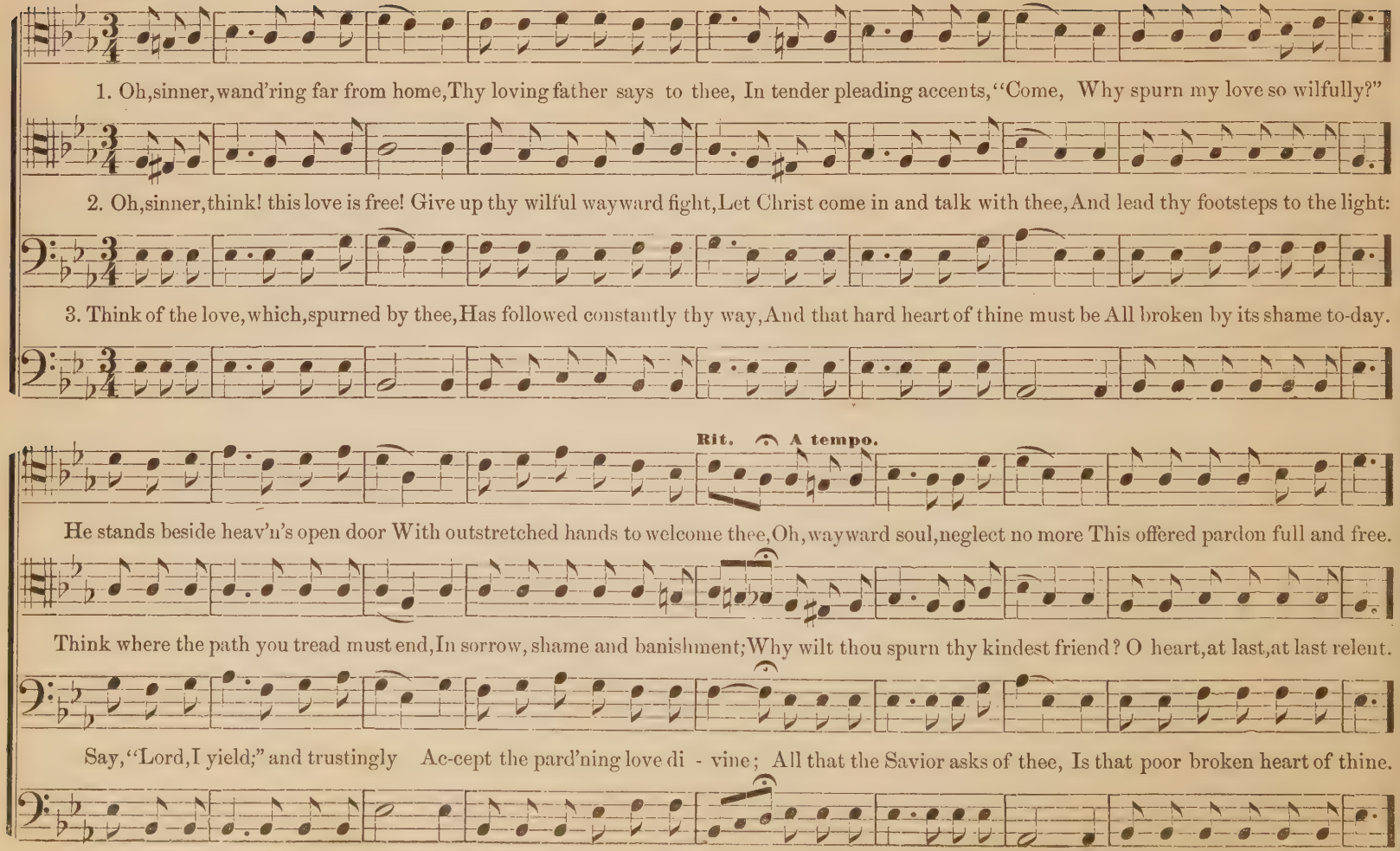
JAS. McGRANAHAN.

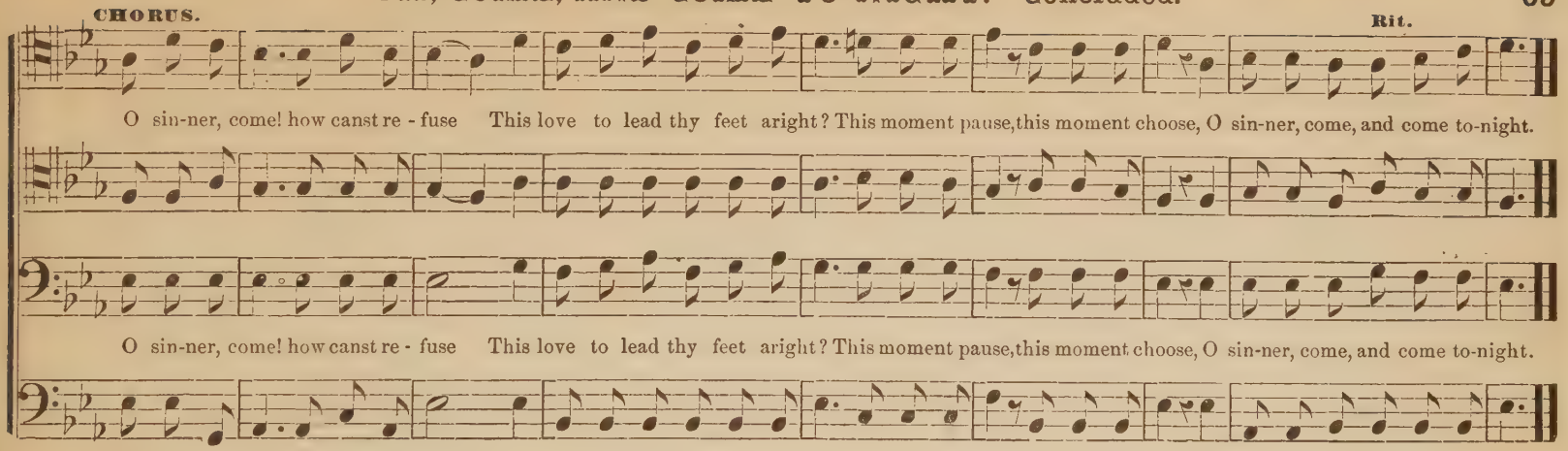

1. O Lord, how strange thy love to me; A hight I can not climb, Nor can I compass such a sea, Or sound its depths sublime.
2. What thou in me to love didst find, So full of sin and shame, So fallen, of such changeful mind, Dear Lord, I can not name.
3. That thou, O Lord, should love thy foes, For them should bleed and die; No power of thought our nature knows, Can reach the wonder high.
4. Such love as this my heart hath won, My Lord, I yield to thee; I love thee now, thou blessed One, Because thou first loved me.

CHORUS.

Repeat last time, pp.

'Twas love, yes, love, so strange, unknown, 'Twas all, O Lord, of thee. The need of love was mine a-lone, And that my on - ly plea.
'Twas love, yes, love, so strange, unknown, 'Twas all, O Lord, of thee. The need of love was mine a-lone, And that my on - ly plea.

OH, COME, AND COME TO-NIGHT.

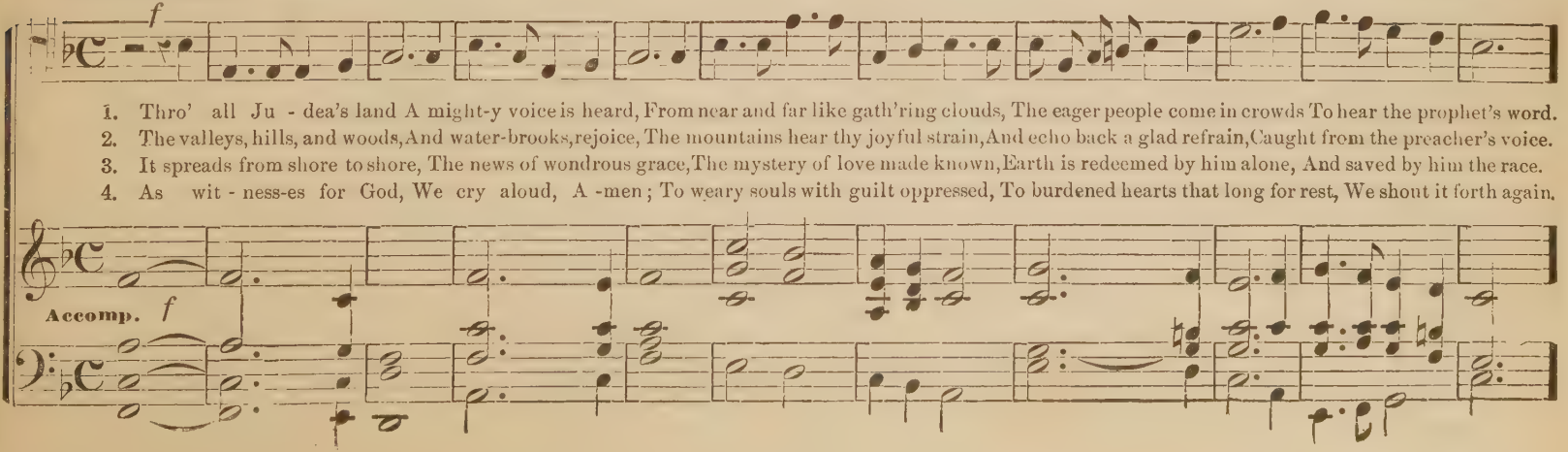
EBEN E. REXFORD. T. H. TANNER.

1. Oh, sinner, wand'ring far from home, Thy loving father says to thee, In tender pleading accents, "Come, Why spurn my love so wilfully?"
2. Oh, sinner, think! this love is free! Give up thy wilful wayward fight, Let Christ come in and talk with thee, And lead thy footsteps to the light:
3. Think of the love, which, spurned by thee, Has followed constantly thy way, And that hard heart of thine must be All broken by its shame to-day.
Rit.
A tempo.
He stands beside heav'n's open door With outstretched hands to welcome thee, Oh, wayward soul, neglect no more This offered pardon full and free.
Think where the path you tread must end, In sorrow, shame and banishment; Why wilt thou spurn thy kindest friend? O heart, at last, at last relent.
Say, "Lord, I yield;" and trustingly Ac-cept the pard'ning love di - vine; All that the Savior asks of thee, Is that poor broken heart of thine.


CHORUS.
Rit.
O sin-ner, come! how canst re - fuse This love to lead thy feet aright? This moment pause, this moment choose, O sin-ner, come, and come to-night.
O sin-ner, come! how canst re - fuse This love to lead thy feet aright? This moment pause, this moment choose, O sin-ner, come, and come to-night.

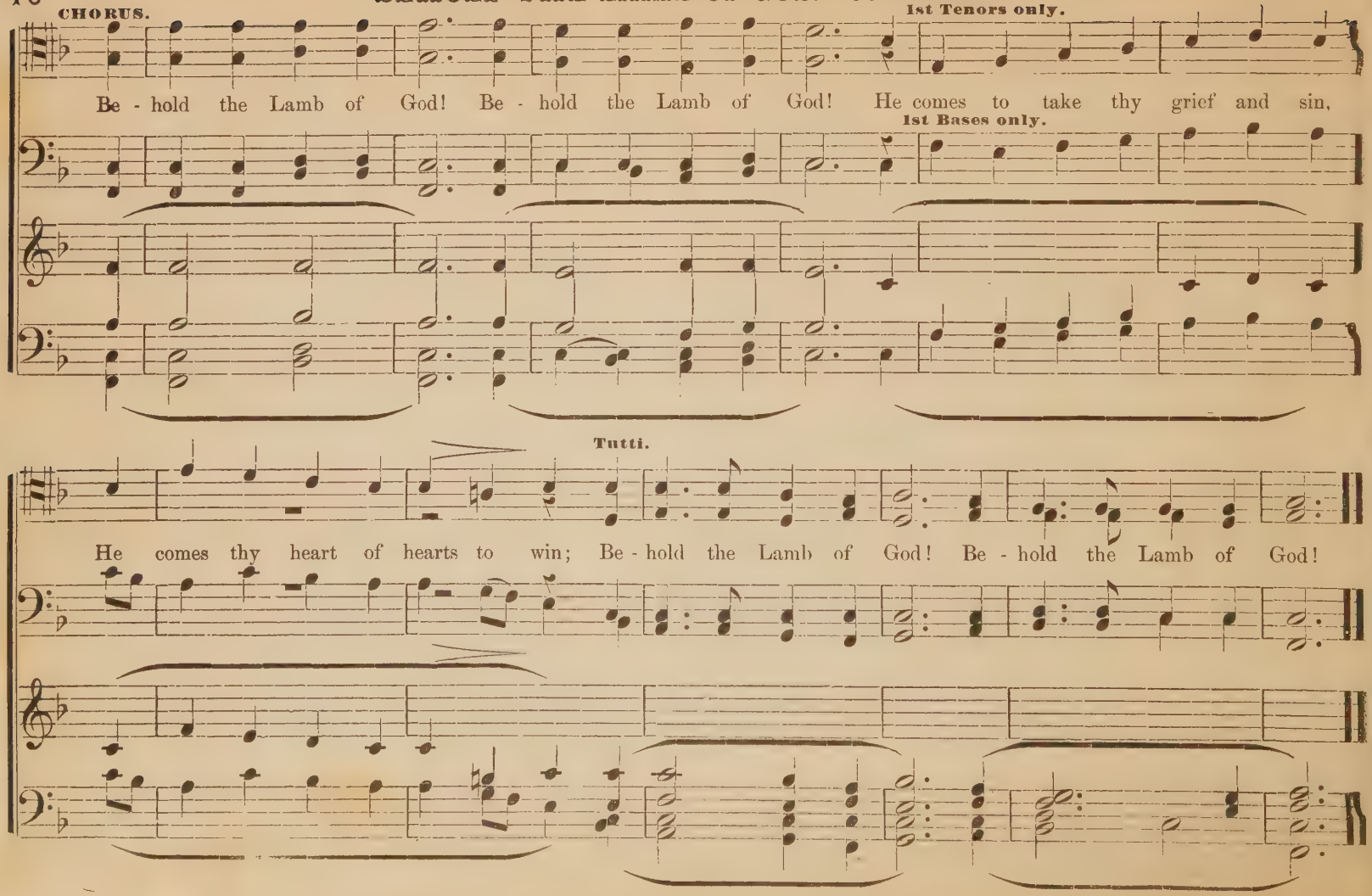
BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.
TENOR SOLO. Andante.
Alla Recitativo.

B. D. ALLEN.

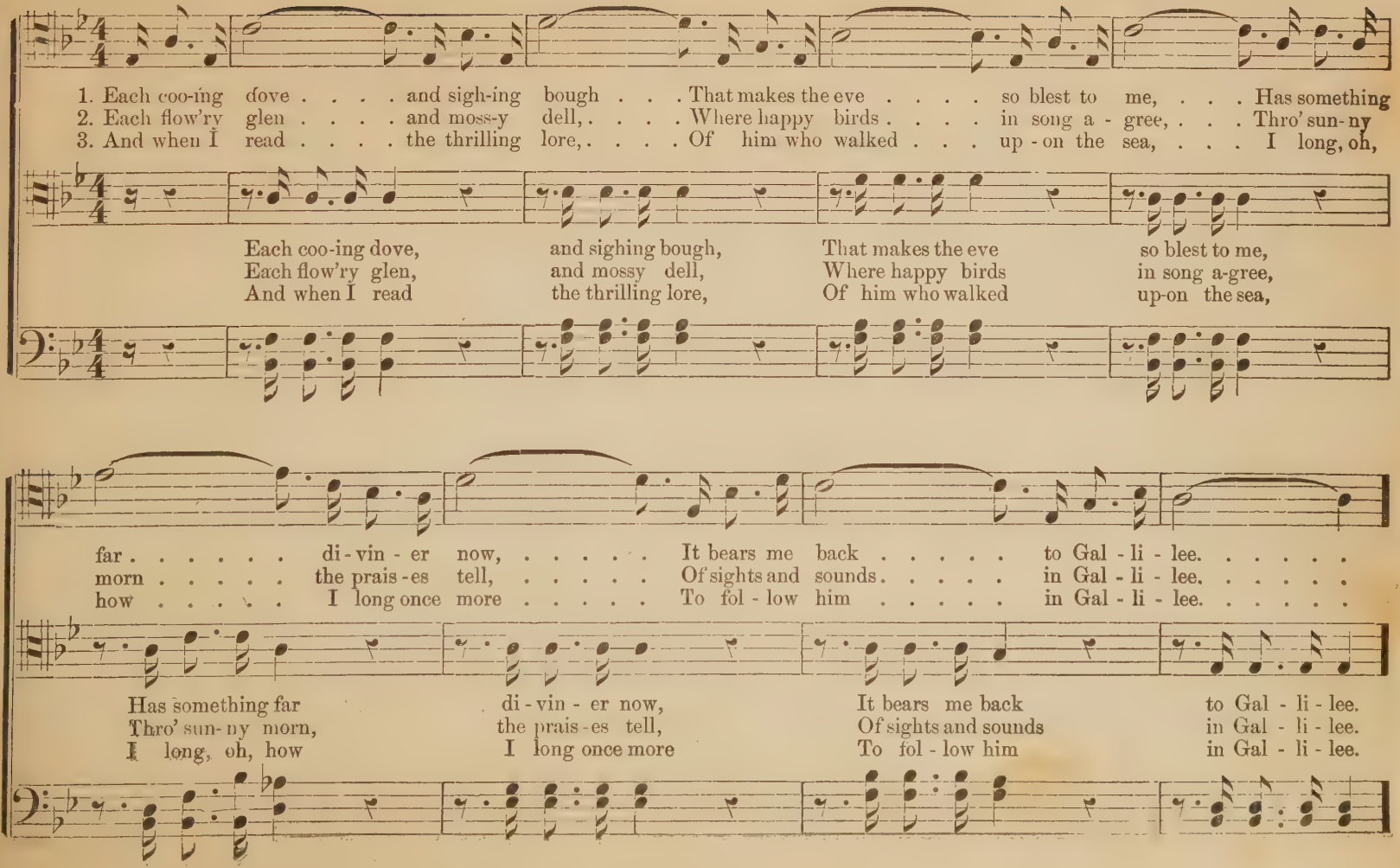

f
1. Thro' all Ju - dea's land A might-y voice is heard, From near and far like gath'ring clouds, The eager people come in crowds To hear the prophet's word.
2. The valleys, hills, and woods, And water-brooks, rejoice, The mountains hear thy joyful strain, And echo back a glad refrain, Caught from the preacher's voice.
3. It spreads from shore to shore, The news of wondrous grace, The mystery of love made known, Earth is redeemed by him alone, And saved by him the race.
4. As wit - ness-es for God, We cry aloud, A - men; To weary souls with guilt oppressed, To burdened hearts that long for rest, We shout it forth again.
Accomp. f

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. Concluded.


CHORUS.
1st Tenors only.
Be - hold the Lamb of God! Be - hold the Lamb of God! He comes to take thy grief and sin,
1st Bases only.
Tutti.
He comes thy heart of hearts to win; Be - hold the Lamb of God! Be - hold the Lamb of God!

MEMORIES OF GALLILEE.

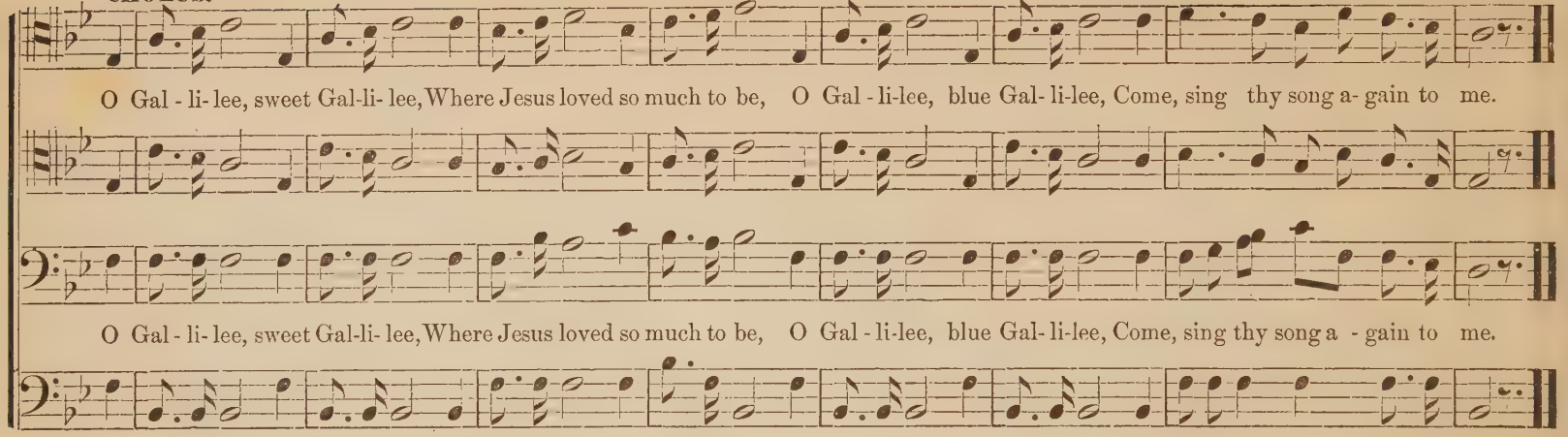
ROB'T MORRIS, L. L. D.

H. R. PALMER, by per. Arranged by M.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the eve . . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something
2. Each flow'ry glen . . . . and moss-y dell, ... Where happy birds . . . . in song a - gree, . . . Thro' sun-ny
3. And when I read . . . . the thrilling lore, ... Of him who walked . . . up - on the sea, ... I long, oh,
Each coo-ing dove, and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me,
Each flow'ry glen, and mossy dell, Where happy birds in song a-gree,
And when I read the thrilling lore, Of him who walked up-on the sea,
far . . . . . di-vin - er now, ... It bears me back . . . . . to Gal - li - lee. . . . . .
morn . . . . . the prais-es tell, ... Of sights and sounds . . . . . in Gal - li - lee. . . . . .
how . . . . . I long once more . . . . . To fol - low him . . . . . in Gal - li - lee. . . . . .
Has something far di-vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - li - lee.
Thro' sun-ny morn, the prais-es tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal - li - lee.
I long, oh, how I long once more To fol - low him in Gal - li - lee.

MEMORIES OF GALLILEE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

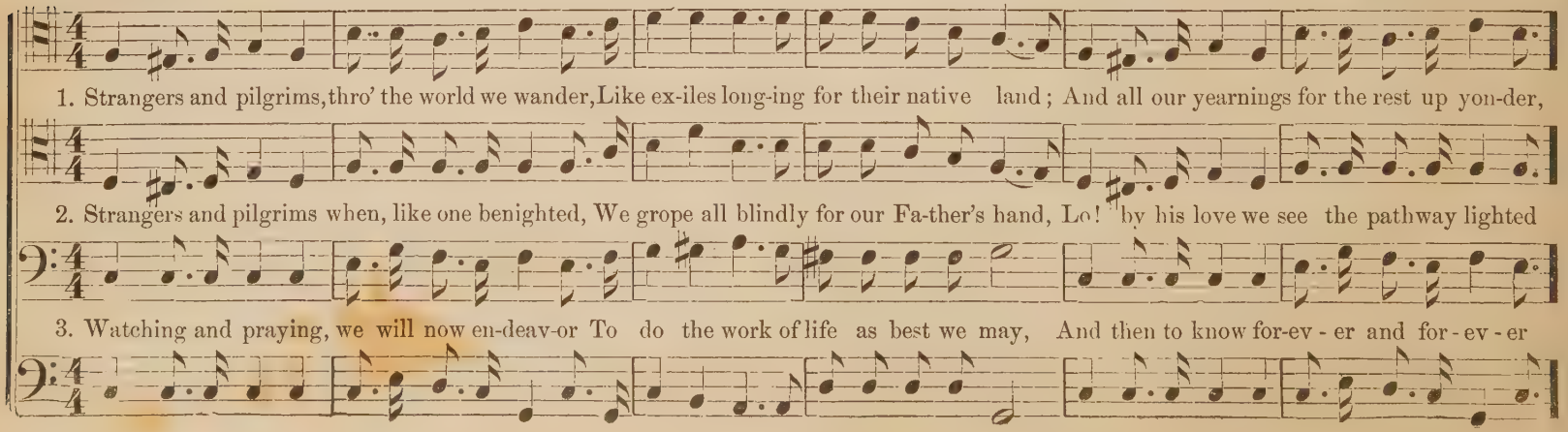
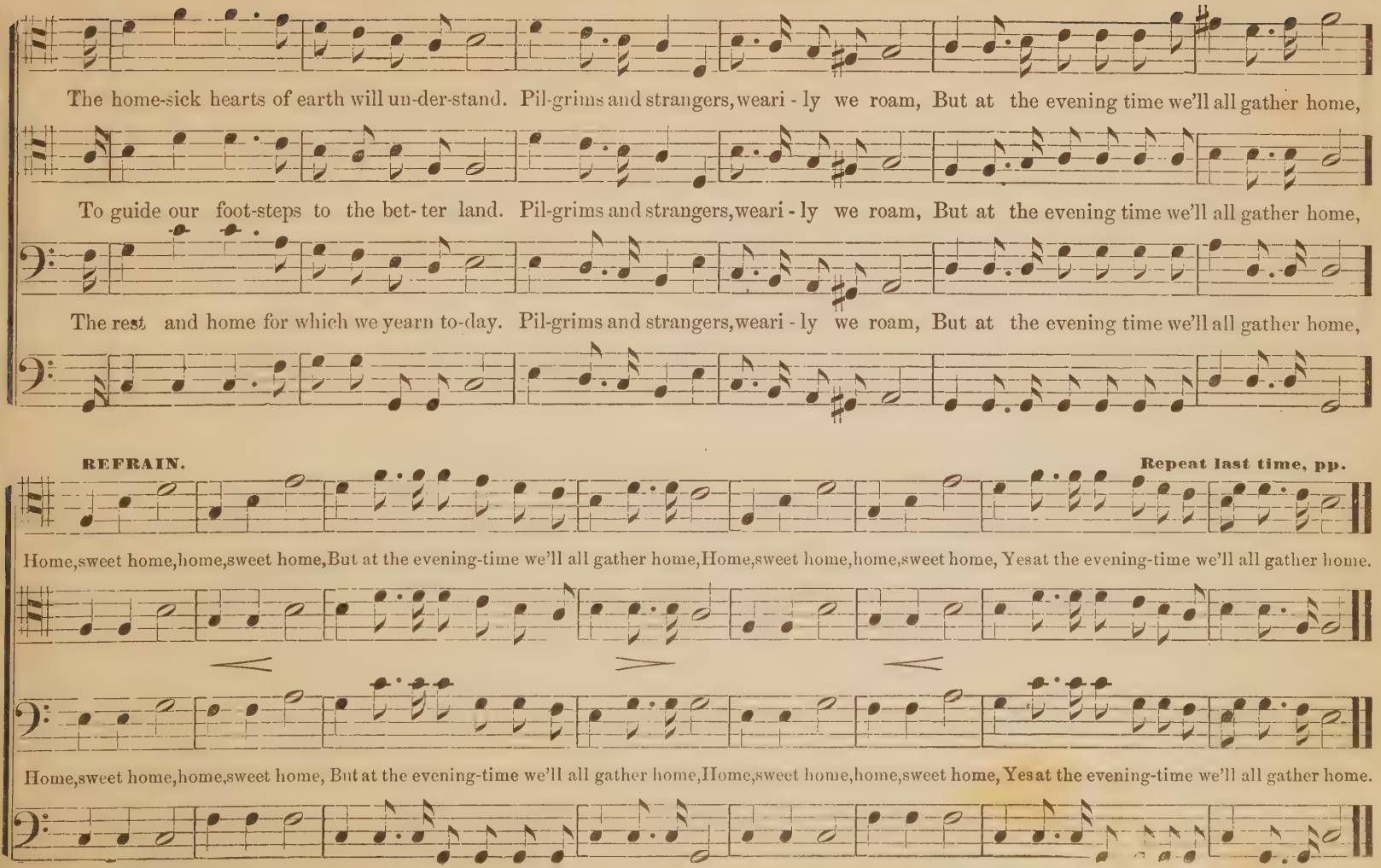
Repeat last time, pp.


O Gal - li- lee, sweet Gal-li- lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be, O Gal - li-lee, blue Gal- li-lee, Come, sing thy song a- gain to me.
O Gal - li- lee, sweet Gal-li- lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be, O Gal - li-lee, blue Gal- li-lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

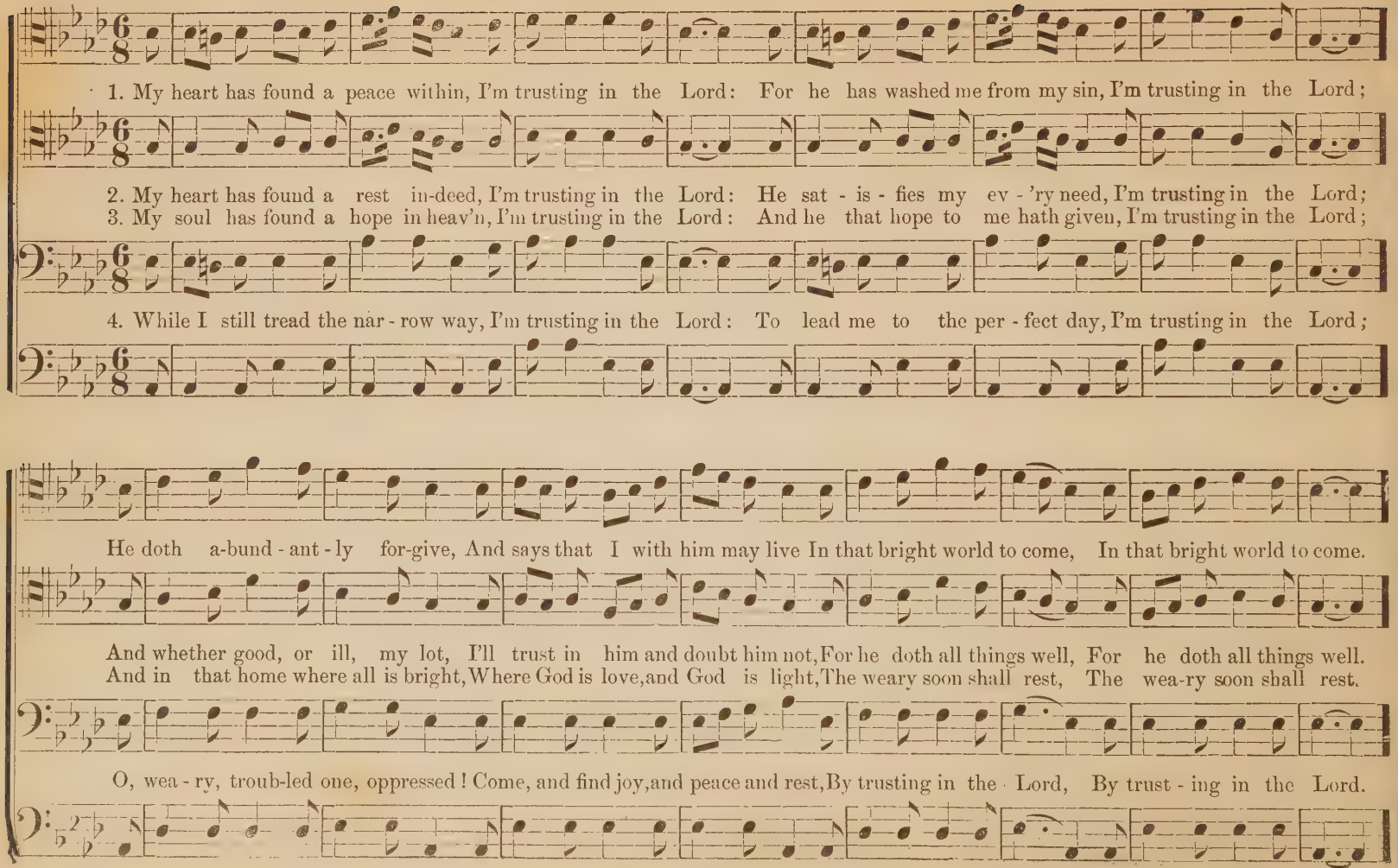
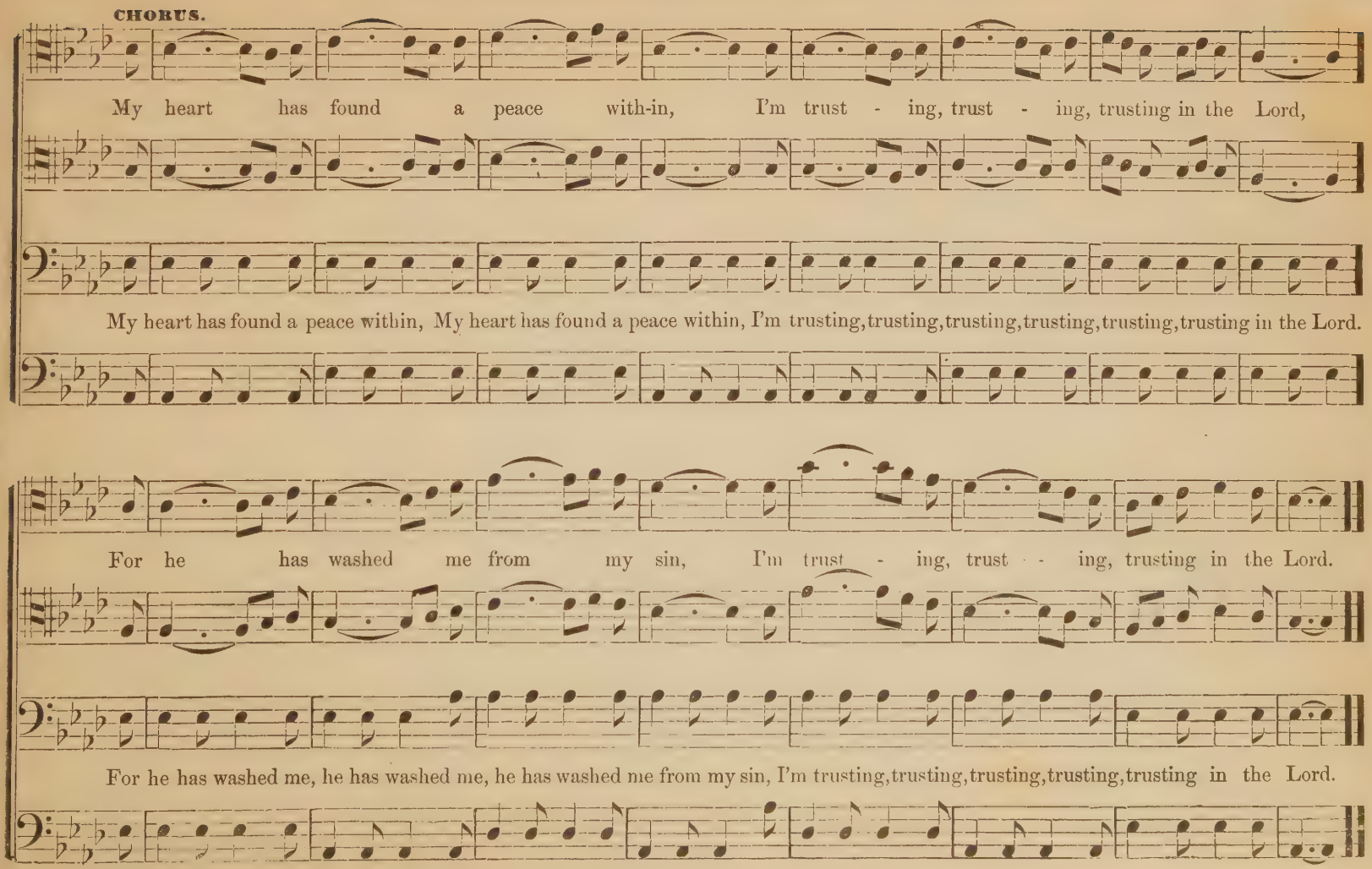
E. E. REXFORD.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Strangers and pilgrims, thro' the world we wander, Like ex-iles long-ing for their native land; And all our yearnings for the rest up yon-der,
2. Strangers and pilgrims when, like one benighted, We grope all blindly for our Fa-ther's hand, Lo! by his love we see the pathway lighted
3. Watching and praying, we will now en-deav-or To do the work of life as best we may, And then to know for-ev - er and for - ev - er

The home-sick hearts of earth will un-der-stand. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,
To guide our foot-steps to the bet- ter land. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,
The rest and home for which we yearn to-day. Pil-grims and strangers, weari - ly we roam, But at the evening time we'll all gather home,
REFRAIN.
Repeat last time, pp.
Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, But at the evening-time we'll all gather home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Yes at the evening-time we'll all gather home.
Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, But at the evening-time we'll all gather home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Yes at the evening-time we'll all gather home.

M. E. SERVOSS.

TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

C. C. CASE.

1. My heart has found a peace within, I'm trusting in the Lord: For he has washed me from my sin, I'm trusting in the Lord;
2. My heart has found a rest in-deed, I'm trusting in the Lord: He sat - is - fies my ev - 'ry need, I'm trusting in the Lord;
3. My soul has found a hope in heav'n, I'm trusting in the Lord: And he that hope to me hath given, I'm trusting in the Lord;
4. While I still tread the nar - row way, I'm trusting in the Lord: To lead me to the per - fect day, I'm trusting in the Lord;
He doth a-bund - ant - ly for-give, And says that I with him may live In that bright world to come, In that bright world to come.
And whether good, or ill, my lot, I'll trust in him and doubt him not, For he doth all things well, For he doth all things well.
And in that home where all is bright, Where God is love, and God is light, The weary soon shall rest, The wea-ry soon shall rest.
O, wea - ry, troub-led one, oppressed! Come, and find joy, and peace and rest, By trusting in the Lord, By trust - ing in the Lord.

CHORUS.
My heart has found a peace with-in, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing, trusting in the Lord,
My heart has found a peace within, My heart has found a peace within, I'm trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting in the Lord.
For he has washed me from my sin, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing, trusting in the Lord.
For he has washed me, he has washed me, he has washed me from my sin, I'm trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting in the Lord.

THE CALL OF THE ROLL ON HIGH.

D. W. WHITTLE. Written and composed for the Gospel service held in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Mass., May 30, 1878. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sad-ly from the field of con-flict, Where the wounded and the slain Lay with pale and upturned faces, Some in peace and some in pain,

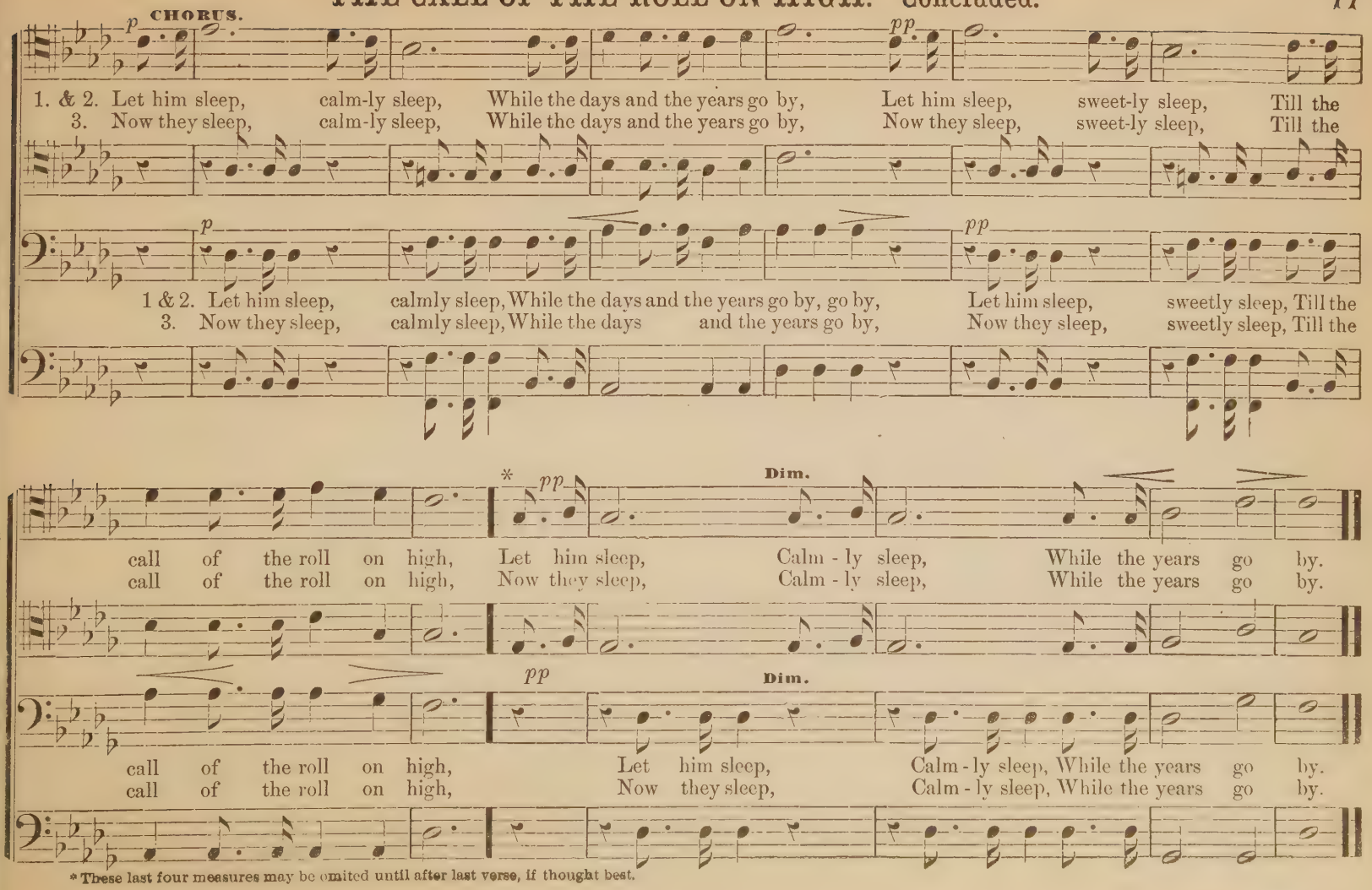
2. On the ground we softly laid him, Thinking he no more will wake, When, with eye-lids widely o-pen, Pointing upward, thus he spake:

3. O from many a field of battle Earnest pray'r has gone to God, From the lips of dy-ing soldiers, As their life-blood drench'd the sod;

Lay with pale and up-turned fac - es,
When, with eyelids wide - ly o - pen,
From the lips of dy - ing sol - diers,

Slow we bore a dy - ing sold-ier, Who had fal-len in the fight, And to us he faint-ly whisper'd, "Comrades, let me sleep to-night."

"Comrades, lis - ten! don't you hear it, Hear the roll-call there on high? Hark! my name the Savior's calling, Jesus—Captain, here am I!

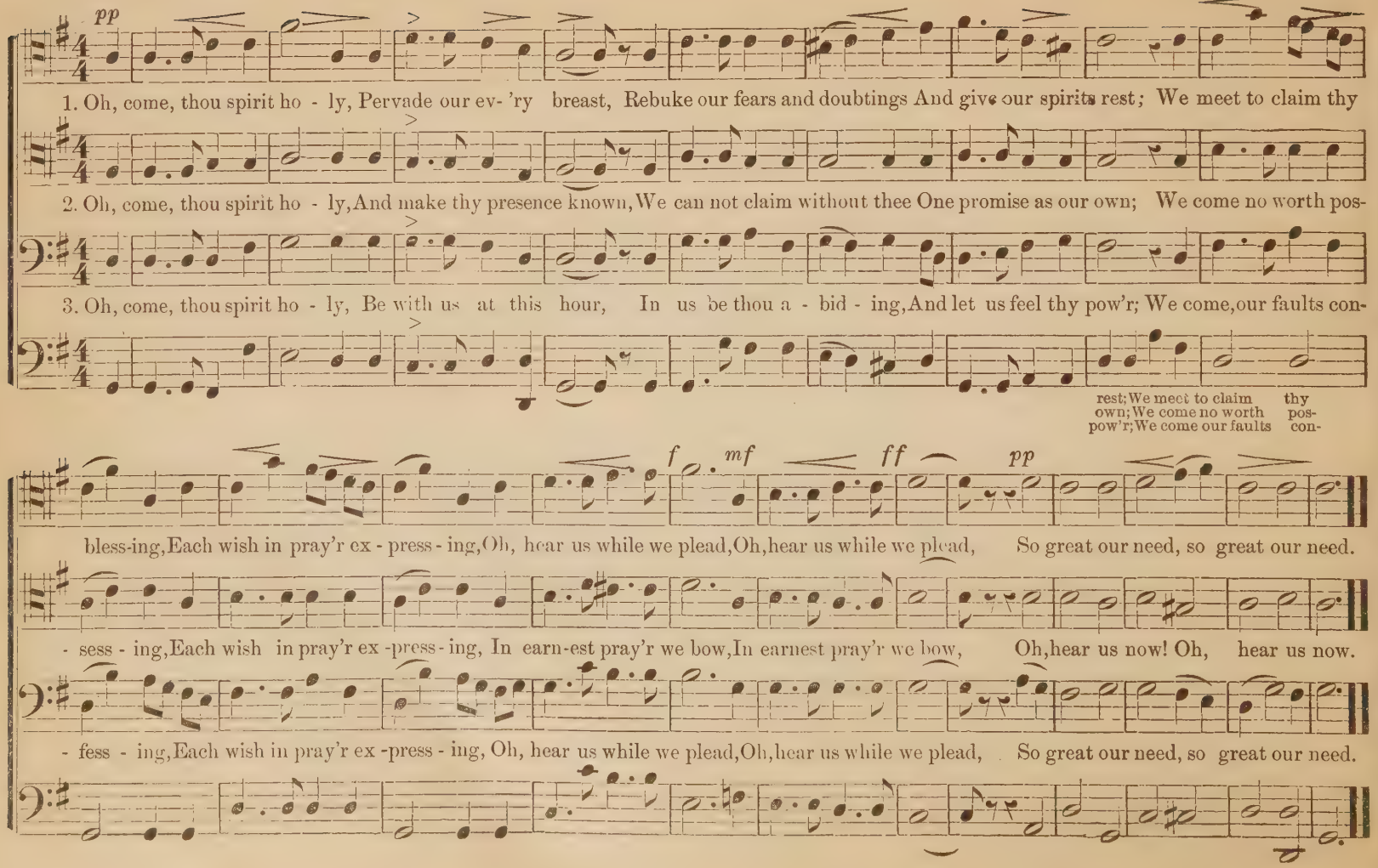
And to ma - ny came the message: Son, thy sins are all for - giv'n, And their lips with joy responded, When the roll was called in Heav'n.

CHORUS.
p
pp
1. & 2. Let him sleep, calm-ly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Let him sleep, sweet-ly sleep, Till the
3. Now they sleep, calm-ly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Now they sleep, sweet-ly sleep, Till the
1 & 2. Let him sleep, calmly sleep, While the days and the years go by, go by, Let him sleep, sweetly sleep, Till the
3. Now they sleep, calmly sleep, While the days and the years go by, Now they sleep, sweetly sleep, Till the
*
Dim.
call of the roll on high, Let him sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.
call of the roll on high, Now they sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.
call of the roll on high, Let him sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.
call of the roll on high, Now they sleep, Calm - ly sleep, While the years go by.

* These last four measures may be omited until after last verse, if thought best.

O, COME, THOU SPIRIT HOLY.

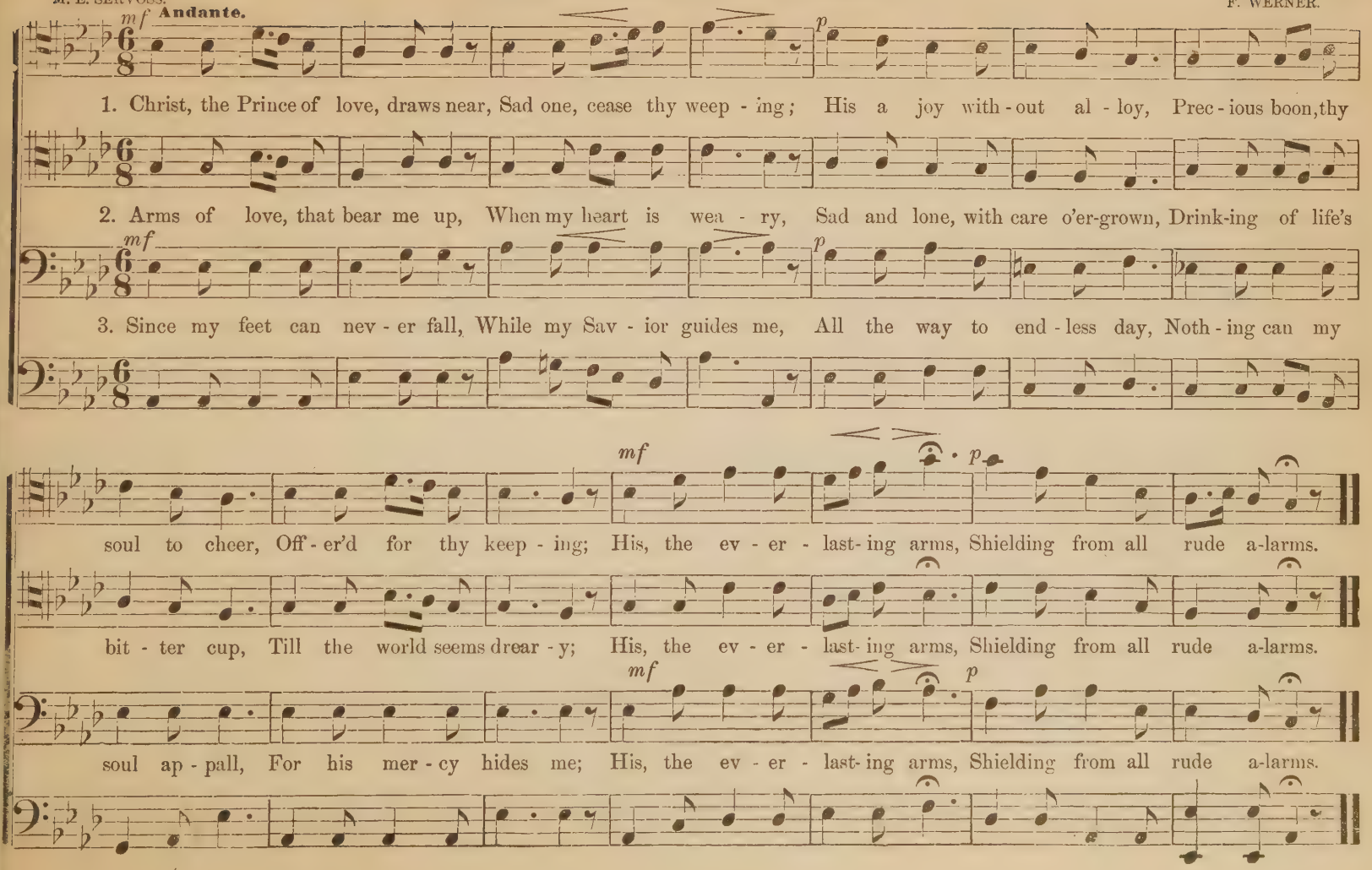
E. R. LATTA.

F. ART.


pp
1. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly, Pervade our ev- 'ry breast, Rebuke our fears and doubtings And give our spirits rest; We meet to claim thy
2. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly,And make thy presence known,We can not claim without thee One promise as our own; We come no worth pos-
3. Oh, come, thou spirit ho - ly, Be with us at this hour, In us be thou a - bid - ing,And let us feel thy pow'r; We come,our faults con-
rest;We meet to claim thy
own;We come no worth pos-
pow'r;We come our faults con-
f
mf
ff
pp
bless-ing,Each wish in pray'r ex - press - ing,Oh, hear us while we plead,Oh,hear us while we plead, So great our need, so great our need.
- sess - ing,Each wish in pray'r ex -press - ing, In earn-est pray'r we bow,In earnest pray'r we bow, Oh,hear us now! Oh, hear us now.
- fess - ing,Each wish in pray'r ex -press - ing, Oh, hear us while we plead,Oh,hear us while we plead, So great our need, so great our need.

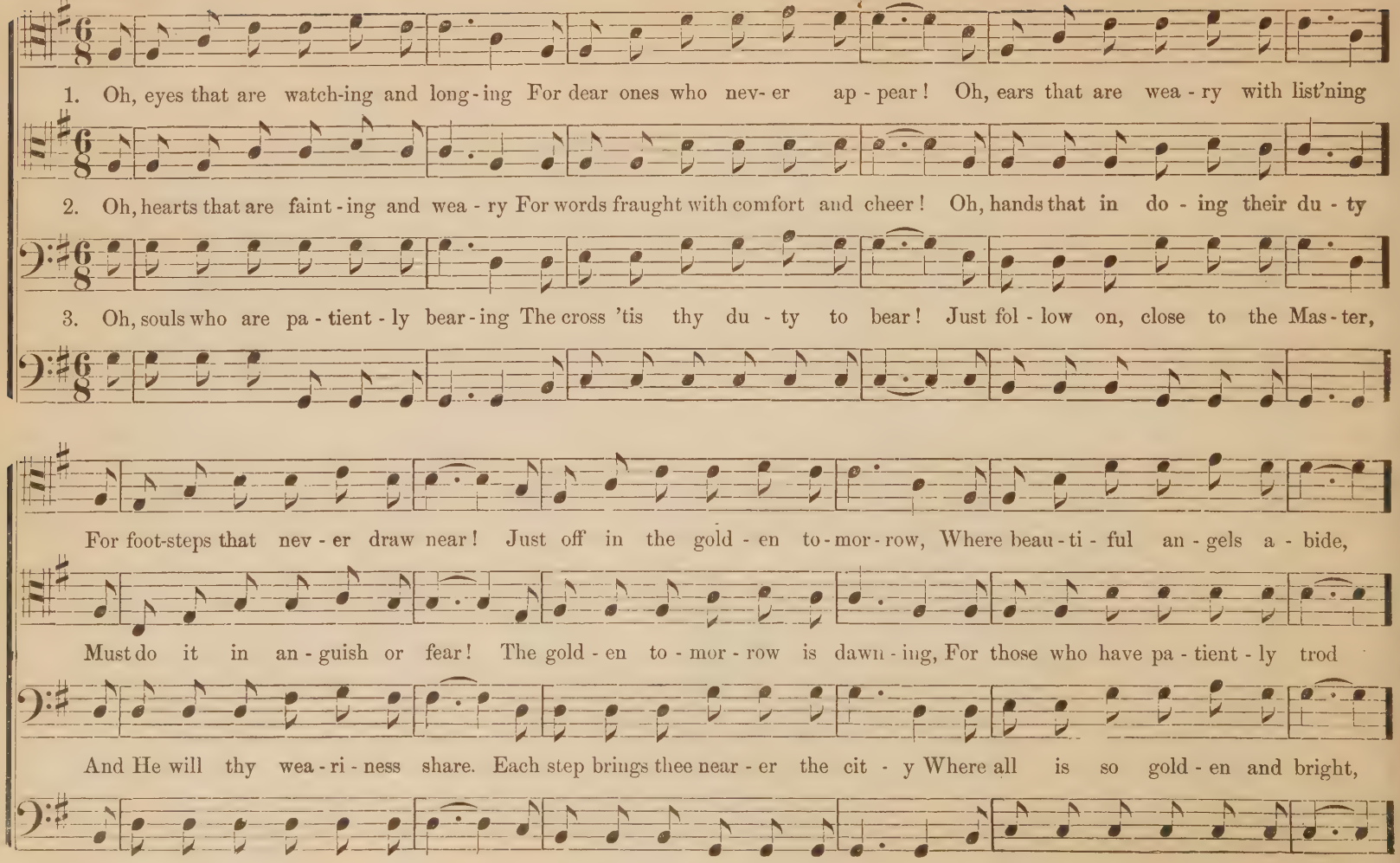
THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

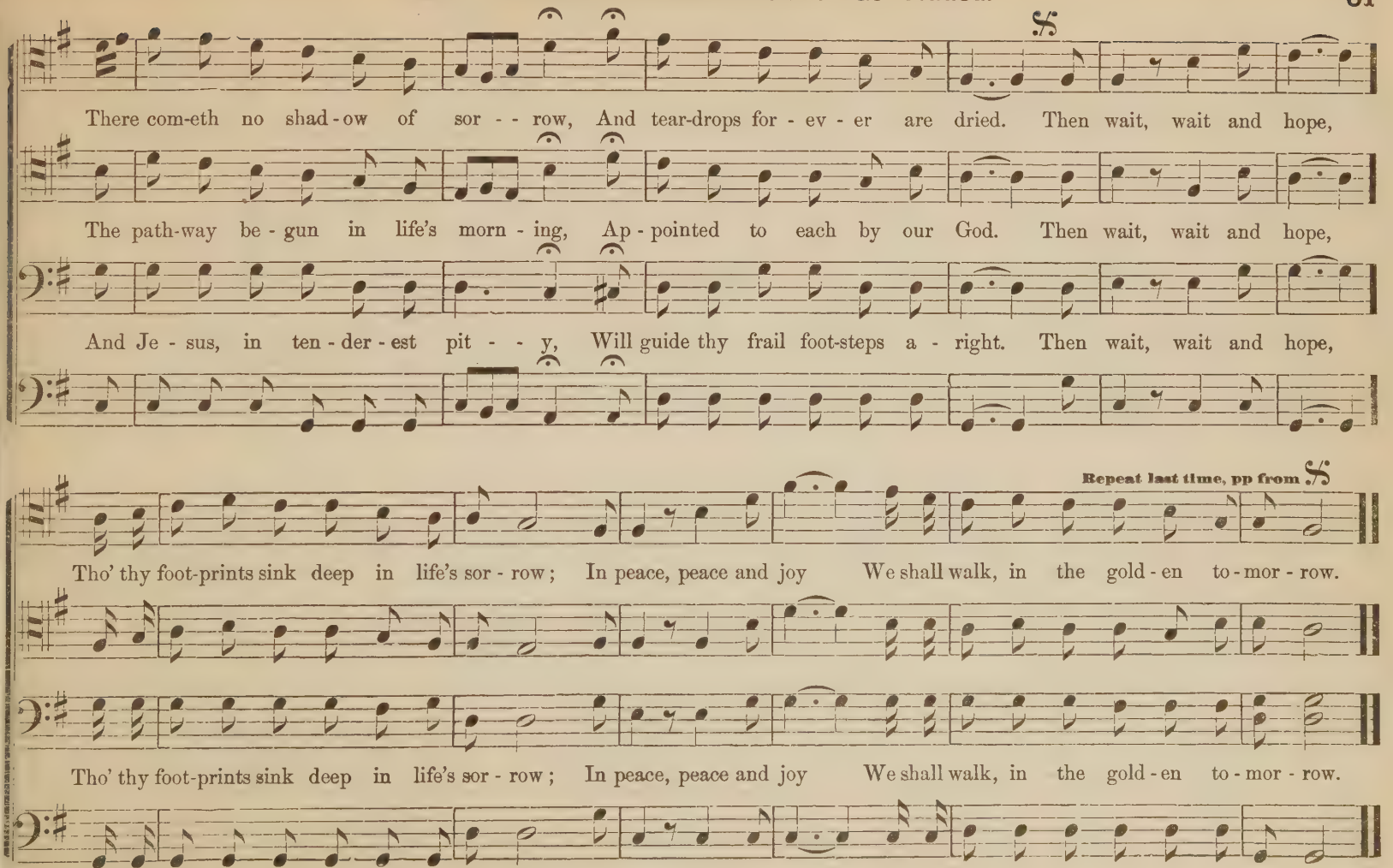
M. E. SERVOSS. F. WERNER.


mf Andante.
p
1. Christ, the Prince of love, draws near, Sad one, cease thy weep - ing; His a joy with - out al - loy, Prec - ious boon, thy
2. Arms of love, that bear me up, When my heart is wea - ry, Sad and lone, with care o'er-grown, Drink-ing of life's
mf
p
3. Since my feet can nev - er fall, While my Sav - ior guides me, All the way to end - less day, Noth - ing can my
mf
p
soul to cheer, Off - er'd for thy keep - ing; His, the ev - er - last - ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.
bit - ter cup, Till the world seems drear - y; His, the ev - er - last - ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.
mf
p
soul ap - pall, For his mer - cy hides me; His, the ev - er - last - ing arms, Shielding from all rude a-larms.

THE GOLDEN TOMORROW.

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Oh, eyes that are watch-ing and long-ing For dear ones who nev-er ap-pear! Oh, ears that are wea-ry with list'ning
2. Oh, hearts that are faint-ing and wea-ry For words fraught with comfort and cheer! Oh, hands that in do-ing their du-ty
3. Oh, souls who are pa-tient-ly bear-ing The cross 'tis thy du-ty to bear! Just fol-low on, close to the Mas-ter,
For foot-steps that nev-er draw near! Just off in the gold-en to-mor-row, Where beau-ti-ful an-gels a-bide,
Must do it in an-guish or fear! The gold-en to-mor-row is dawn-ing, For those who have pa-tient-ly trod
And He will thy wea-ri-ness share. Each step brings thee near-er the cit-y Where all is so gold-en and bright,

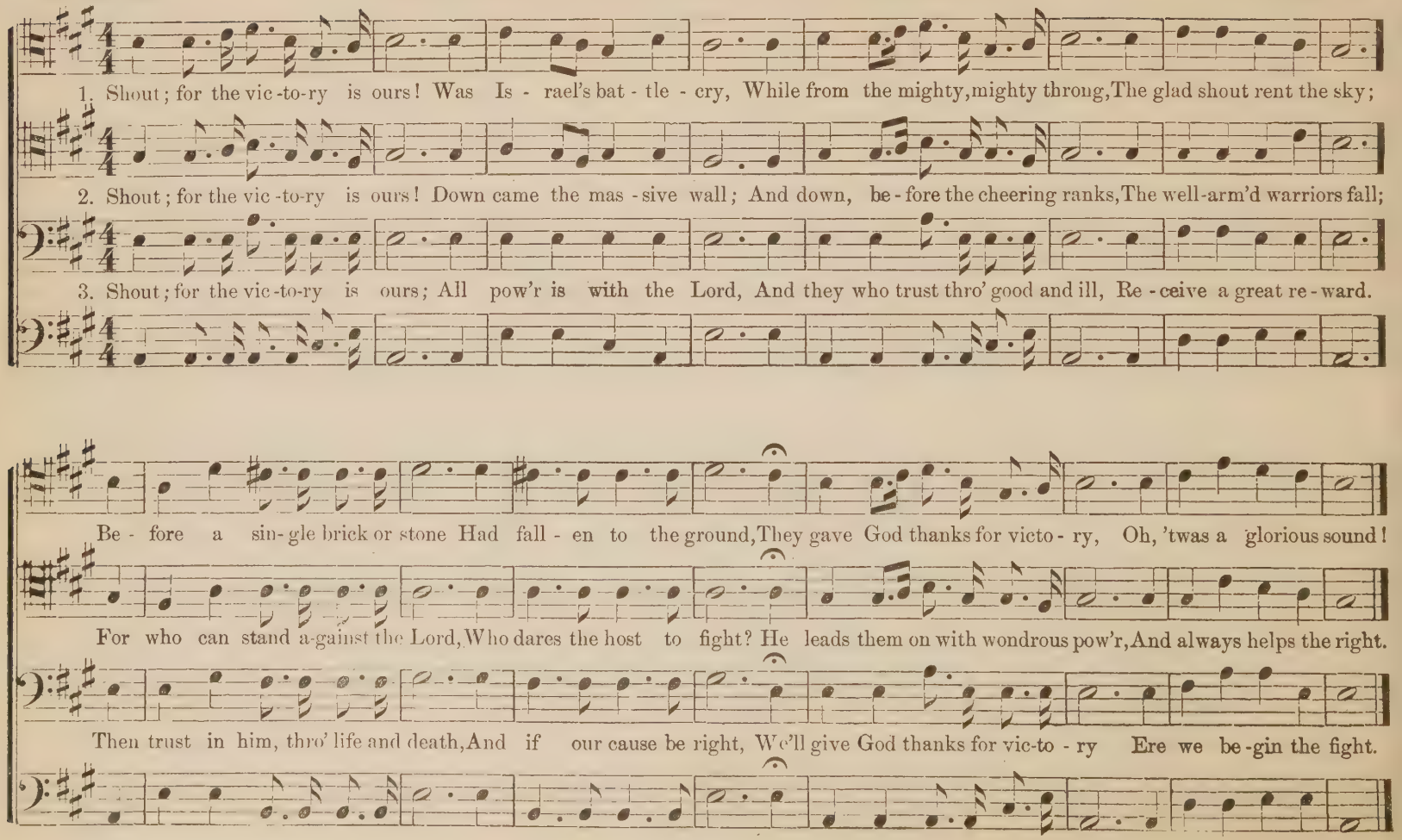

There com-eth no shad-ow of sor - - row, And tear-drops for - ev - er are dried. Then wait, wait and hope,
The path-way be - gun in life's morn - ing, Ap - pointed to each by our God. Then wait, wait and hope,
And Je - sus, in ten - der - est pit - - y, Will guide thy frail foot-steps a - right. Then wait, wait and hope,
Repeat last time, pp from 𝄋
Tho' thy foot-prints sink deep in life's sor - row; In peace, peace and joy We shall walk, in the gold - en to - mor - row.
Tho' thy foot-prints sink deep in life's sor - row; In peace, peace and joy We shall walk, in the gold - en to - mor - row.

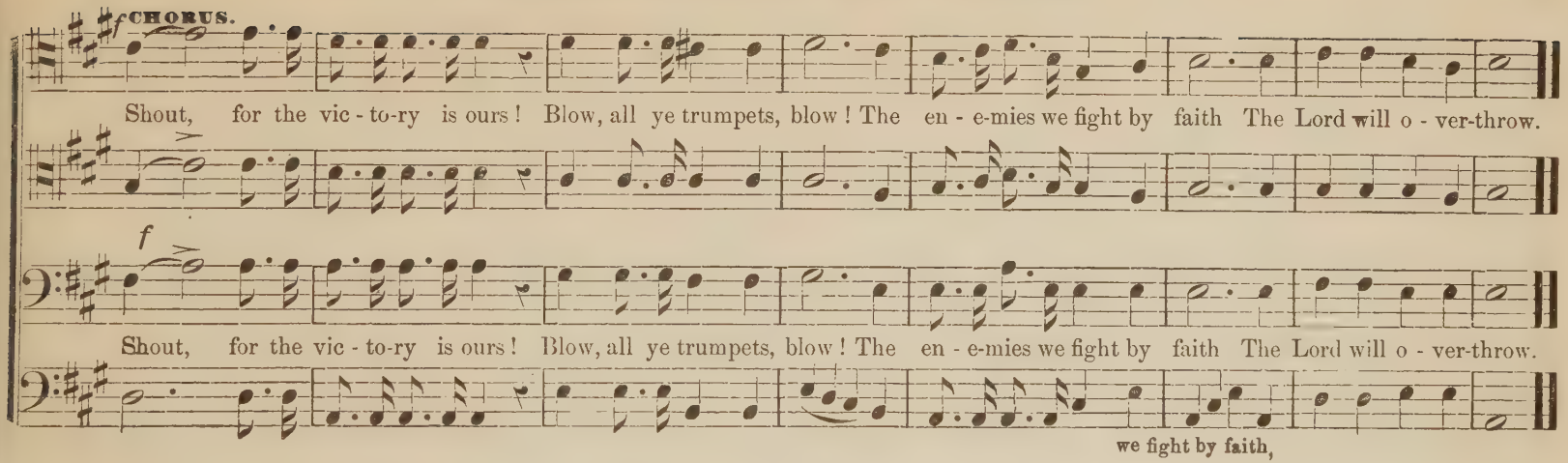
ISRAEL'S BATTLE-CRY.

M. E. SERVOSS.

Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city. JOSHUA vi: 16.

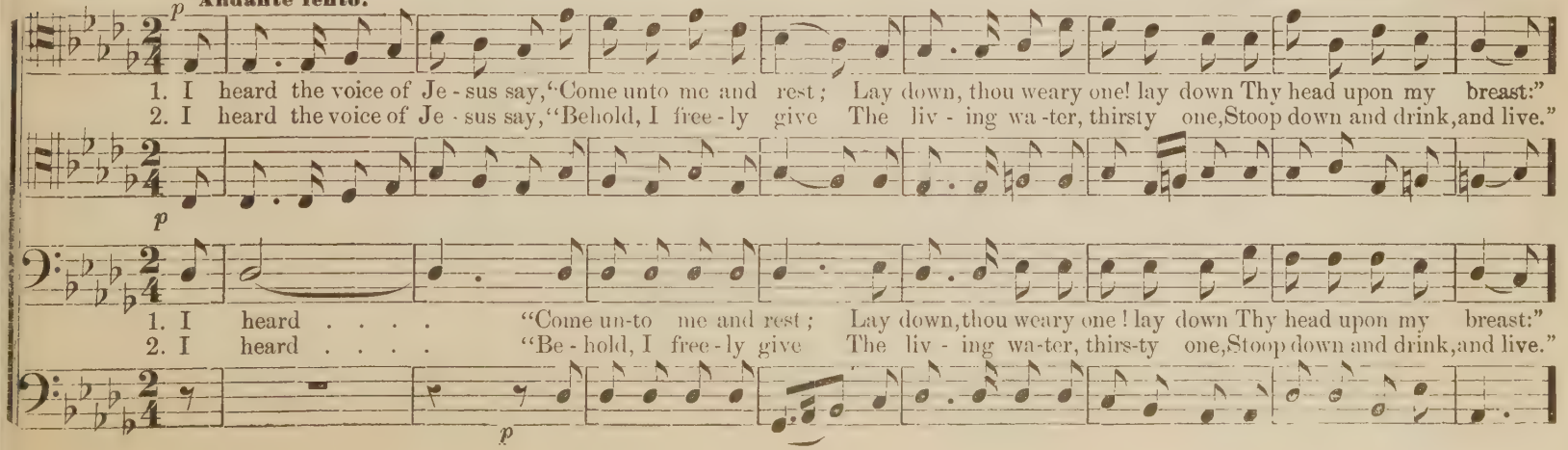
T. H. TANNER.

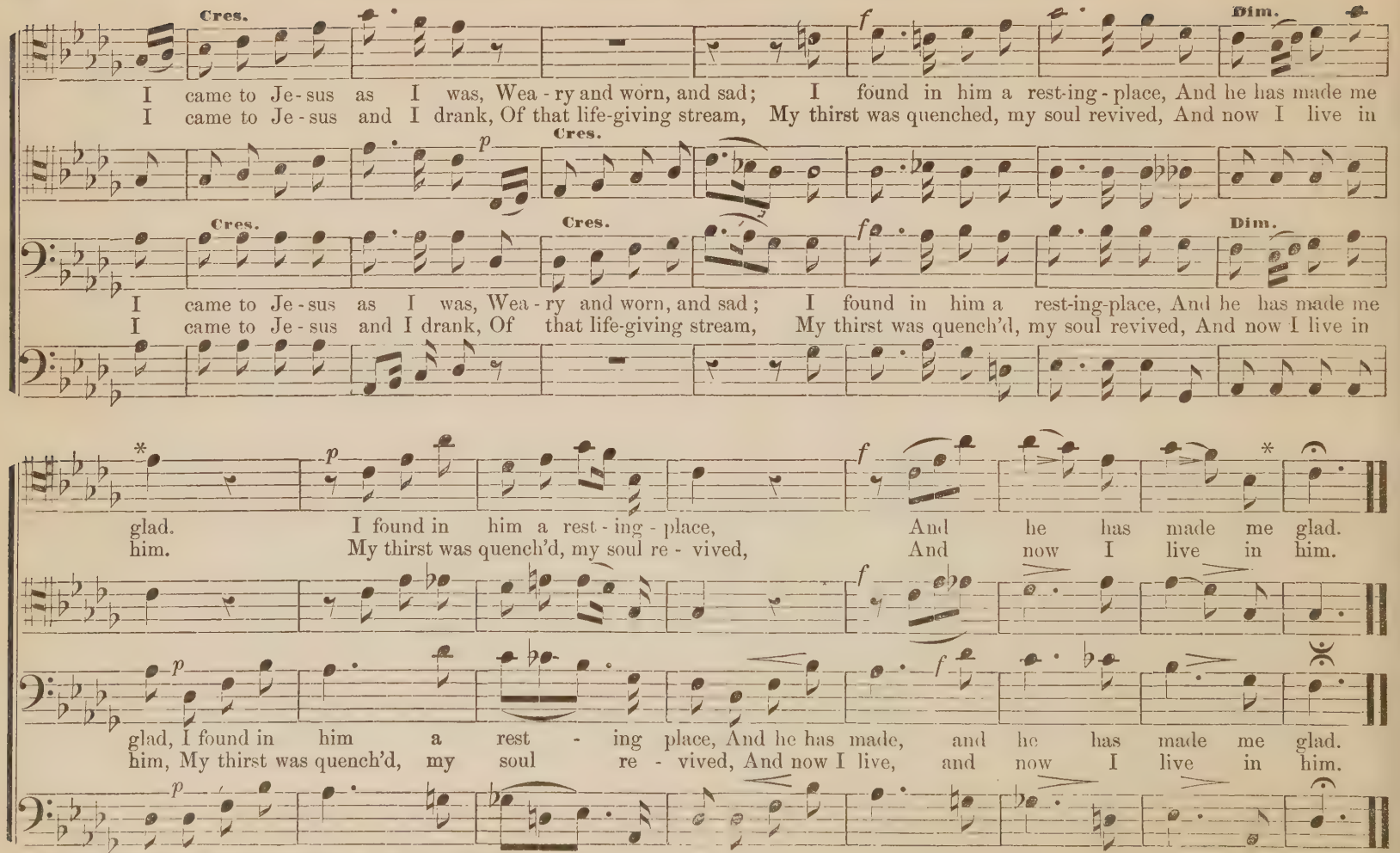

1. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours! Was Is - rael's bat - tle - cry, While from the mighty, mighty throng, The glad shout rent the sky;
2. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours! Down came the mas - sive wall; And down, be - fore the cheering ranks, The well-arm'd warriors fall;
3. Shout; for the vic-to-ry is ours; All pow'r is with the Lord, And they who trust thro' good and ill, Re - ceive a great re - ward.
Be - fore a sin - gle brick or stone Had fall - en to the ground, They gave God thanks for victo - ry, Oh, 'twas a glorious sound!
For who can stand a-gainst the Lord, Who dares the host to fight? He leads them on with wondrous pow'r, And always helps the right.
Then trust in him, thro' life and death, And if our cause be right, We'll give God thanks for vic-to - ry Ere we be-gin the fight.


CHORUS.
Shout, for the vic - to-ry is ours! Blow, all ye trumpets, blow! The en - e-mies we fight by faith The Lord will o - ver-throw.
f
Shout, for the vic - to-ry is ours! Blow, all ye trumpets, blow! The en - e-mies we fight by faith The Lord will o - ver-throw.
we fight by faith,

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Words by H. BONAR. WALTER MACFARREN. (Adapted.)


Andante lento.
p
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one! lay down Thy head upon my breast:"
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Behold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter, thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
p
1. I heard . . . . "Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one! lay down Thy head upon my breast:"
2. I heard . . . . "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa-ter, thirs-ty one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
p

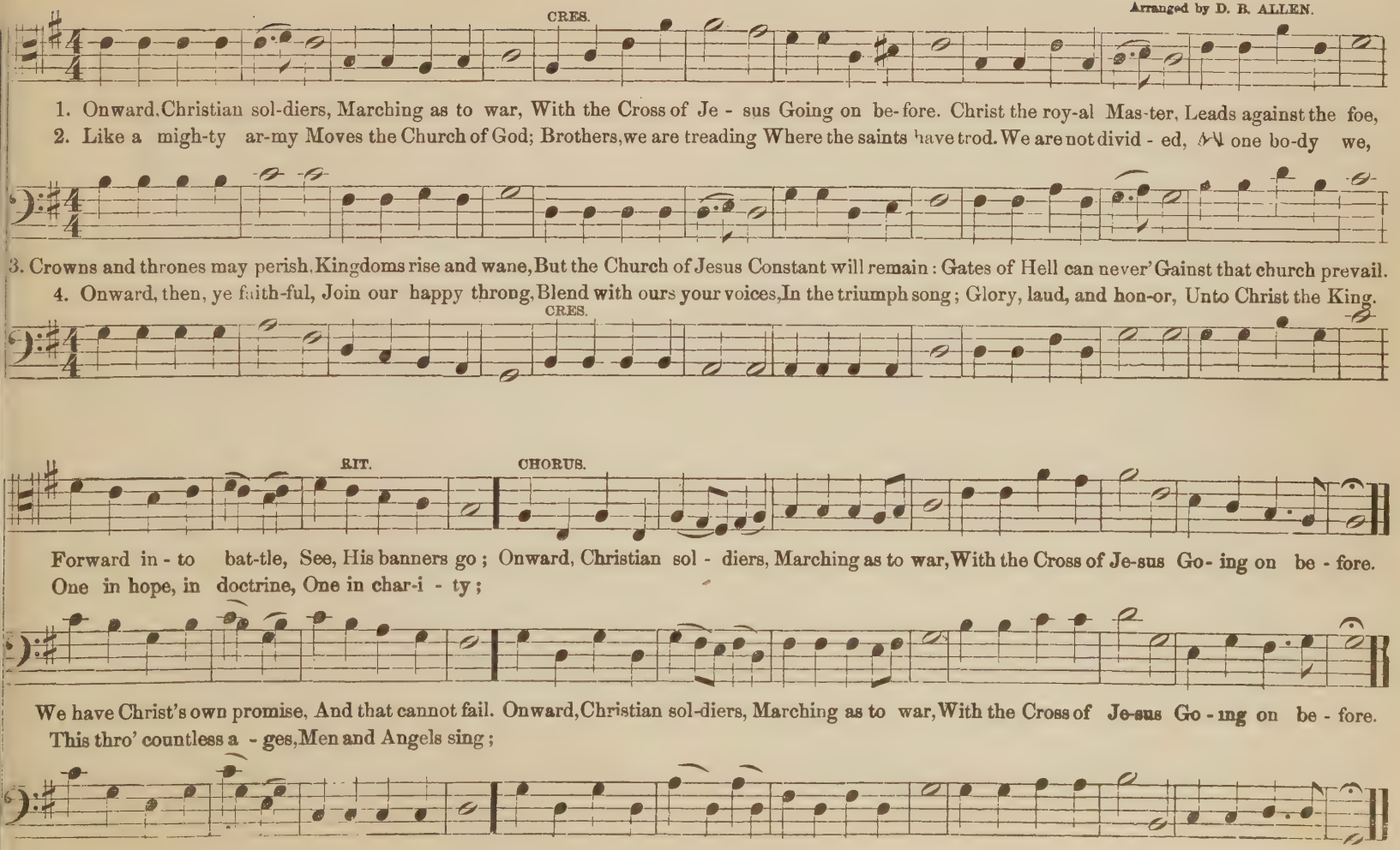
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY. Concluded.

Cres.
Dim.
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me
I came to Je-sus and I drank, Of that life-giving stream, My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in
Cres.
Cres.
Dim.
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me
I came to Je-sus and I drank, Of that life-giving stream, My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in
glad. I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
him. My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.
glad, I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made, and he has made me glad.
him, My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live, and now I live in him.

The seven measures between the asterisks (* — *) can be omitted.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

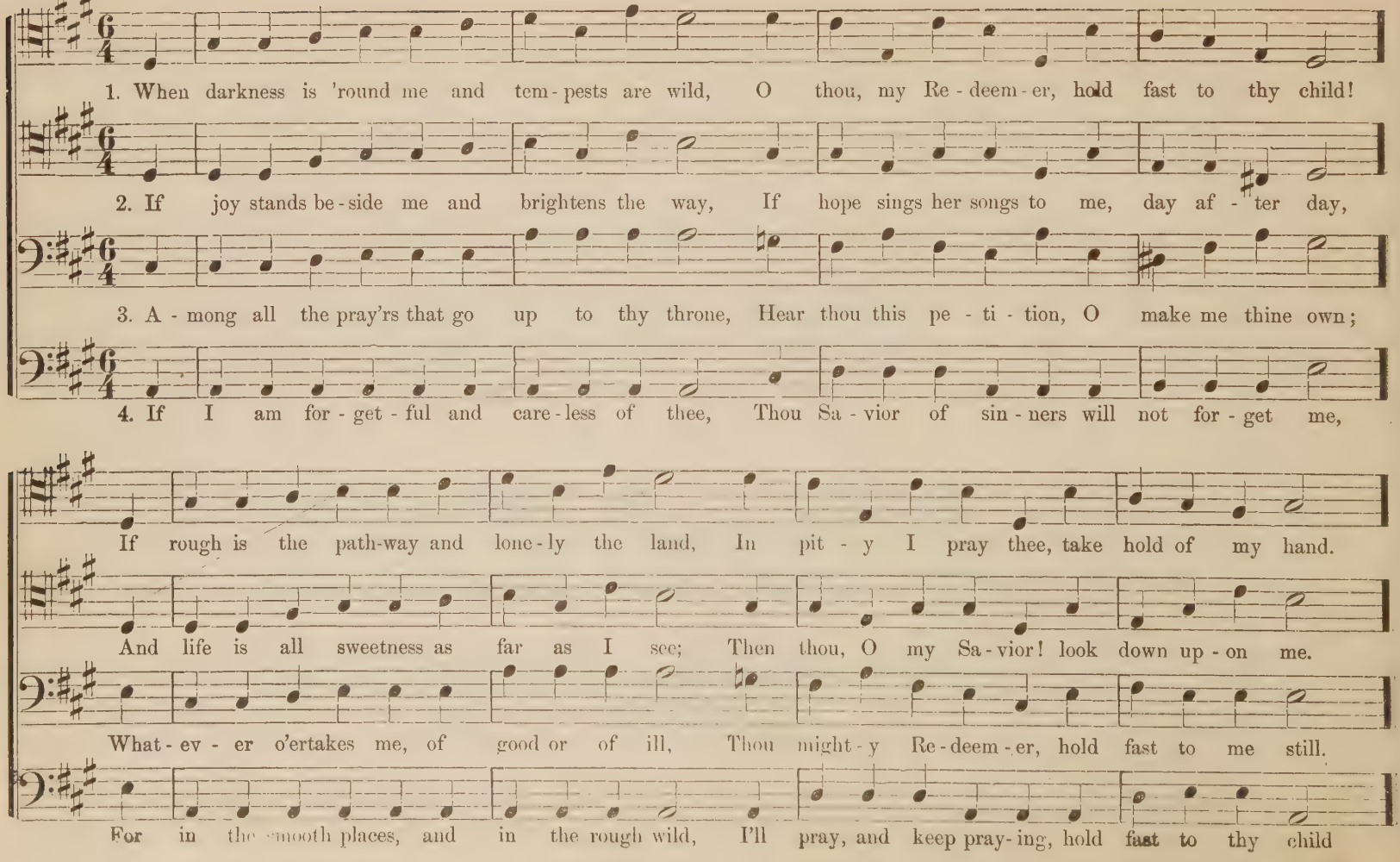
Rev. S. B GOULD

A. S. SULLIVAN.
Arranged by D. B. ALLEN.


CRES.
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore. Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe,
2. Like a migh-ty ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod. We are not divid - ed, All one bo-dy we,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain: Gates of Hell can never 'Gainst that church prevail.
4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices, In the triumph song; Glory, laud, and hon-or, Unto Christ the King.
CRES.
RIT.
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat-tle, See, His banners go; Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go- ing on be - fore.
One in hope, in doctrine, One in char-i - ty;
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go - ing on be - fore.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing;

HOLD FAST TO THY CHILD.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. When darkness is 'round me and tem-pests are wild, O thou, my Re-deem-er, hold fast to thy child!
2. If joy stands be-side me and brightens the way, If hope sings her songs to me, day af-ter day,
3. A-mong all the pray'rs that go up to thy throne, Hear thou this pe-ti-tion, O make me thine own;
4. If I am for-get-ful and care-less of thee, Thou Sa-vior of sin-ners will not for-get me,
If rough is the path-way and lone-ly the land, In pit-y I pray thee, take hold of my hand.
And life is all sweetness as far as I see; Then thou, O my Sa-vior! look down up-on me.
What-ev-er o'ertakes me, of good or of ill, Thou might-y Re-deem-er, hold fast to me still.
For in the smooth places, and in the rough wild, I'll pray, and keep pray-ing, hold fast to thy child

HOLD FAST TO THY CHILD. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Repeat last time, Ad lib.

Take hold . . of my hand, . . Take hold . . of my hand, . . . In pit - y I pray . . thee Take hold . . of my hand.
Look down up - on me, . . . Look down . . up - on me, ... Then, O . . . thou my Sa - vior, Look down . . . up - on me.
Hold fast . . . to me still, . . . Hold fast . . . to me still, ... Thou might - y Re - deem - er, Hold fast . . . to me still.
Hold fast . . . to thy child, . . . Hold fast . . . to thy child, . . . I'll pray, . . . and keep pray - ing, Hold fast . . . to thy child.

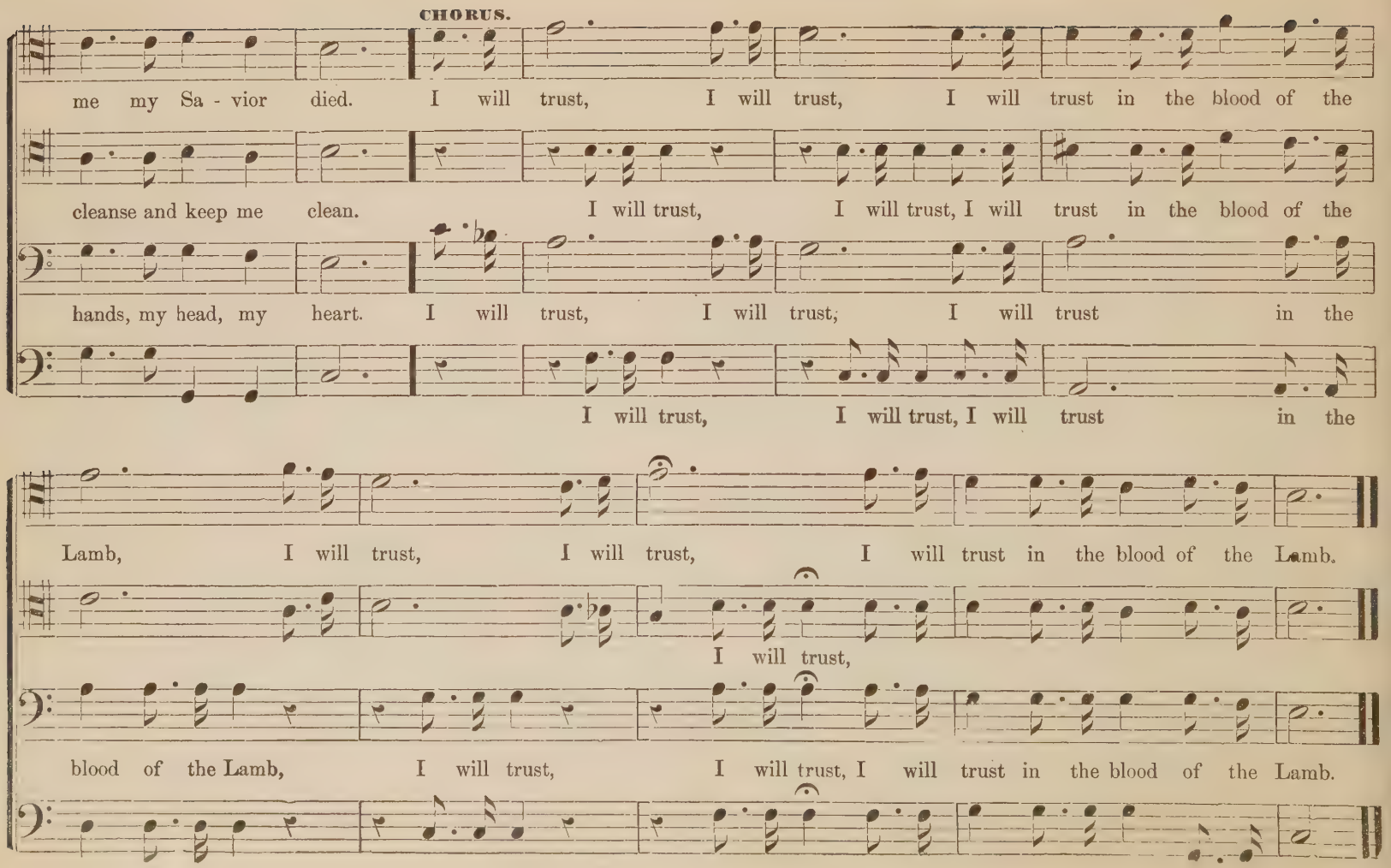
Take hold of my hand,
Look down up-on me,
Hold fast to me still,
Hold fast to thy child,

Take hold of my hand, In pit - y I pray . . thee Take hold . . . of my hand.
Look down up-on me, Then, O . . thou my Sa - vior, Look down . . up - on me.
Hold fast to me still, Thou might - y Re - deem - er, Hold fast . . to me still.
Hold fast to thy child, I 'll pray, . . and keep pray - ing, Hold fast . . . to thy child.

I WILL TRUST.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

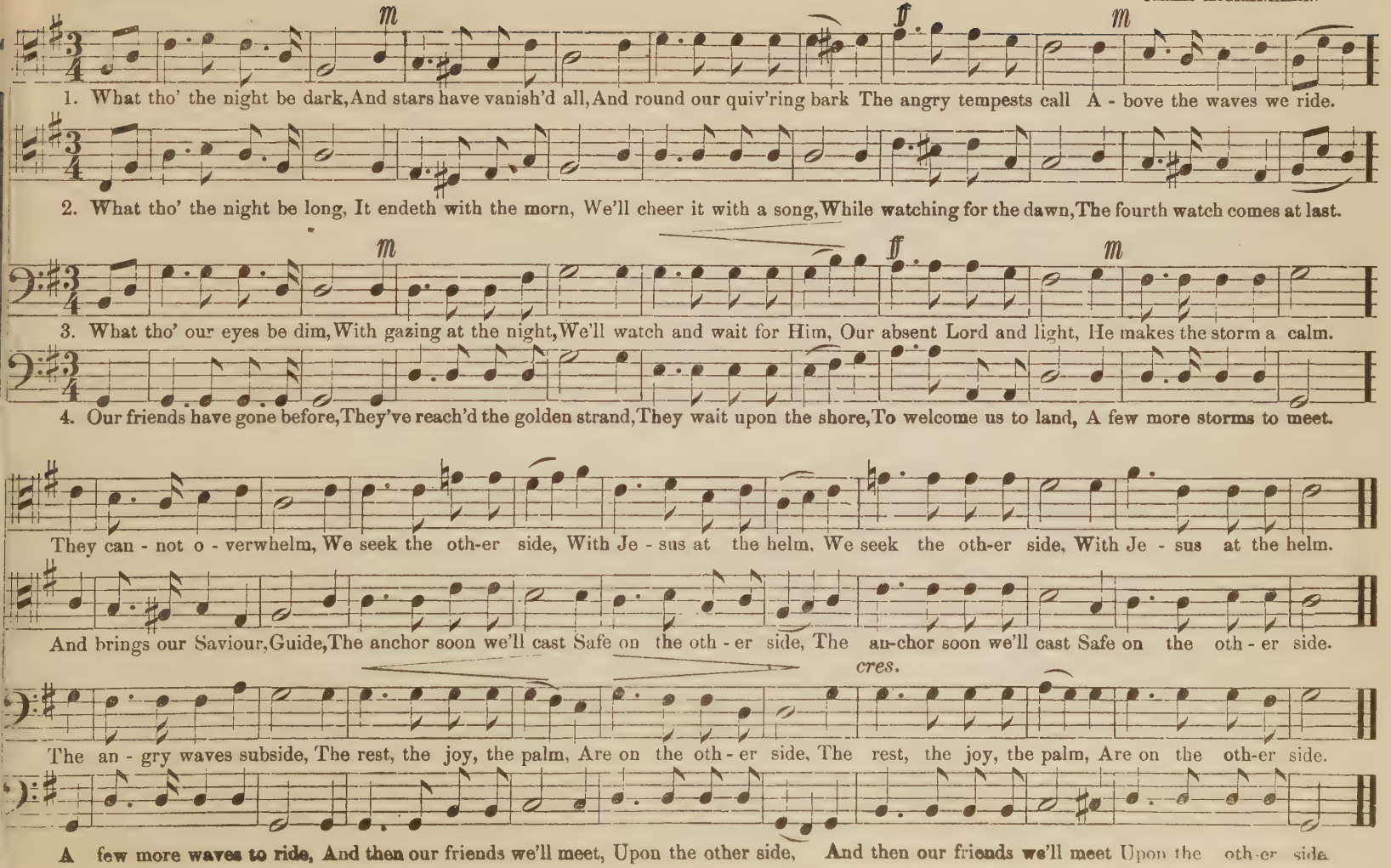
1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side; This all my hope and all my plea,—For
2. My dy - ing Sa - vior and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin, Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And
3. Wash me and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet a - lone,—My

I WILL TRUST. Concluded.

CHORUS.
me my Sa - vior died. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the
cleanse and keep me clean. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the
hands, my head, my heart. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the
I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the
Lamb, I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.
I will trust,
blood of the Lamb, I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

THE OTHER SIDE

Rev. HENRY BURTON. M. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


m
ff
m
1. What tho' the night be dark, And stars have vanish'd all, And round our quiv'ring bark The angry tempests call A - bove the waves we ride.
2. What tho' the night be long, It endeth with the morn, We'll cheer it with a song, While watching for the dawn, The fourth watch comes at last.
m
ff
m
3. What tho' our eyes be dim, With gazing at the night, We'll watch and wait for Him, Our absent Lord and light, He makes the storm a calm.
4. Our friends have gone before, They've reach'd the golden strand, They wait upon the shore, To welcome us to land, A few more storms to meet.
They can - not o - verwhelm, We seek the oth-er side, With Je - sus at the helm, We seek the oth-er side, With Je - sus at the helm.
And brings our Saviour, Guide, The anchor soon we'll cast Safe on the oth - er side, The an-chor soon we'll cast Safe on the oth - er side.
cres.
The an - gry waves subside, The rest, the joy, the palm, Are on the oth - er side, The rest, the joy, the palm, Are on the oth-er side.
A few more waves to ride, And then our friends we'll meet, Upon the other side, And then our friends we'll meet Upon the oth-er side.

WE ARE FOLLOWING OUR LEADER.

E. R. LATTA

T. W. WEBER.

Moderate.

mf

1. We are fol - low-ing our lead- er Up- on the bat - tle-field! Shall we in faith be want-ing, And in our weakness yield? Tho' Satan boldly

2. We are fol -low-ing **our** lead- er, In con - fi - dence we go, Our on - ly will is ev - er His bless-ed will to know! In ev-'ry hour of

3. We are fol -low-ing our lead-er, Who triumphed o'er the grave! His outstretch'd arms are mighty His servants all to save! Then forward to our

mf **Dim.** *f* **Dim. e rit.**

threaten, We nev-er need des-pair, If we will trust in Je - sus, And go to him in pray'r, If we will trust in Je-sus, And go to him in pray'r.

darkness We'll look to him for light, He nev-er will re - fuse us, If we will ask a-right, He nev-er will re-fuse us, If we will ask aright.

du - ty, What-ev-er ills we meet, Oh, let us trust in Je - sus, And worship at his feet, Oh, let us trust in Je-sus, And worship at his feet.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Solo, or tenors in unison. Cres.

1. "Look un - to me and be ye saved," I heard the just One say; And as by faith on him I gazed My bur- den rolled a - way.
2. By his a-tonement re - con-ciled, My Fa-ther's face I see; The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Between the world and me.
3. Oh, glorious height of vantage ground: Oh, blest victorious hour! In him to trust, and ful - ly know His res - sur- rec-tion power.

CHORUS. Use small notes second time only.

I've passed the cross at Cal-va - ry, I'm on the heaven - side, The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

I've passed the cross at Cal-va - ry, I'm on the heaven - side, The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

The world is cru - ci - fied to me, The world

THERE'S A HOME THAT IS WAITING.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a home that is wait- ing for you, friend, That the Sav - ior has gone to pre- pare, It's a home where no sorrow or
2. Long a - go, when the Sav- ior was here, friend, Then he spoke of the joy of that home, By his death he has opened the
3. Then to - day, when the Sav- ior in - vites, friend, In his love and his boun - ti - ful grace, Won't you now peace and pardon ac -

sin, friend, Those who en - ter will ev - er - more share.
way, friend, For all who are will-ing to come.
- cept, friend, And se- cure in yon mansion a place?

Refrain.

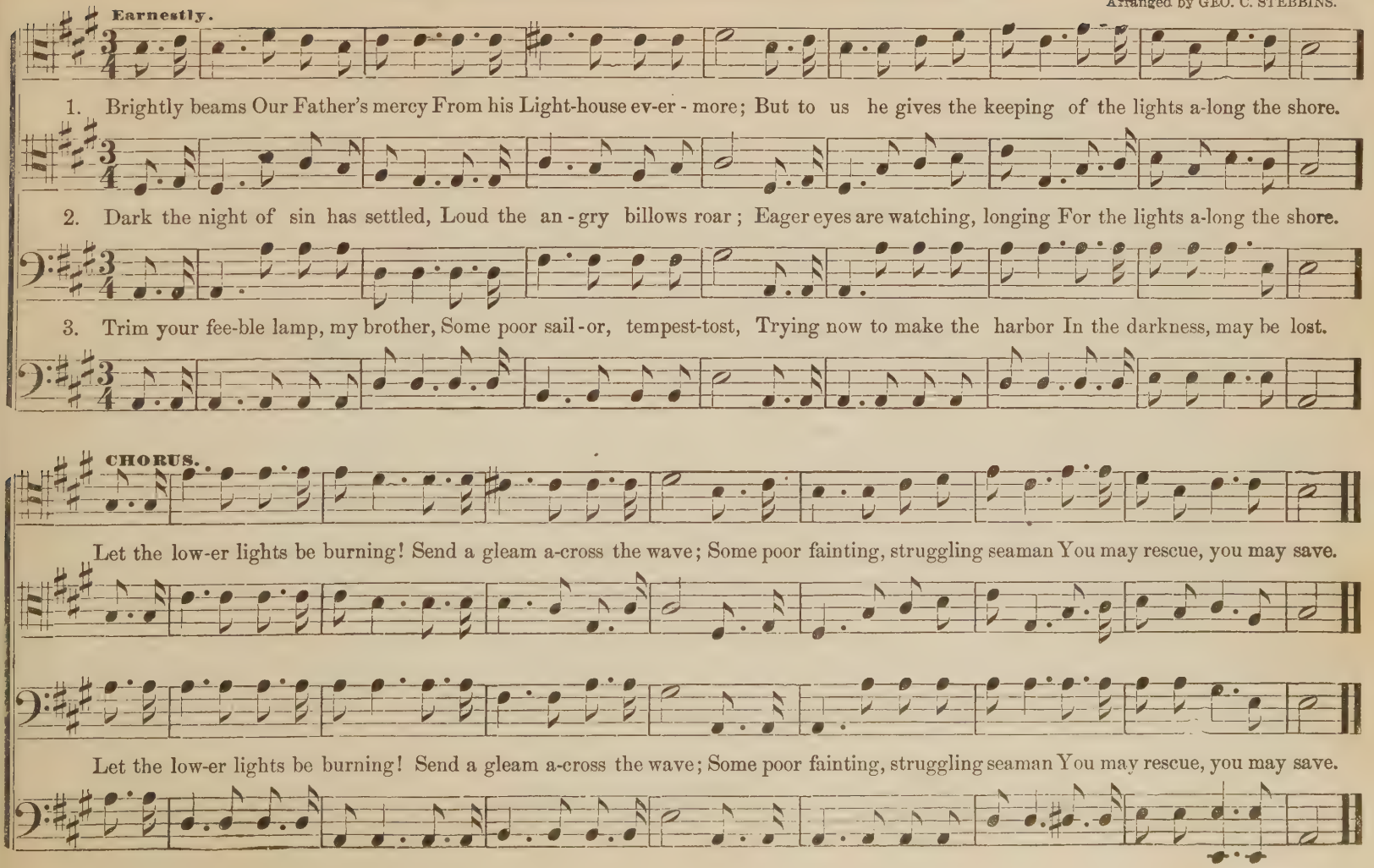
There's a home, ... a joy-ful home, . . . And its

There's a home, a joy - ful home, a home, a joyful home, And its

beauty all who will may see; There's a · home, . . . A hap-py home, And it's wait-ing for you and for me.

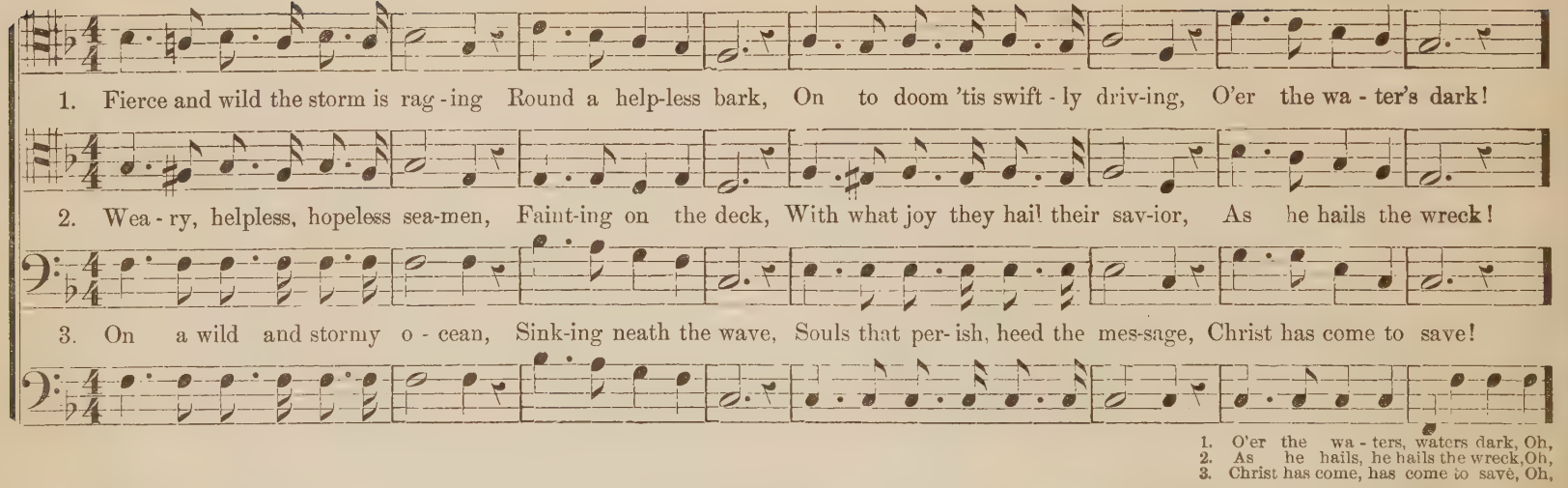
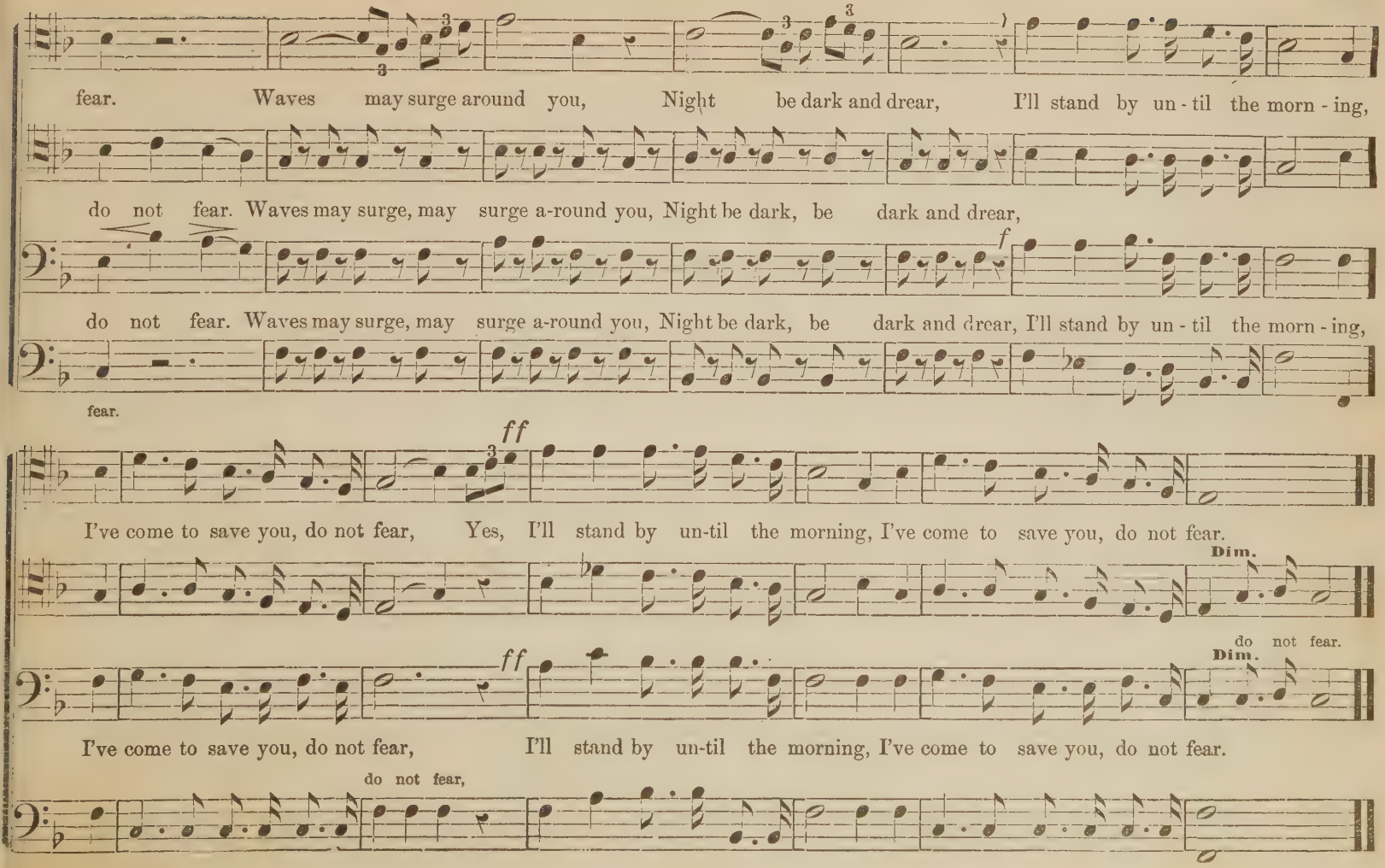
beauty all who will, who will may see; There's a home a happy home, a home, a happy home, And it's waiting for you and for me.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

P. P. BLISS.
Arranged by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Earnestly.
1. Brightly beams Our Father's mercy From his Light-house ev-er - more; But to us he gives the keeping of the lights a-long the shore.
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing For the lights a-long the shore.
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother, Some poor sail - or, tempest-tost, Trying now to make the harbor In the darkness, may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.
Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

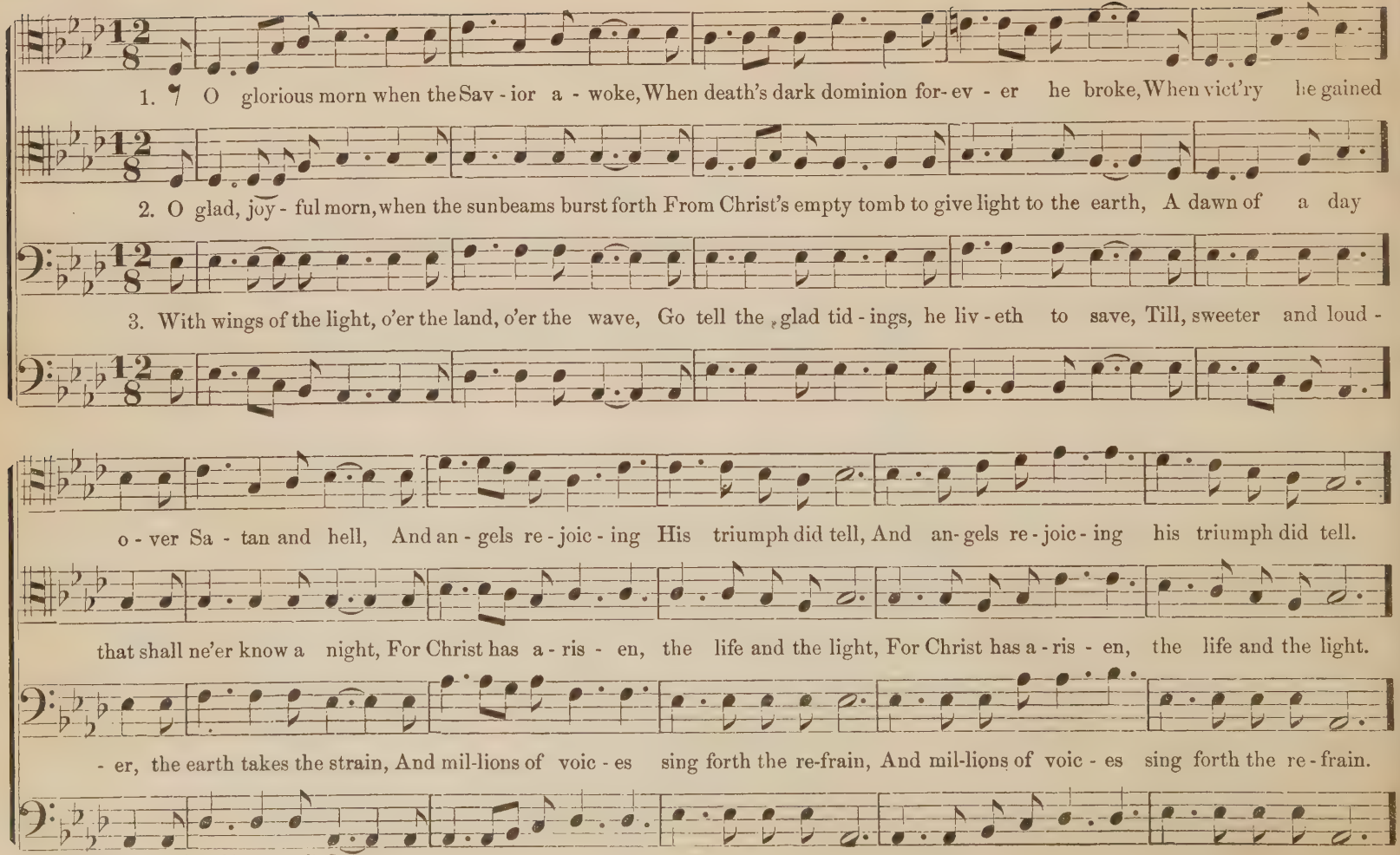
I'LL STAND BY UNTIL THE MORNING.

D. W. WHITTLE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

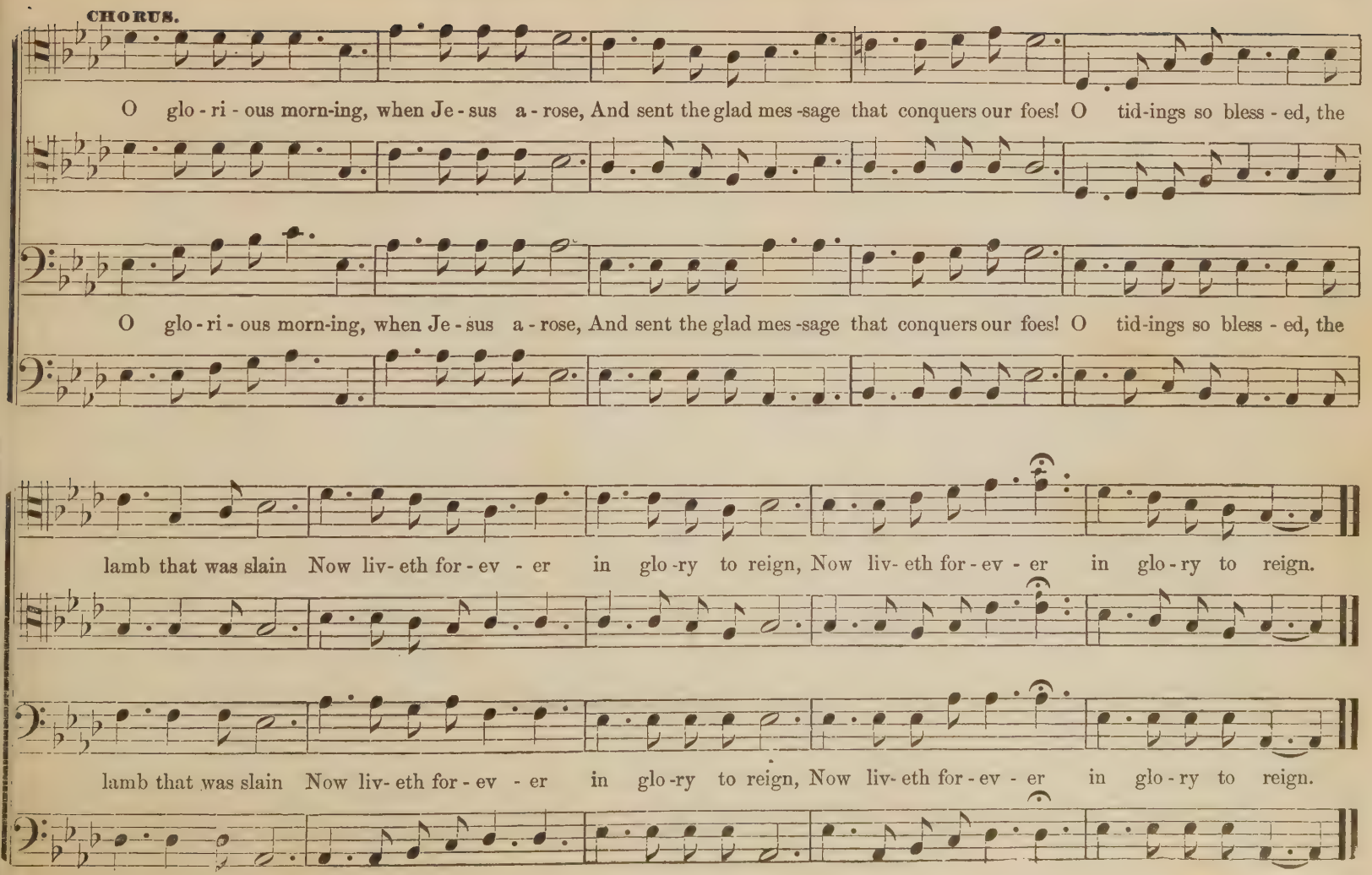

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help-less bark, On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv-ing, O'er the wa - ter's dark!
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea-men, Faint-ing on the deck, With what joy they hail their sav-ior, As he hails the wreck!
3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink-ing neath the wave, Souls that per-ish, heed the mes-sage, Christ has come to save!
1. O'er the wa - ters, waters dark, Oh,
2. As he hails, he hails the wreck, Oh,
3. Christ has come, has come to save, Oh,
CHORUS.
Joy! behold the Sav - ior, Joy! the message hear, I'll stand by until the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not
Joy, oh, joy, be - hold the Sav-ior, Joy, oh, joy, the message hear, I'll stand by un - til the morn, I've come to save you,
Joy, oh, joy, be - hold the Sav-ior, Joy, oh, joy, the message hear, I'll stand by un - til the morn, I've come to save you,
Save you, do not

fear. Waves may surge around you, Night be dark and drear, I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing,
do not fear. Waves may surge, may surge a-round you, Night be dark, be dark and drear,
f
do not fear. Waves may surge, may surge a-round you, Night be dark, be dark and drear, I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing,
fear.
ff
I've come to save you, do not fear, Yes, I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear.
Dim.
do not fear.
Dim.
ff
I've come to save you, do not fear, I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear.
do not fear,

O GLORIOUS MORNING.

P. P. BLISS.*

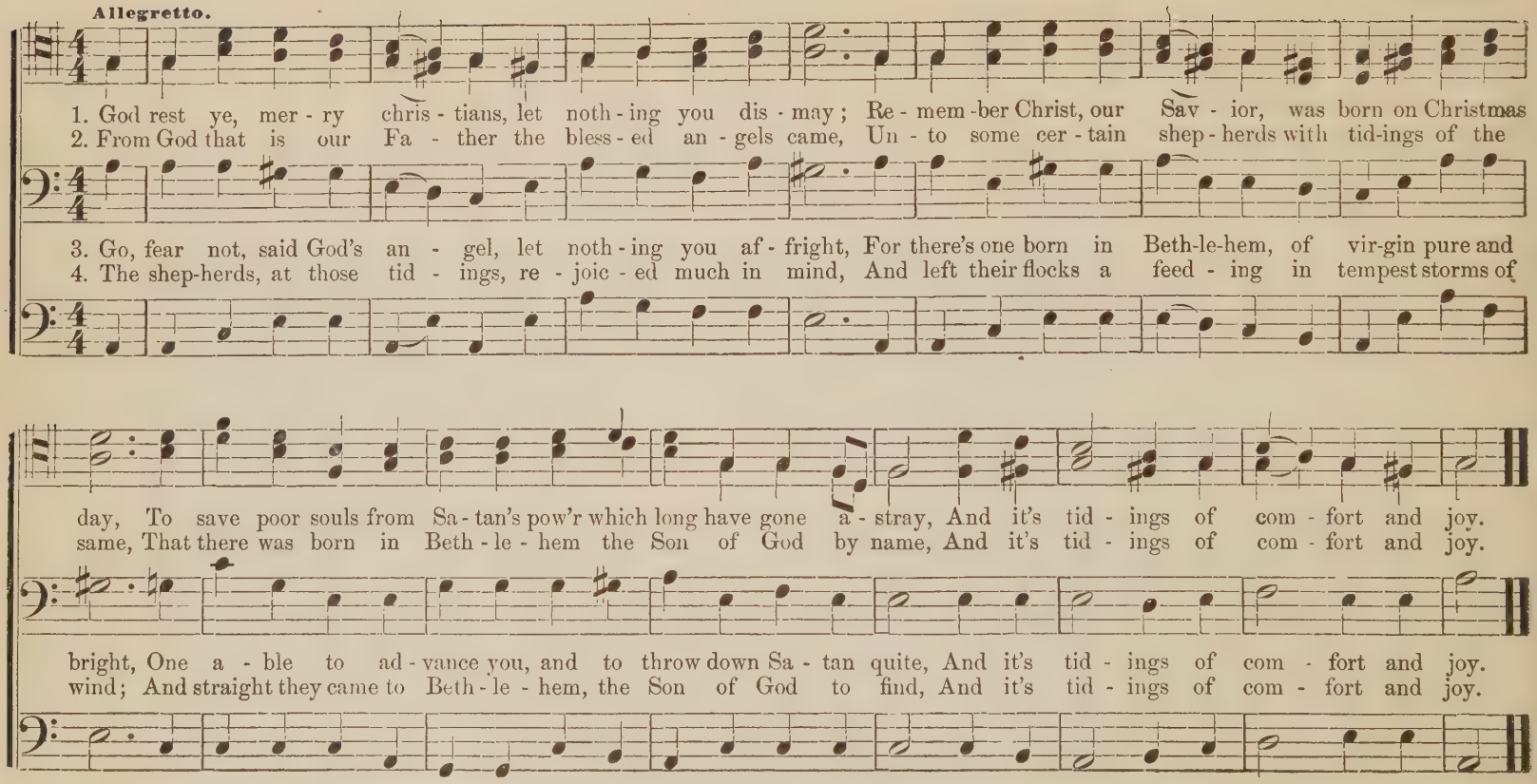

1. O glorious morn when the Sav - ior a - woke, When death's dark dominion for- ev - er he broke, When vict'ry he gained
2. O glad, joy - ful morn, when the sunbeams burst forth From Christ's empty tomb to give light to the earth, A dawn of a day
3. With wings of the light, o'er the land, o'er the wave, Go tell the glad tid - ings, he liv - eth to save, Till, sweeter and loud -
o - ver Sa - tan and hell, And an - gels re - joic - ing His triumph did tell, And an- gels re - joic - ing his triumph did tell.
that shall ne'er know a night, For Christ has a - ris - en, the life and the light, For Christ has a - ris - en, the life and the light.
- er, the earth takes the strain, And mil-lions of voic - es sing forth the re-frain, And mil-lions of voic - es sing forth the re - frain.

* Music by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.


CHORUS.
O glo - ri - ous morn-ing, when Je - sus a - rose, And sent the glad mes -sage that conquers our foes! O tid-ings so bless - ed, the
O glo - ri - ous morn-ing, when Je - sus a - rose, And sent the glad mes -sage that conquers our foes! O tid-ings so bless - ed, the
lamb that was slain Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo -ry to reign, Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo - ry to reign.
lamb that was slain Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo -ry to reign, Now liv- eth for - ev - er in glo - ry to reign.

GOD REST YE, MERRY CHRISTIANS.

A Christmas Carol. English.


Allegretto.
1. God rest ye, mer - ry chris - tians, let noth - ing you dis - may; Re - mem - ber Christ, our Sav - ior, was born on Christmas
2. From God that is our Fa - ther the bless - ed an - gels came, Un - to some cer - tain shep - herds with tid-ings of the
3. Go, fear not, said God's an - gel, let noth - ing you af - fright, For there's one born in Beth-le-hem, of vir-gin pure and
4. The shep-herds, at those tid - ings, re - joic - ed much in mind, And left their flocks a feed - ing in tempest storms of
day, To save poor souls from Sa - tan's pow'r which long have gone a - stray, And it's tid - ings of com - fort and joy.
same, That there was born in Beth - le - hem the Son of God by name, And it's tid - ings of com - fort and joy.
bright, One a - ble to ad - vance you, and to throw down Sa - tan quite, And it's tid - ings of com - fort and joy.
wind; And straight they came to Beth - le - hem, the Son of God to find, And it's tid - ings of com - fort and joy.

5.

Now when they came to Bethlehem, where our sweet Savior lay,
They found him in a manger, where oxen fed on hay;
They blessed the Virgin, kneeling down, and to the Lord did pray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

6.

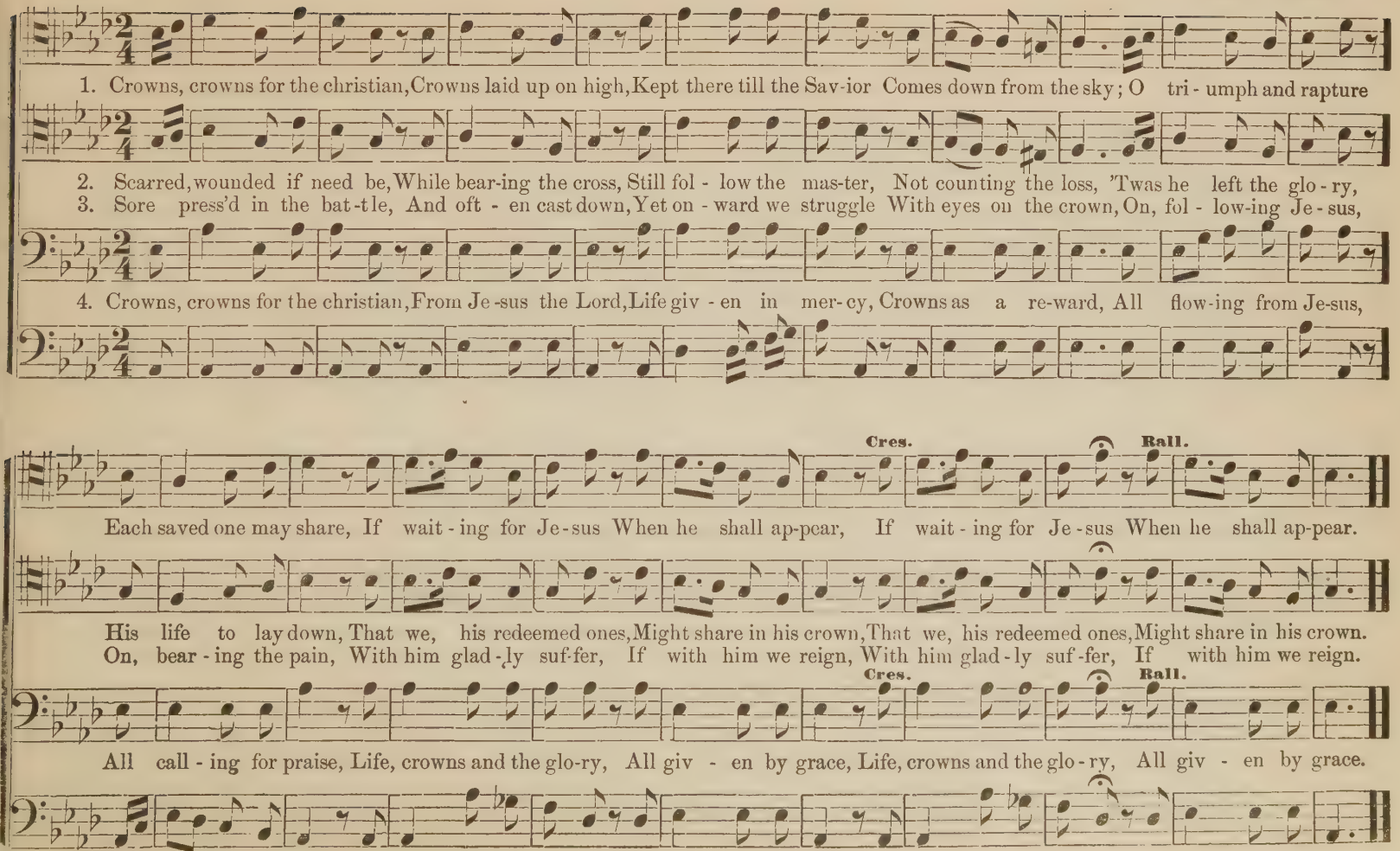
With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds were beguiled,
To see the babe of Israel before his mother mild;
O, then with joy and cheerfulness, rejoice each mother's child,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

7.

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again,
Among your friends and kindred, that may live both far and near,
And God send you a happy New Year.

CROWNS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

NATHAN BARKER.*


1. Crowns, crowns for the christian, Crowns laid up on high, Kept there till the Sav-ior Comes down from the sky; O tri-umph and rapture
2. Scarred, wounded if need be, While bear-ing the cross, Still fol-low the mas-ter, Not counting the loss, 'Twas he left the glo-ry,
3. Sore press'd in the bat-tle, And oft-en cast down, Yet on-ward we struggle With eyes on the crown, On, fol-low-ing Je-sus,
4. Crowns, crowns for the christian, From Je-sus the Lord, Life giv-en in mer-cy, Crowns as a re-ward, All flow-ing from Je-sus,
Cres.
Rall.
Each saved one may share, If wait-ing for Je-sus When he shall ap-pear, If wait-ing for Je-sus When he shall ap-pear.
His life to lay down, That we, his redeemed ones, Might share in his crown, That we, his redeemed ones, Might share in his crown.
On, bear-ing the pain, With him glad-ly suf-fer, If with him we reign, With him glad-ly suf-fer, If with him we reign.
Cres.
Rall.
All call-ing for praise, Life, crowns and the glo-ry, All giv-en by grace, Life, crowns and the glo-ry, All giv-en by grace.

*By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

I AM WANDERING DOWN LIFE'S SHADY PATH.

Dr. H. BONAR. Arranged.

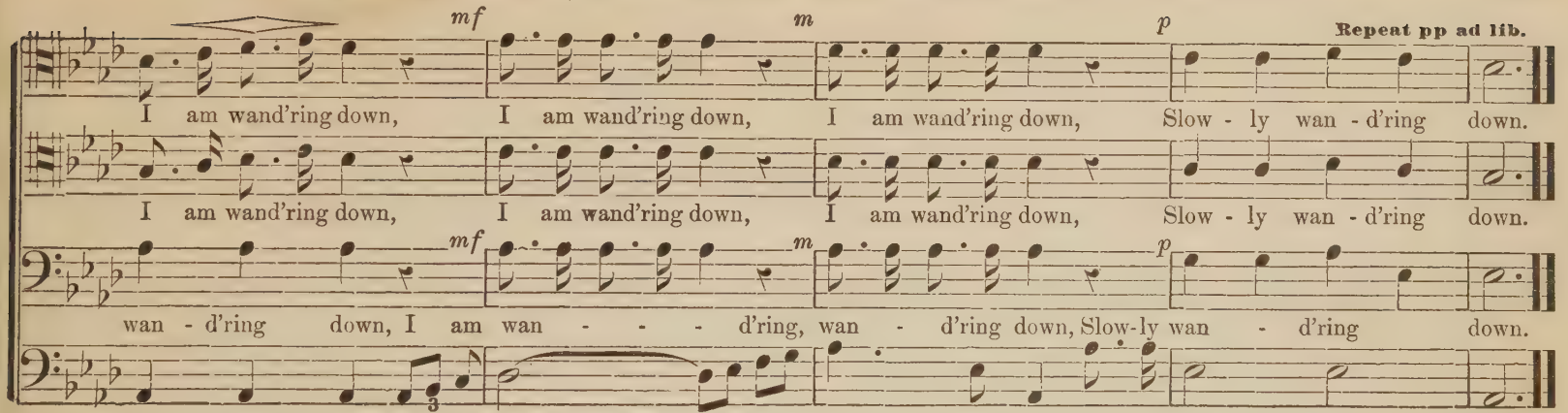
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I am wand'ring down life's sha - dy path, I am slow - ly, slow - ly wand'ring down; I am wand'ring down life's rug-ged path,
2. I shall rest in yon sweet val - ley, soon, There to sleep to sleep my toil a - way; I shall rest in yon low val-ley, soon,
3. Laid, side by side, with those I love, How calm, how calm that rest shall be; Laid, side by side, with those I love,
4. I shall wake and see the glo-ry dawn, When the Lord from heav'n, from heav'n shall come; I shall wake and see the glo - ry dawn,

REFRAIN.

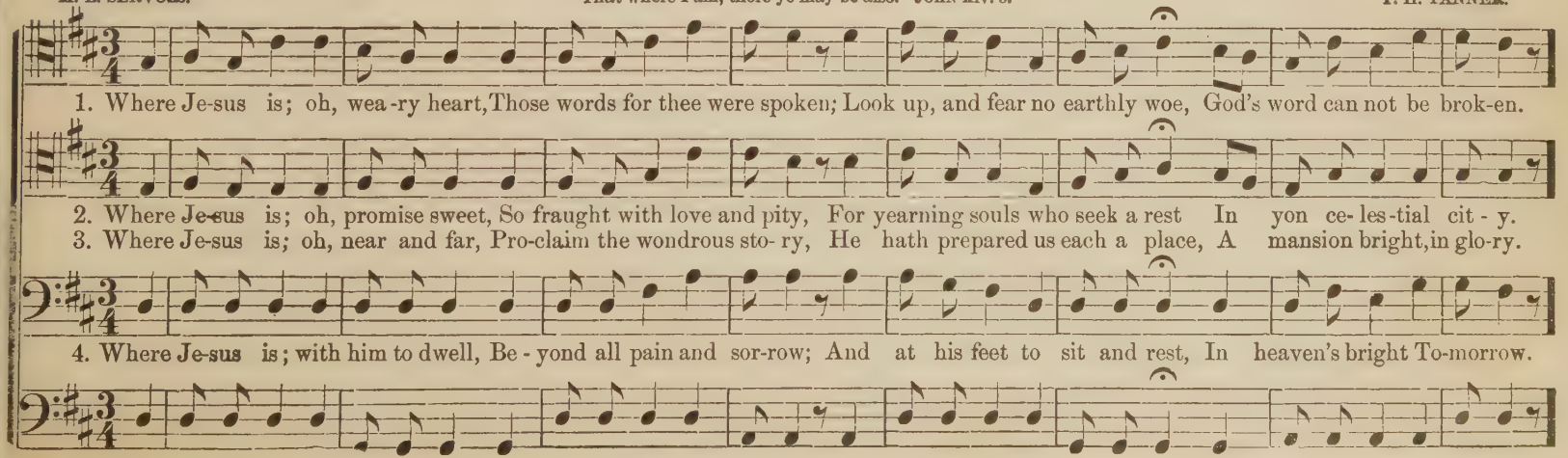
Rit. — — — —

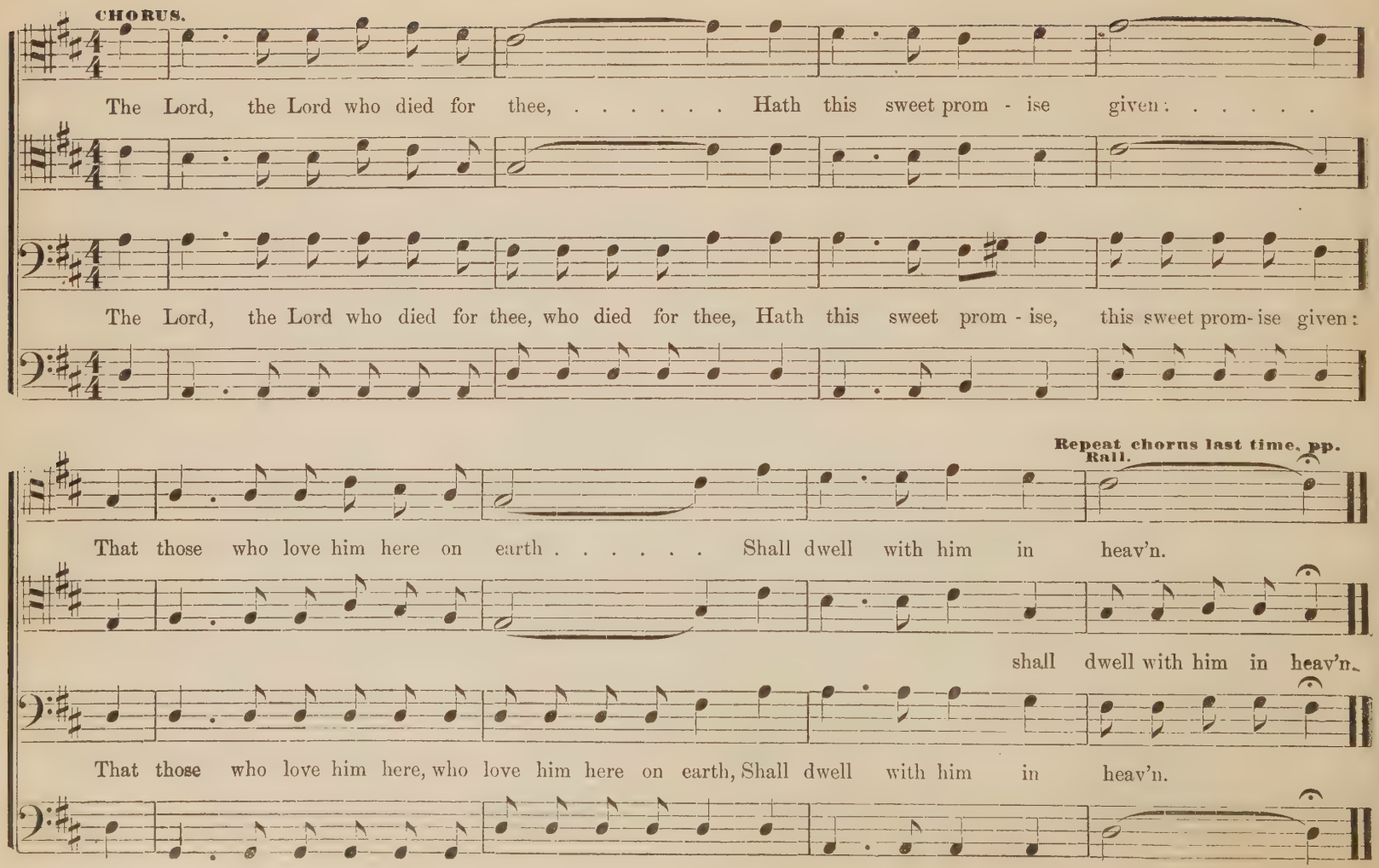
I am slow - ly wand'ring down. I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, Slow - ly, slow - ly
Rest un - til the dawn-ing day. I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, Slow - ly, slow - ly
How sweet that rest to me.
On the re - sur - rec - tion morn. I am wan - - - d'ring, wan - d'ring down, I am slow - ly,


mf
m
p
Repeat pp ad lib.
I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, Slow - ly wan - d'ring down.
I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, Slow - ly wan - d'ring down.
mf
m
p
wan - d'ring down, I am wan - - - - d'ring, wan - d'ring down, Slow-ly wan - d'ring down.
3

WHERE JESUS IS.

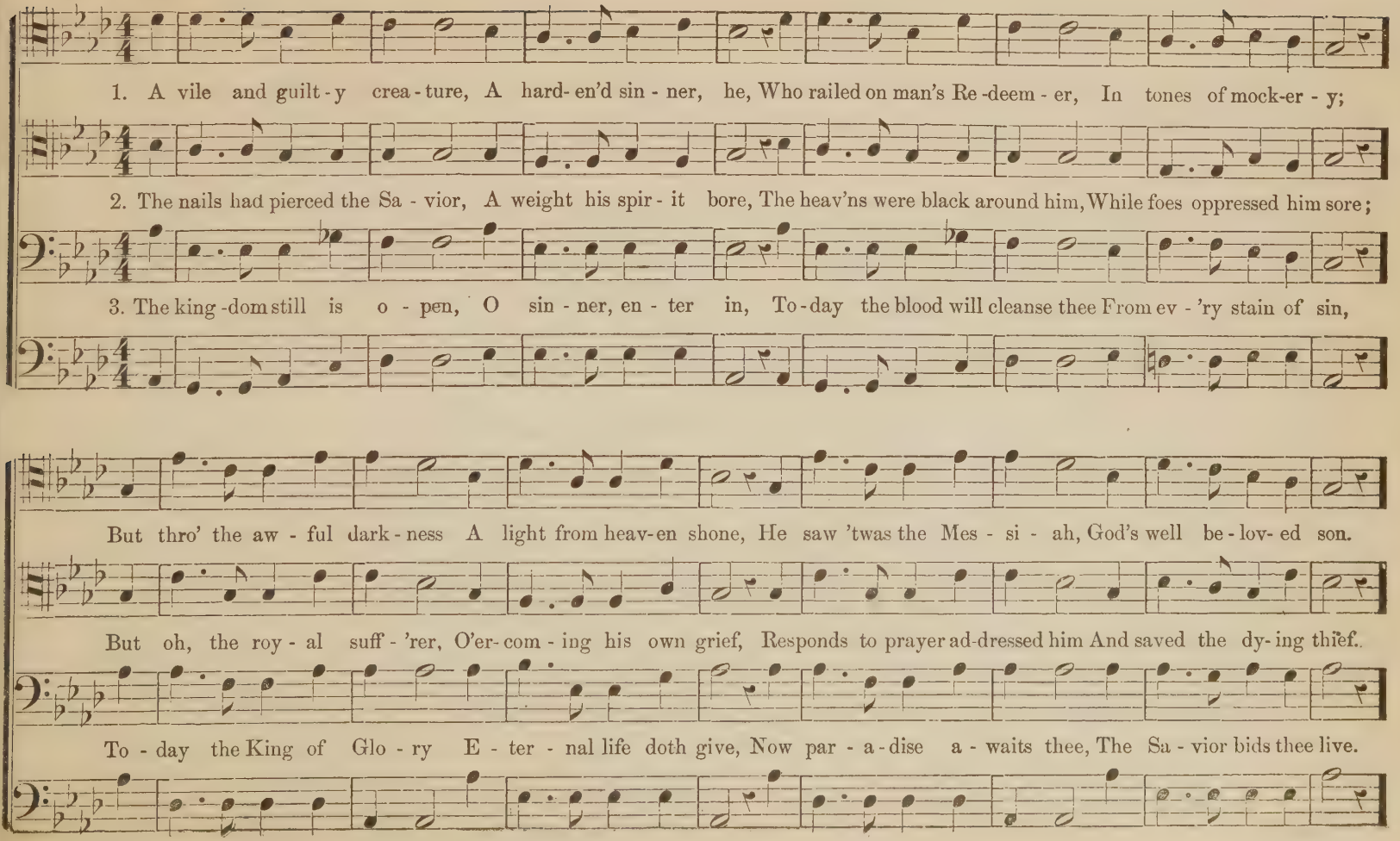
M. E. SERVOSS. That where I am, there ye may be also. JOHN xiv: 3. T. H. TANNER.


1. Where Je-sus is; oh, wea-ry heart, Those words for thee were spoken; Look up, and fear no earthly woe, God's word can not be brok-en.
2. Where Je-sus is; oh, promise sweet, So fraught with love and pity, For yearning souls who seek a rest In yon ce-les-tial cit - y.
3. Where Je-sus is; oh, near and far, Pro-claim the wondrous sto- ry, He hath prepared us each a place, A mansion bright, in glo-ry.
4. Where Je-sus is; with him to dwell, Be - yond all pain and sor-row; And at his feet to sit and rest, In heaven's bright To-morrow.

WHERE JESUS IS. Concluded.

CHORUS.
The Lord, the Lord who died for thee, ... Hath this sweet prom - ise given: . . . . . .
The Lord, the Lord who died for thee, who died for thee, Hath this sweet prom - ise, this sweet prom-ise given:
Repeat chorus last time, pp.
Rall.
That those who love him here on earth . . . . . Shall dwell with him in heav'n.
shall dwell with him in heav'n.
That those who love him here, who love him here on earth, Shall dwell with him in heav'n.

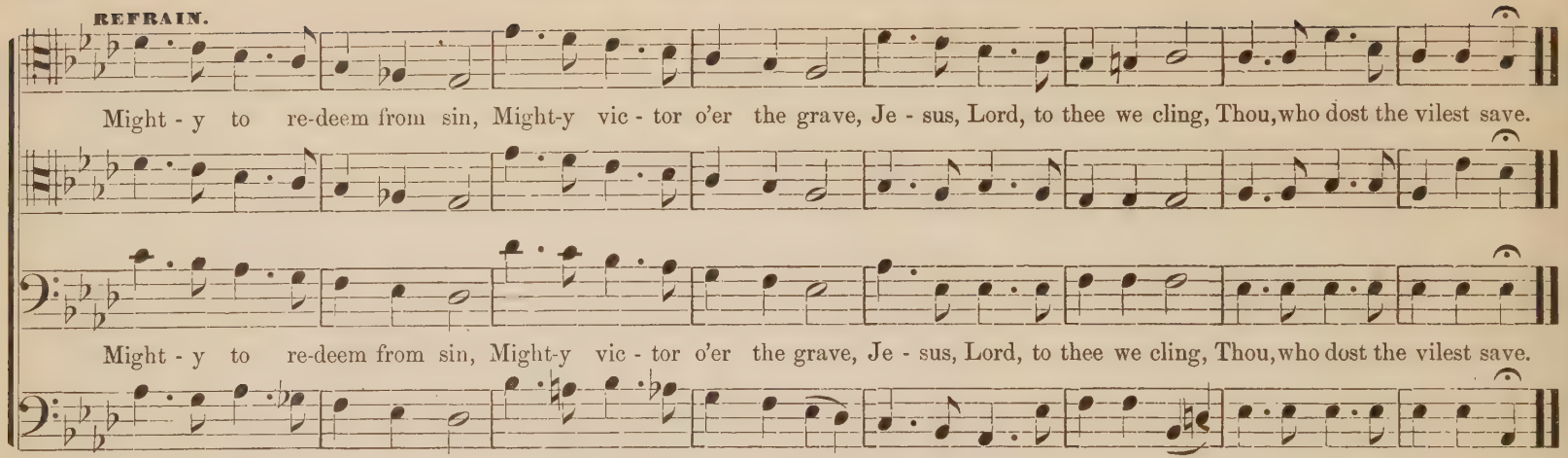
THE DYING THIEF.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. THOS. CATO, by per. Arranged by M.


1. A vile and guilt-y crea-ture, A hard-en'd sin-ner, he, Who railed on man's Re-deem-er, In tones of mock-er-y;
2. The nails had pierced the Sa-vior, A weight his spir-it bore, The heav'ns were black around him, While foes oppressed him sore;
3. The king-dom still is o-pen, O sin-ner, en-ter in, To-day the blood will cleanse thee From ev-'ry stain of sin,
But thro' the aw-ful dark-ness A light from heav-en shone, He saw 'twas the Mes-si-ah, God's well be-lov-ed son.
But oh, the roy-al suff-'rer, O'er-com-ing his own grief, Responds to prayer ad-dressed him And saved the dy-ing thief.
To-day the King of Glo-ry E-ter-nal life doth give, Now par-a-dise a-waits thee, The Sa-vior bids thee live.

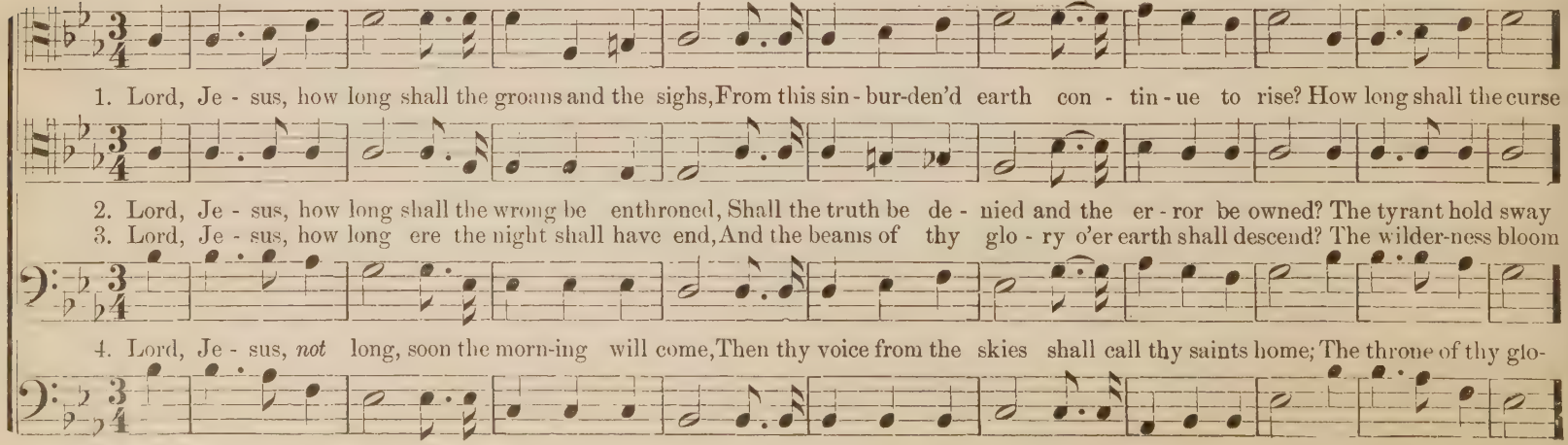
THE DYING THIEF. Concluded.

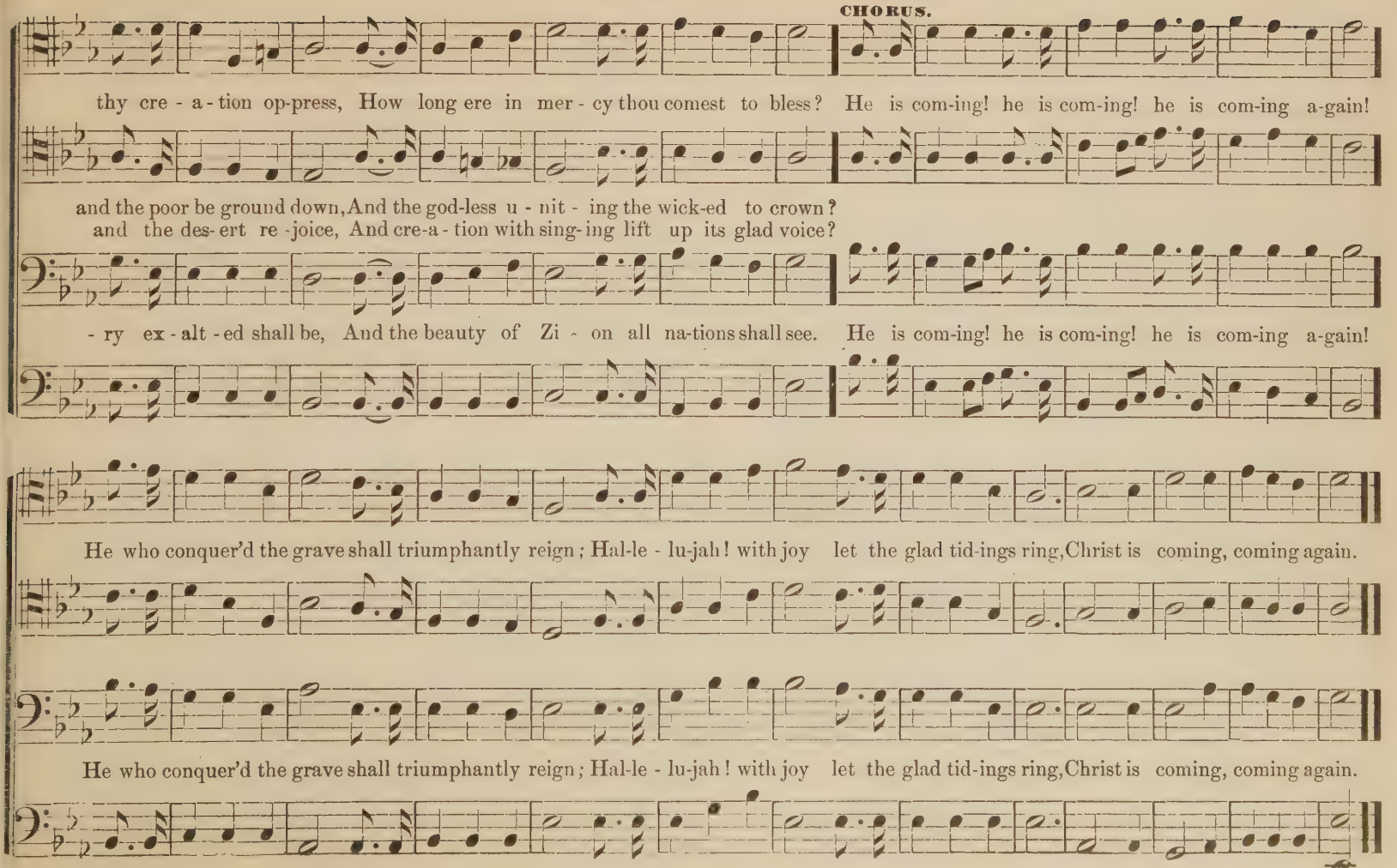
REFRAIN.


Might - y to re-deem from sin, Might-y vic - tor o'er the grave, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we cling, Thou, who dost the vilest save.
Might - y to re-deem from sin, Might-y vic - tor o'er the grave, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we cling, Thou, who dost the vilest save.

CHRIST IS COMING AGAIN.

W. W. D. P. P. BLISS. Arranged by M.

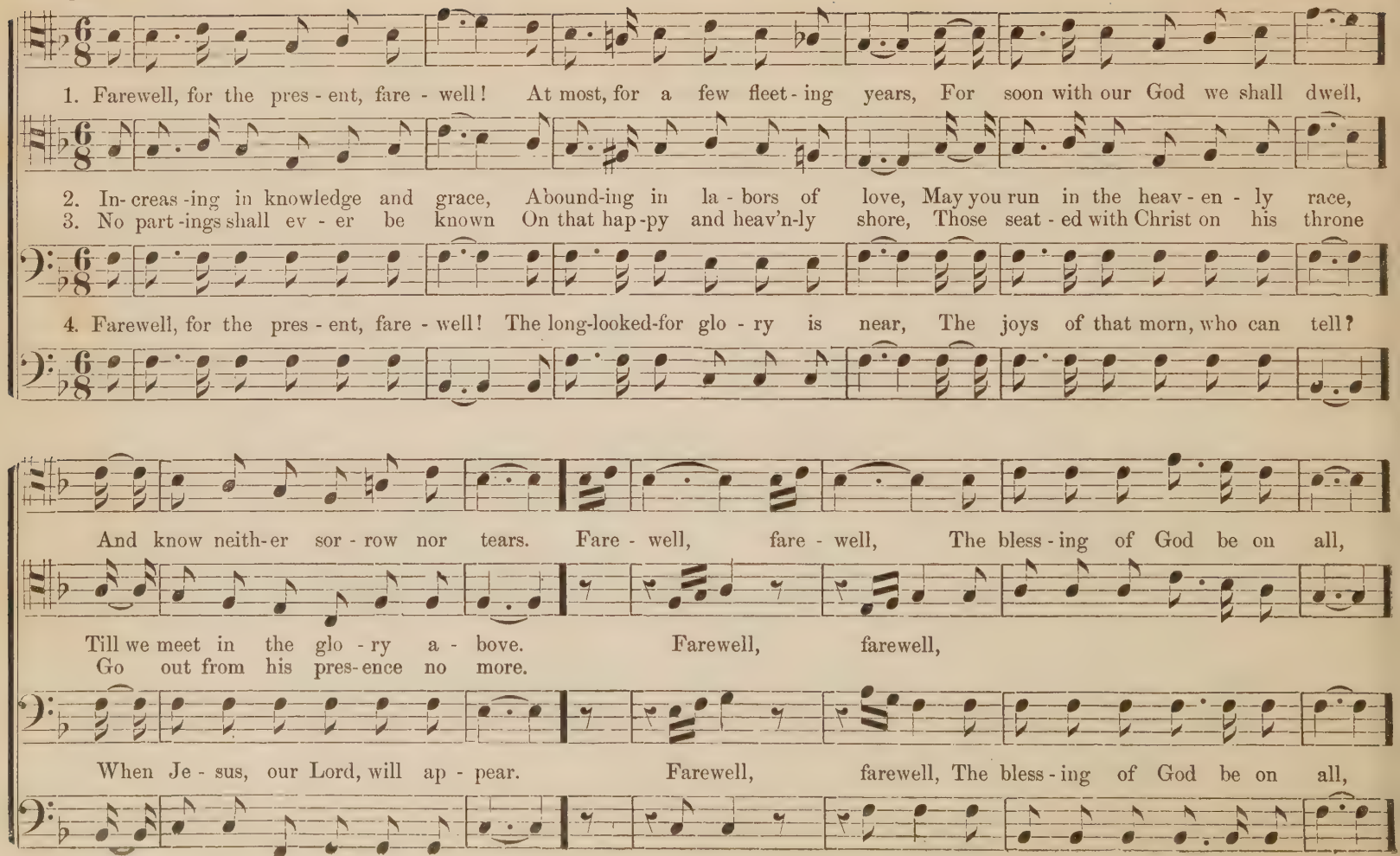
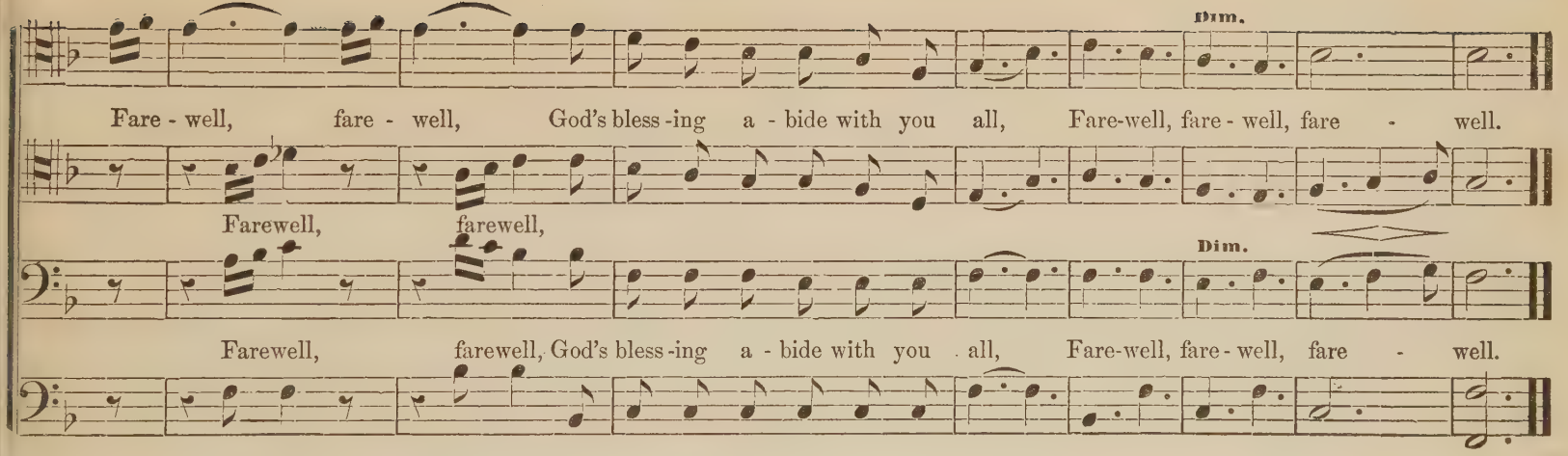

1. Lord, Je - sus, how long shall the groans and the sighs, From this sin - bur-den'd earth con - tin - ue to rise? How long shall the curse
2. Lord, Je - sus, how long shall the wrong be enthroned, Shall the truth be de - nied and the er - ror be owned? The tyrant hold sway
3. Lord, Je - sus, how long ere the night shall have end, And the beams of thy glo - ry o'er earth shall descend? The wilder-ness bloom
4. Lord, Je - sus, *not* long, soon the morn-ing will come, Then thy voice from the skies shall call thy saints home; The throne of thy glo-


CHORUS.
thy cre - a - tion op-press, How long ere in mer - cy thou comest to bless? He is com-ing! he is com-ing! he is com-ing a-gain!
and the poor be ground down, And the god-less u - nit - ing the wick-ed to crown?
and the des-ert re -joice, And cre-a - tion with sing-ing lift up its glad voice?
- ry ex - alt - ed shall be, And the beauty of Zi - on all na-tions shall see. He is com-ing! he is com-ing! he is com-ing a-gain!
He who conquer'd the grave shall triumphantly reign; Hal-le - lu-jah! with joy let the glad tid-ings ring, Christ is coming, coming again.
He who conquer'd the grave shall triumphantly reign; Hal-le - lu-jah! with joy let the glad tid-ings ring, Christ is coming, coming again.

FAREWELL.

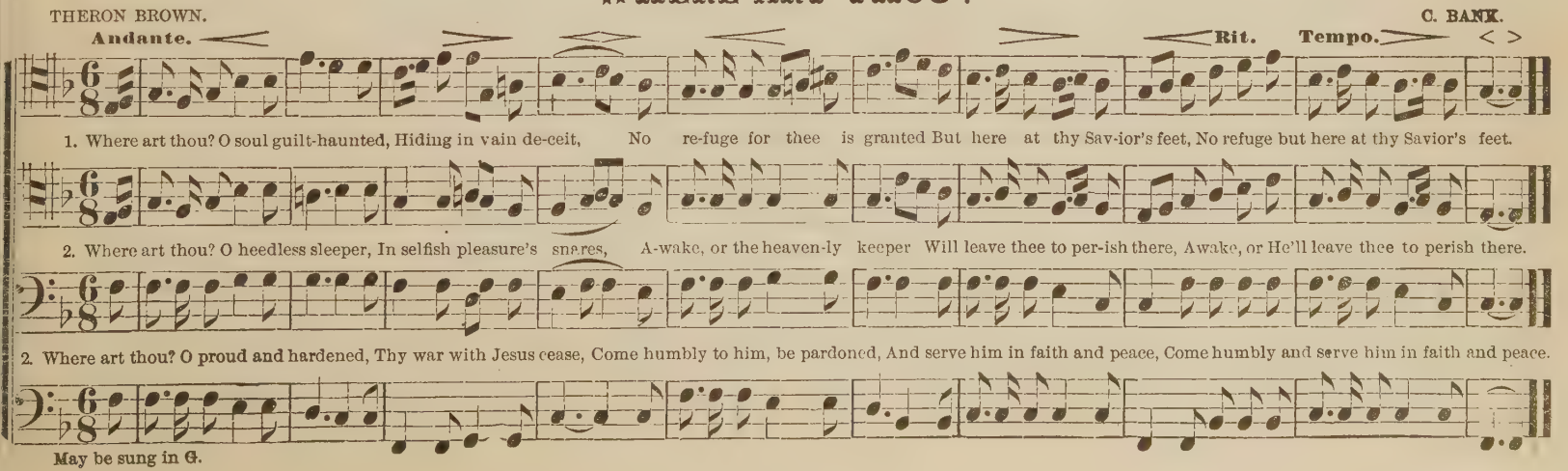
English.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Farewell, for the pres - ent, fare - well! At most, for a few fleet - ing years, For soon with our God we shall dwell,
2. In- creas -ing in knowledge and grace, Abound-ing in la - bors of love, May you run in the heav - en - ly race,
3. No part -ings shall ev - er be known On that hap -py and heav'n-ly shore, Those seat - ed with Christ on his throne
4. Farewell, for the pres - ent, fare - well! The long-looked-for glo - ry is near, The joys of that morn, who can tell?
And know neith-er sor - row nor tears. Fare - well, fare - well, The bless - ing of God be on all,
Till we meet in the glo - ry a - bove. Farewell, farewell,
Go out from his pres-ence no more.
When Je - sus, our Lord, will ap - pear. Farewell, farewell, The bless - ing of God be on all,

Dim.
Fare - well, fare - well, God's bless - ing a - bide with you all, Fare-well, fare - well, fare - well.
Farewell, farewell,
Dim.
Farewell, farewell, God's bless - ing a - bide with you all, Fare-well, fare - well, fare - well.

WHERE ART THOU? *

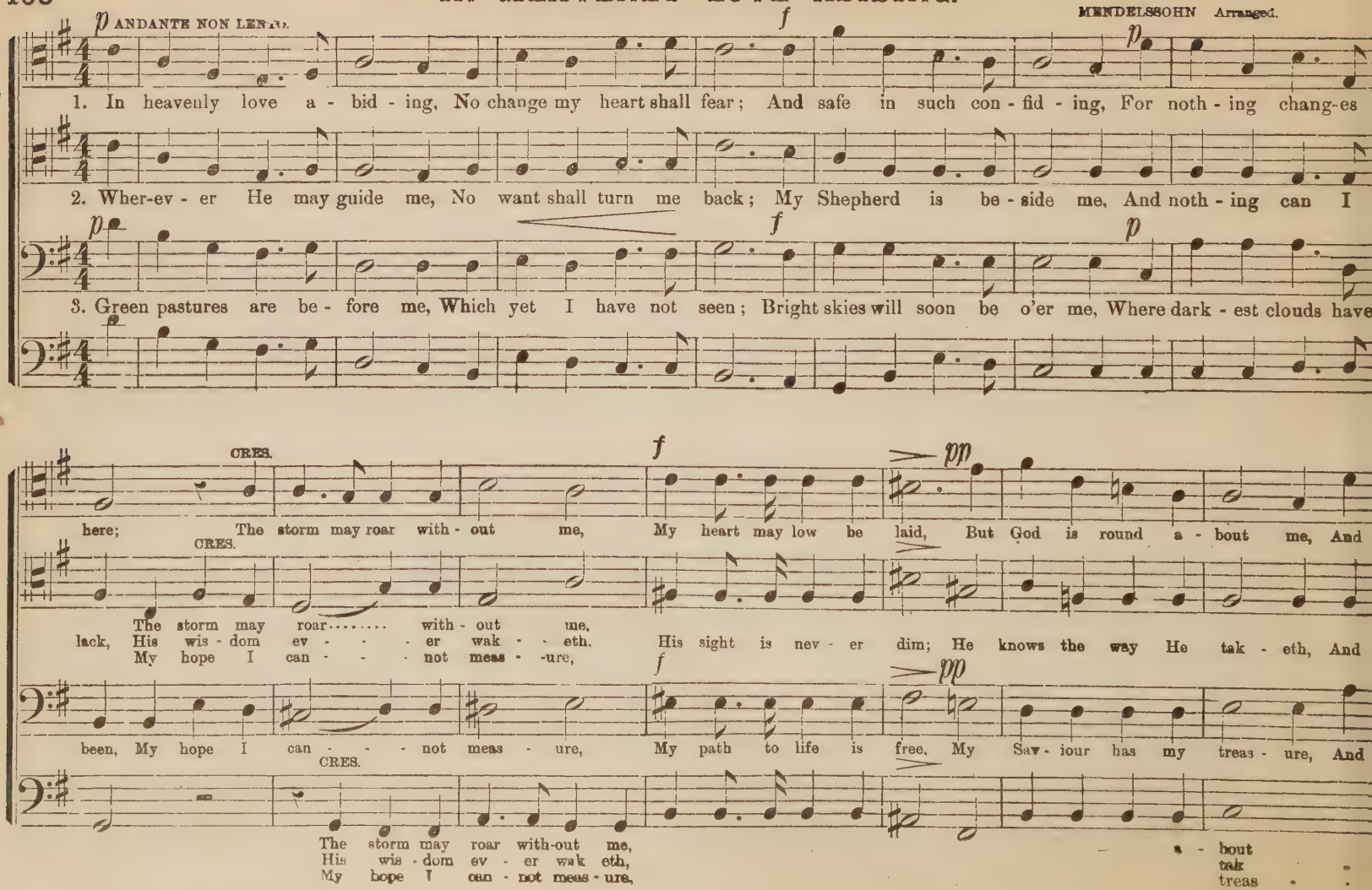
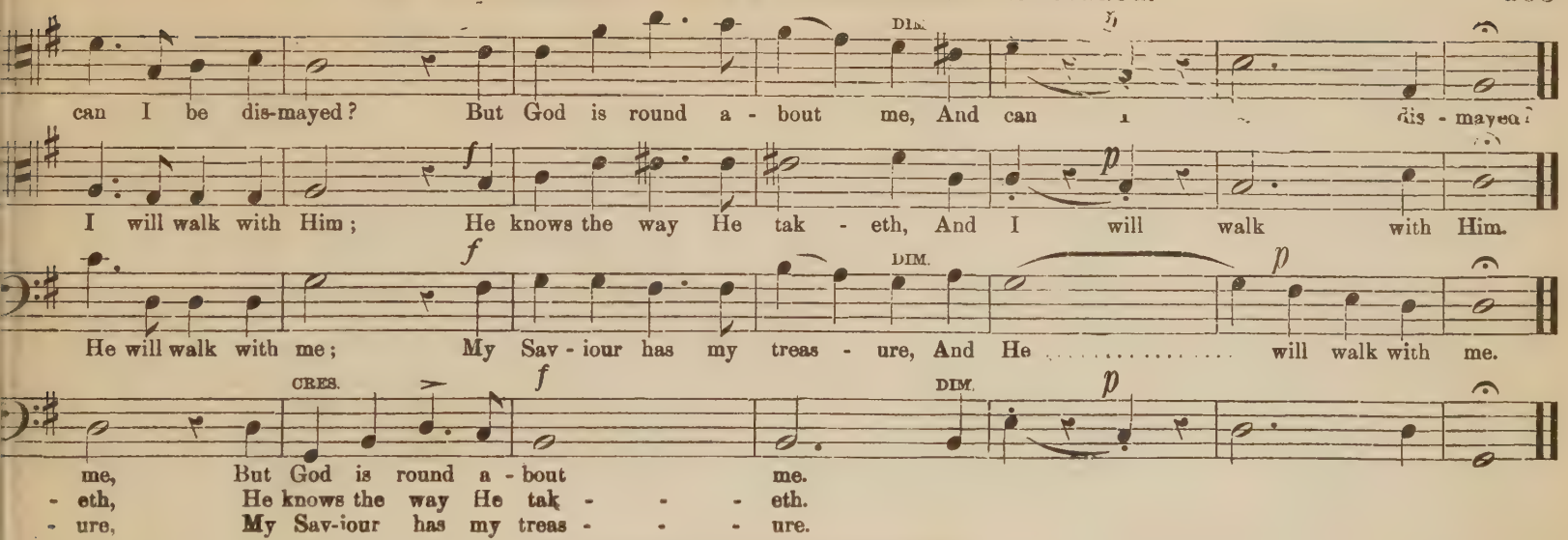
THERON BROWN. C. BANK.


Andante.
Rit.
Tempo.
1. Where art thou? O soul guilt-haunted, Hiding in vain de-ceit, No re-fuge for thee is granted But here at thy Sav-ior's feet, No refuge but here at thy Savior's feet.
2. Where art thou? O heedless sleeper, In selfish pleasure's snares, A-wake, or the heaven-ly keeper Will leave thee to per-ish there, Awake, or He'll leave thee to perish there.
2. Where art thou? O proud and hardened, Thy war with Jesus cease, Come humbly to him, be pardoned, And serve him in faith and peace, Come humbly and serve him in faith and peace.

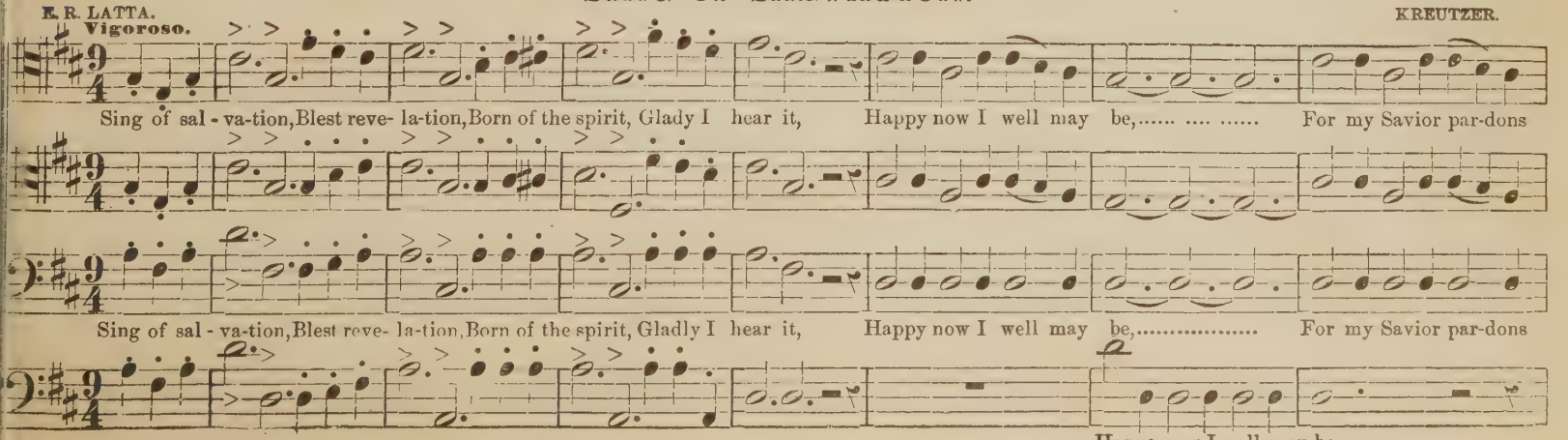
May be sung in G.

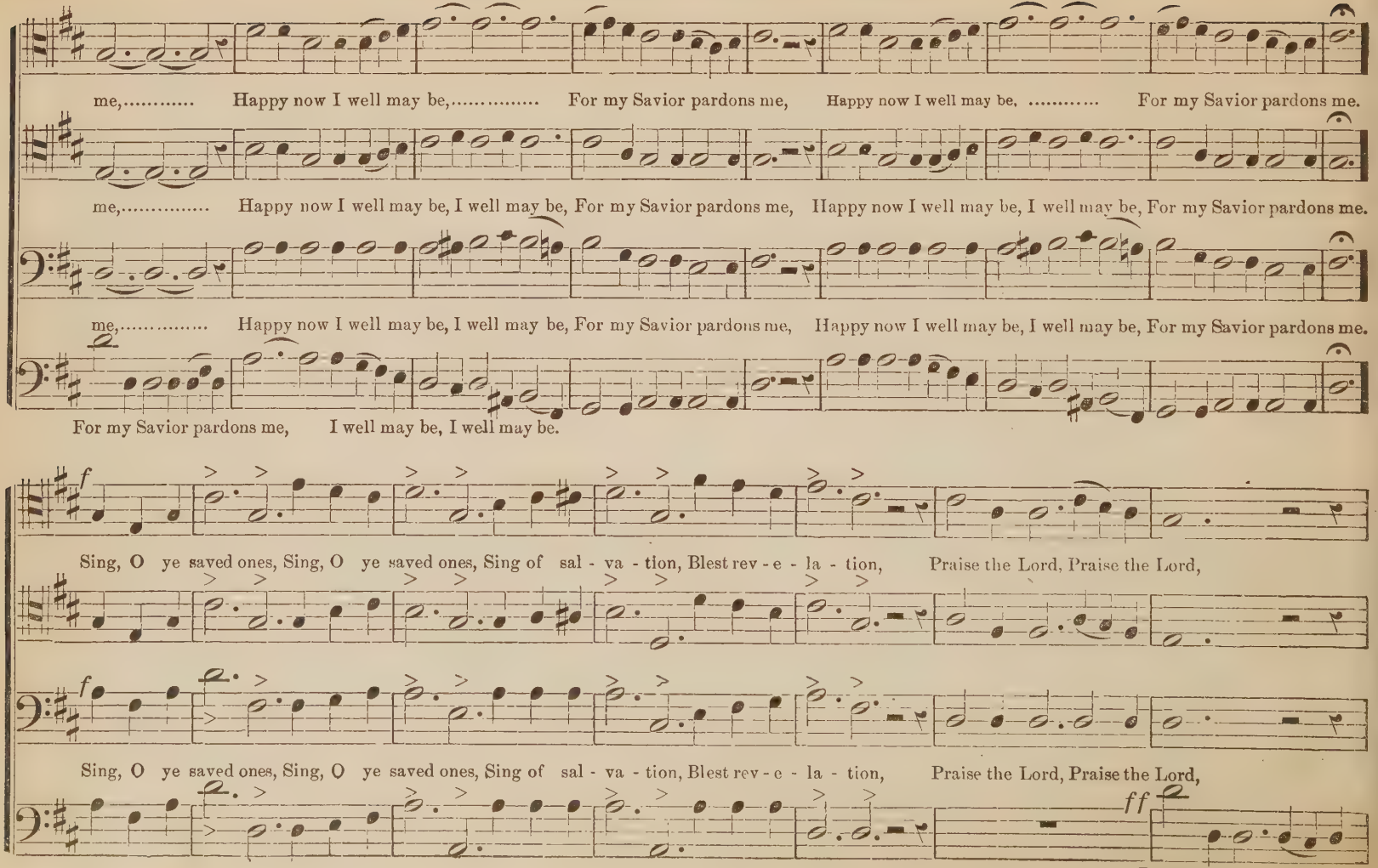
IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

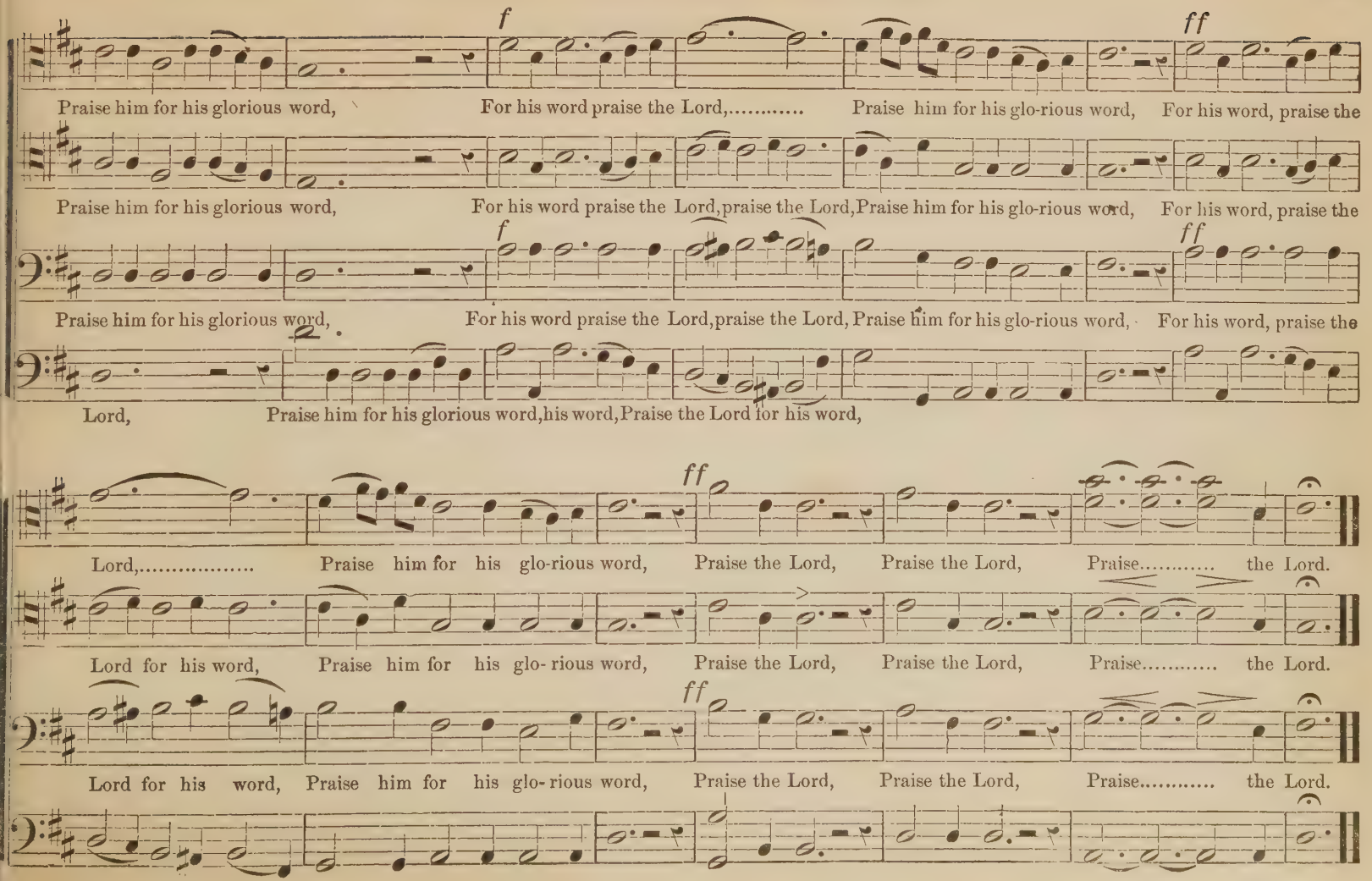
MENDELSSOHN Arranged.


p ANDANTE NON LENTO.
f
p
1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I
p
f
p
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have
CRES.
f
pp
here; The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And
CRES.
The storm may roar with - out me,
lack, His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth.
My hope I can - not meas - ure,
His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And
f
pp
been, My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And
CRES.
The storm may roar with-out me,
His wis - dom ev - er wak eth,
My hope I can - not meas - ure,
a - bout
tak
treas

DIM.
can I be dis-mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
I will walk with Him; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
DIM.
He will walk with me; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.
CRES.
DIM.
me, But God is round a - bout me.
- eth, He knows the way He tak - - - eth.
- ure, My Sav-iour has my treas - - - ure.

SING OF SALVATION.


K. R. LATTA.
Vigoroso.
KREUTZER.
Sing of sal - va-tion, Blest reve- la-tion, Born of the spirit, Glady I hear it, Happy now I well may be, For my Savior par-dons
Sing of sal - va-tion, Blest reve- la-tion, Born of the spirit, Gladly I hear it, Happy now I well may be, For my Savior par-dons
Happy now I well may be.


me,..... Happy now I well may be,..... For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, ... For my Savior pardons me.
me,..... Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me.
me,..... Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me, Happy now I well may be, I well may be, For my Savior pardons me.
For my Savior pardons me, I well may be, I well may be.
f
Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing of sal - va - tion, Blest rev - e - la - tion, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing, O ye saved ones, Sing of sal - va - tion, Blest rev - e - la - tion, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
ff
Praise the Lord, Praise the


f
ff
Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord,..... Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the
Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the
f
ff
Praise him for his glorious word, For his word praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise him for his glo-rious word, For his word, praise the
Lord, Praise him for his glorious word, his word, Praise the Lord for his word,
ff
Lord,..... Praise him for his glo-rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.
Lord for his word, Praise him for his glo- rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.
ff
Lord for his word, Praise him for his glo- rious word, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise..... the Lord.

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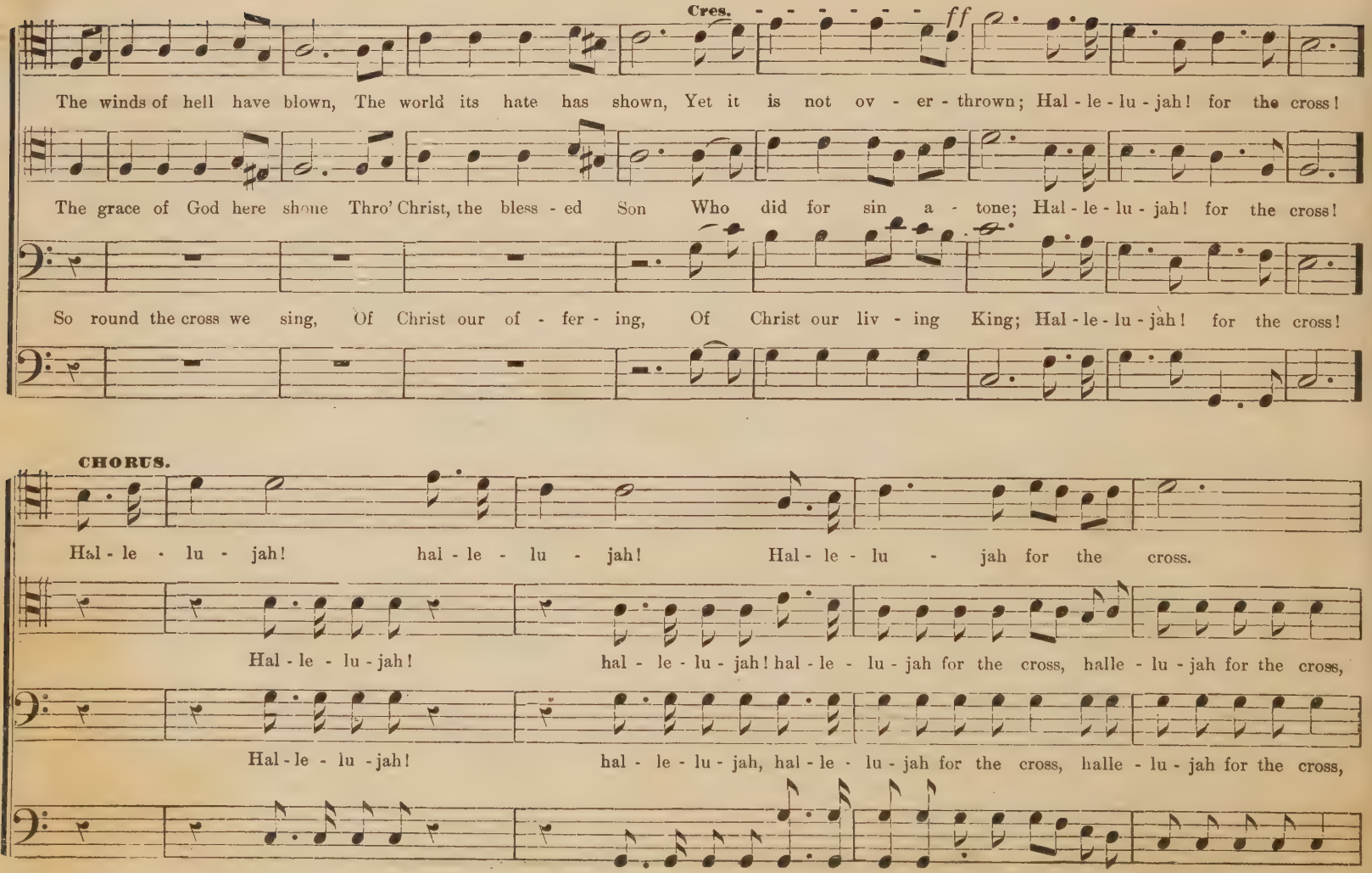
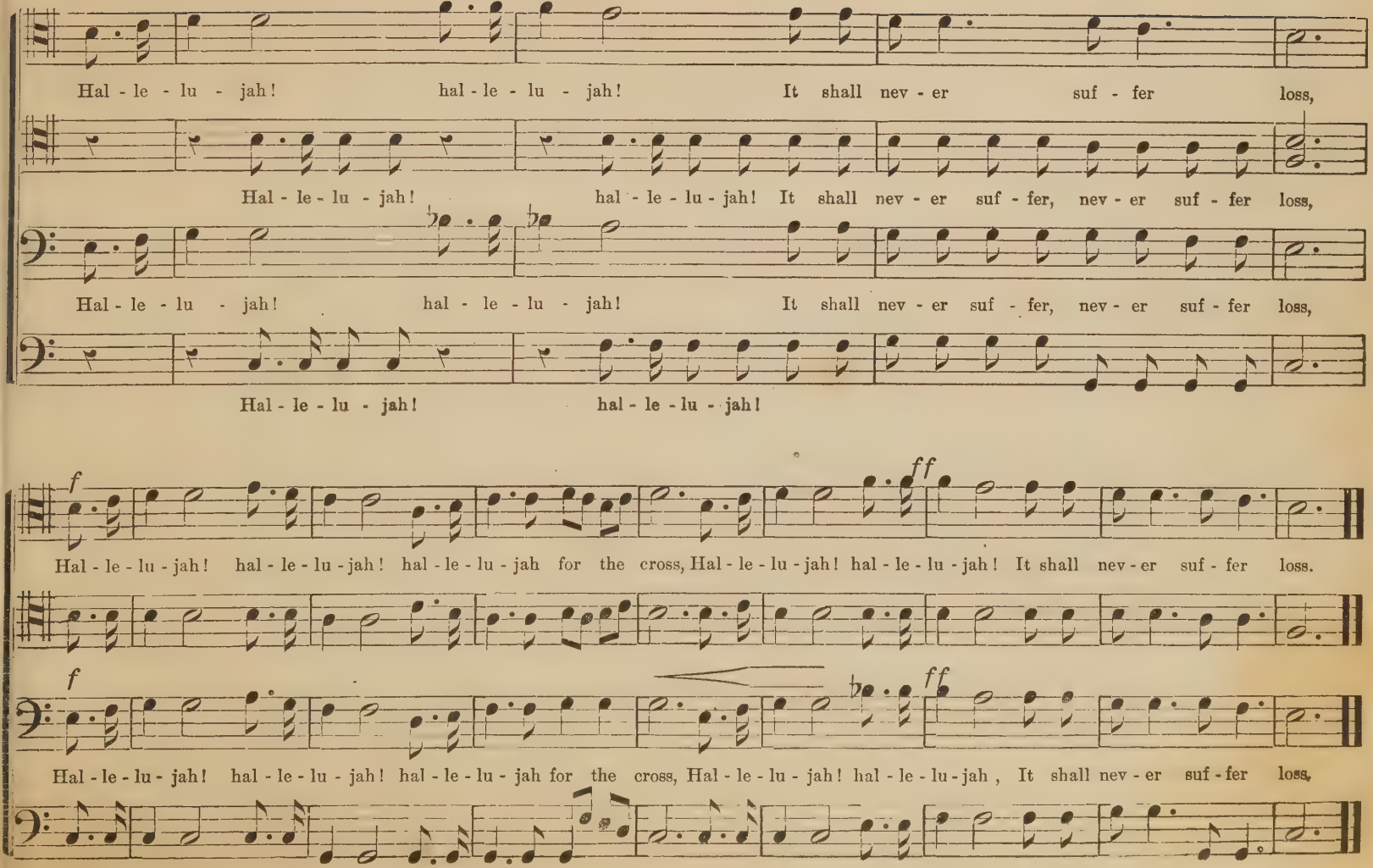
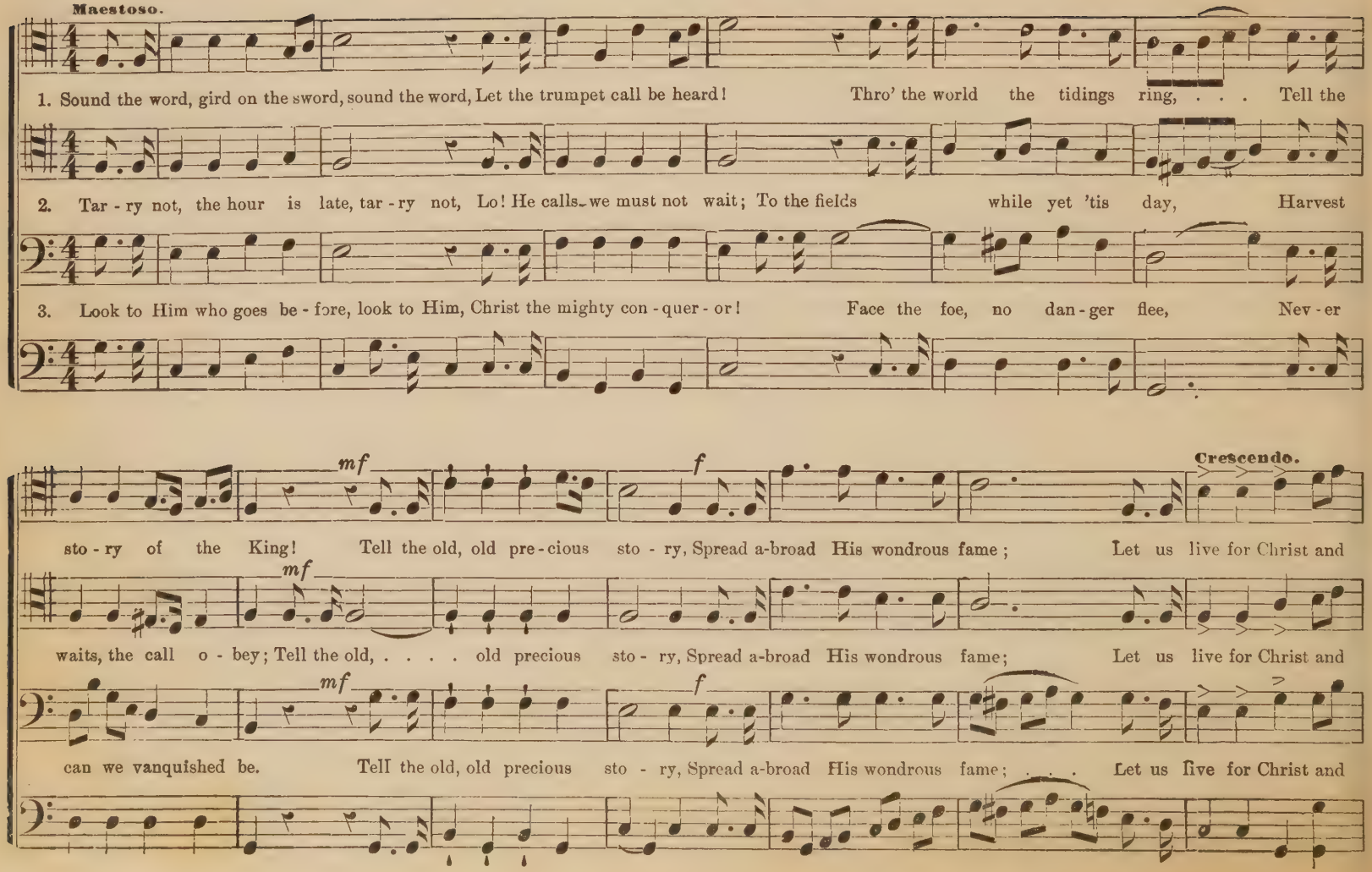
HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS. Continued.

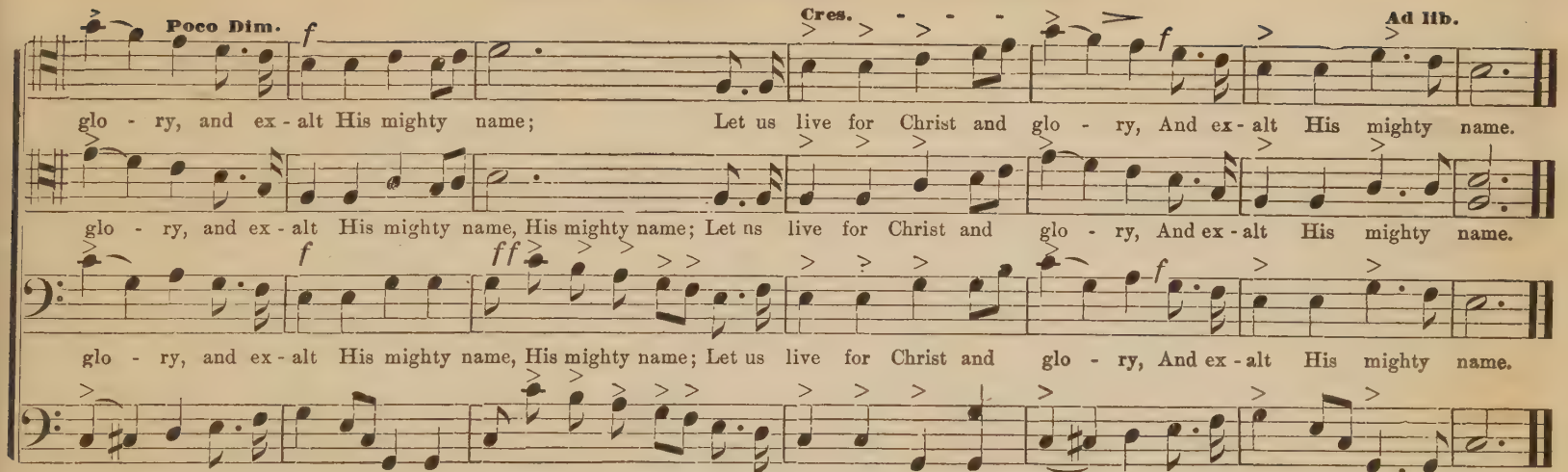

Cres.
ff
The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate has shown, Yet it is not ov - er - thrown; Hal - le - lu - jah! for the cross!
The grace of God here shone Thro' Christ, the bless - ed Son Who did for sin a - tone; Hal - le - lu - jah! for the cross!
So round the cross we sing, Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King; Hal - le - lu - jah! for the cross!
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, halle - lu - jah for the cross,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, halle - lu - jah for the cross,


Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
f
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer loss.
f
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah , It shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

SOUND THE WORD.

F. KUCKEN.

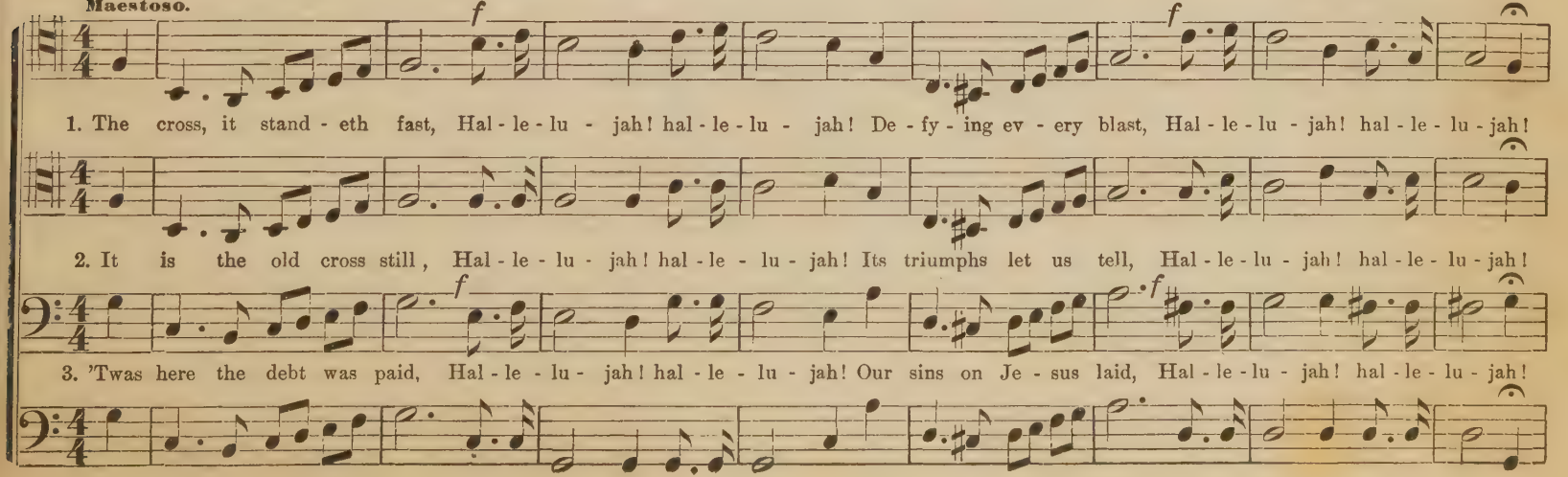

Maestoso.
1. Sound the word, gird on the sword, sound the word, Let the trumpet call be heard! Thro' the world the tidings ring, . . . Tell the
2. Tar - ry not, the hour is late, tar - ry not, Lo! He calls we must not wait; To the fields while yet 'tis day, Harvest
3. Look to Him who goes be - fore, look to Him, Christ the mighty con - quer - or! Face the foe, no dan - ger flee, Nev - er
mf
f
Crescendo.
sto - ry of the King! Tell the old, old pre - cious sto - ry, Spread a-broad His wondrous fame; Let us live for Christ and
waits, the call o - bey; Tell the old, ... old precious sto - ry, Spread a-broad His wondrous fame; Let us live for Christ and
can we vanquished be. Tell the old, old precious sto - ry, Spread a-broad His wondrous fame; . . . . Let us live for Christ and


Poco Dim.
Cres.
Ad lib.
glo - ry, and ex - alt His mighty name; Let us live for Christ and glo - ry, And ex - alt His mighty name.
glo - ry, and ex - alt His mighty name, His mighty name; Let us live for Christ and glo - ry, And ex - alt His mighty name.
glo - ry, and ex - alt His mighty name, His mighty name; Let us live for Christ and glo - ry, And ex - alt His mighty name.

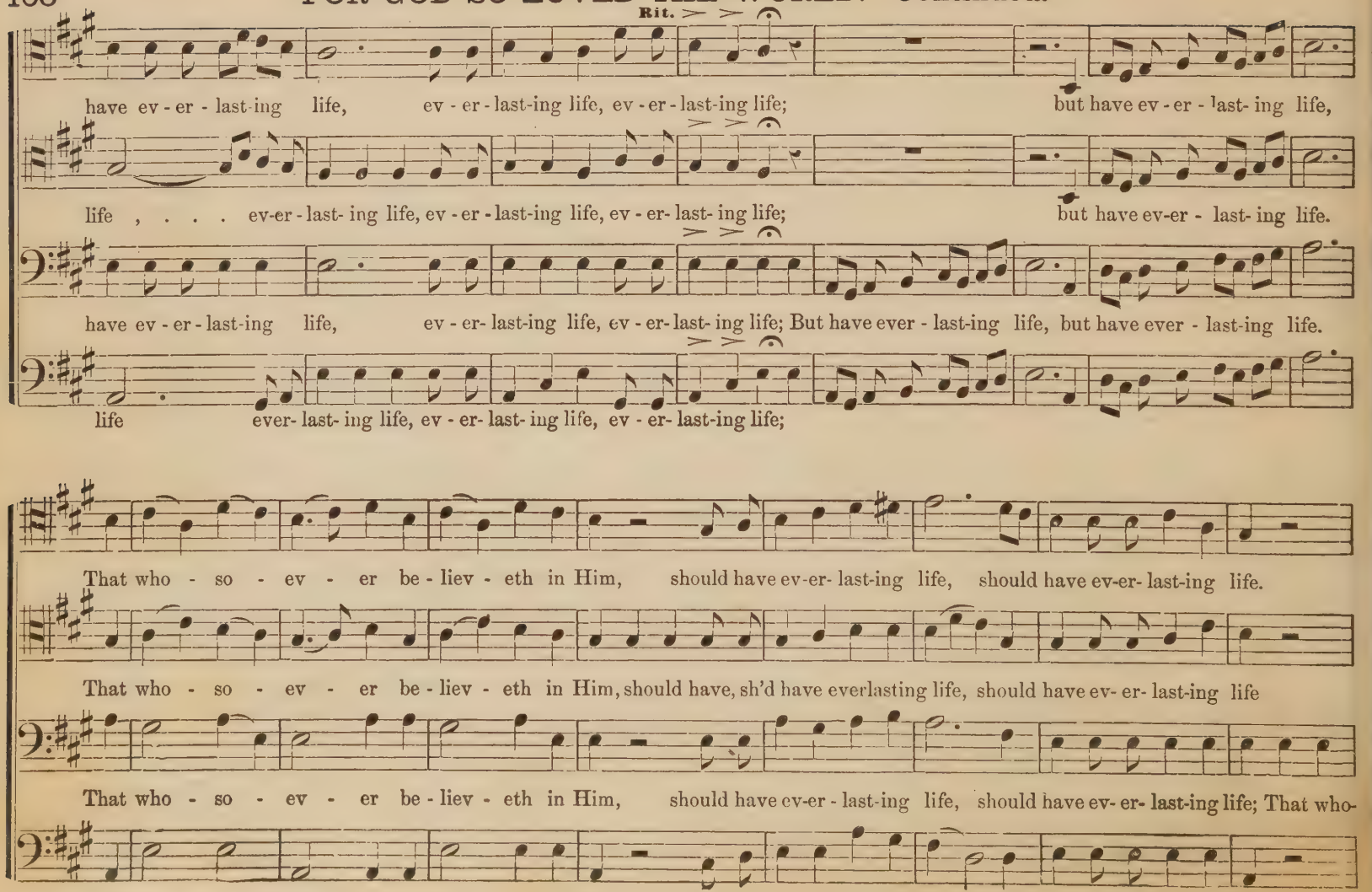
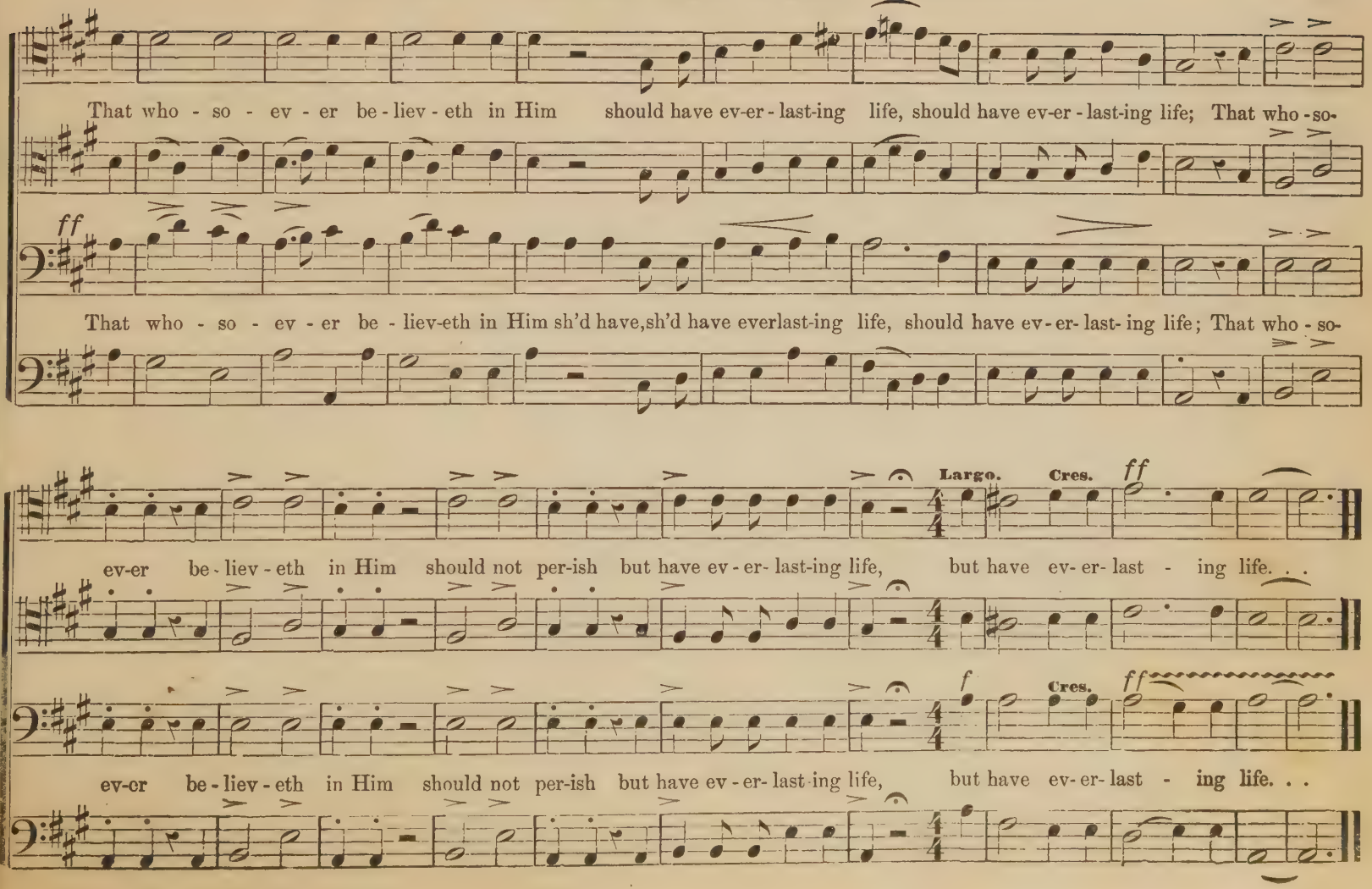
HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS.

DR. HORATIOUS BONAR. (arr.)

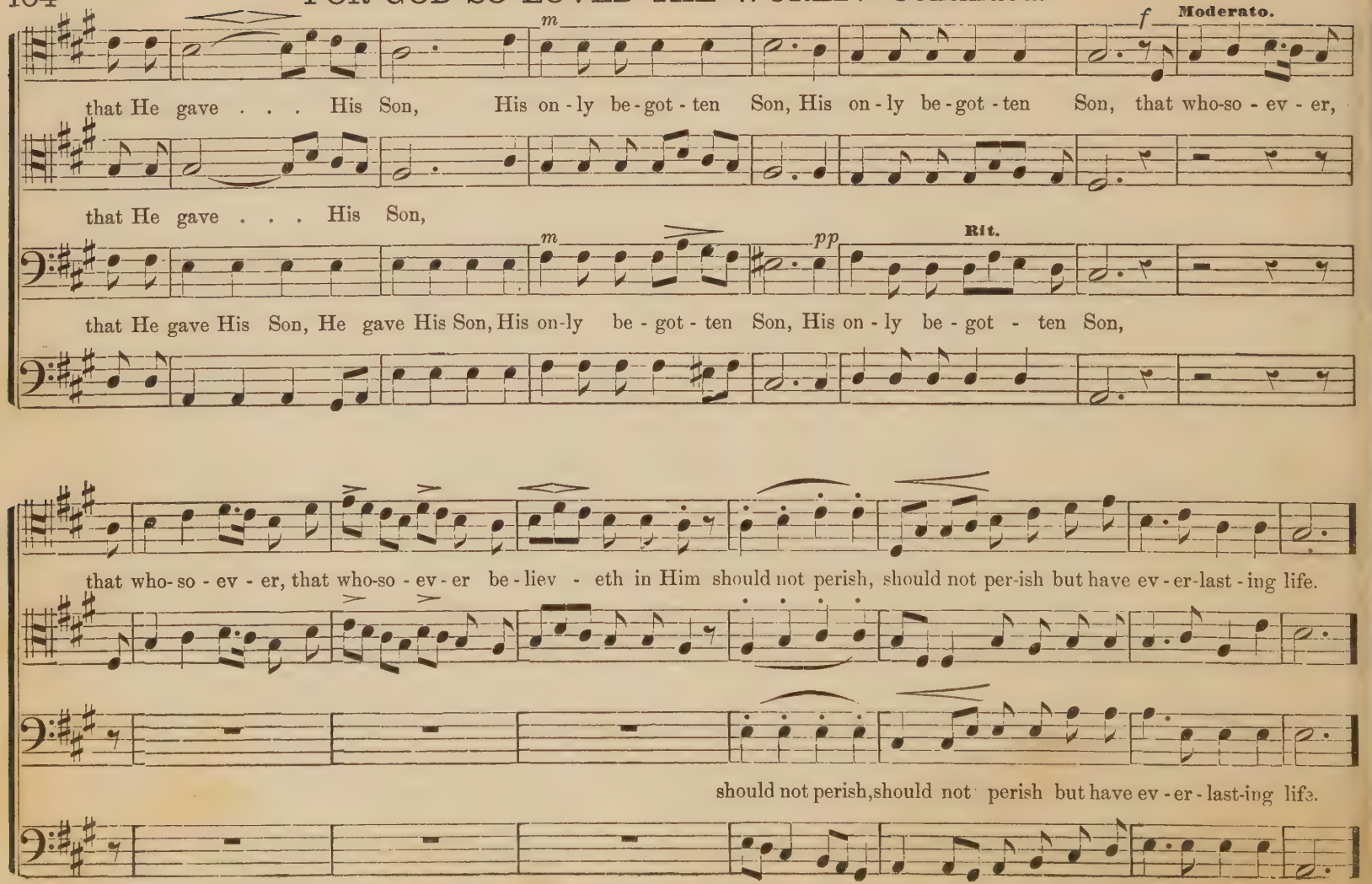
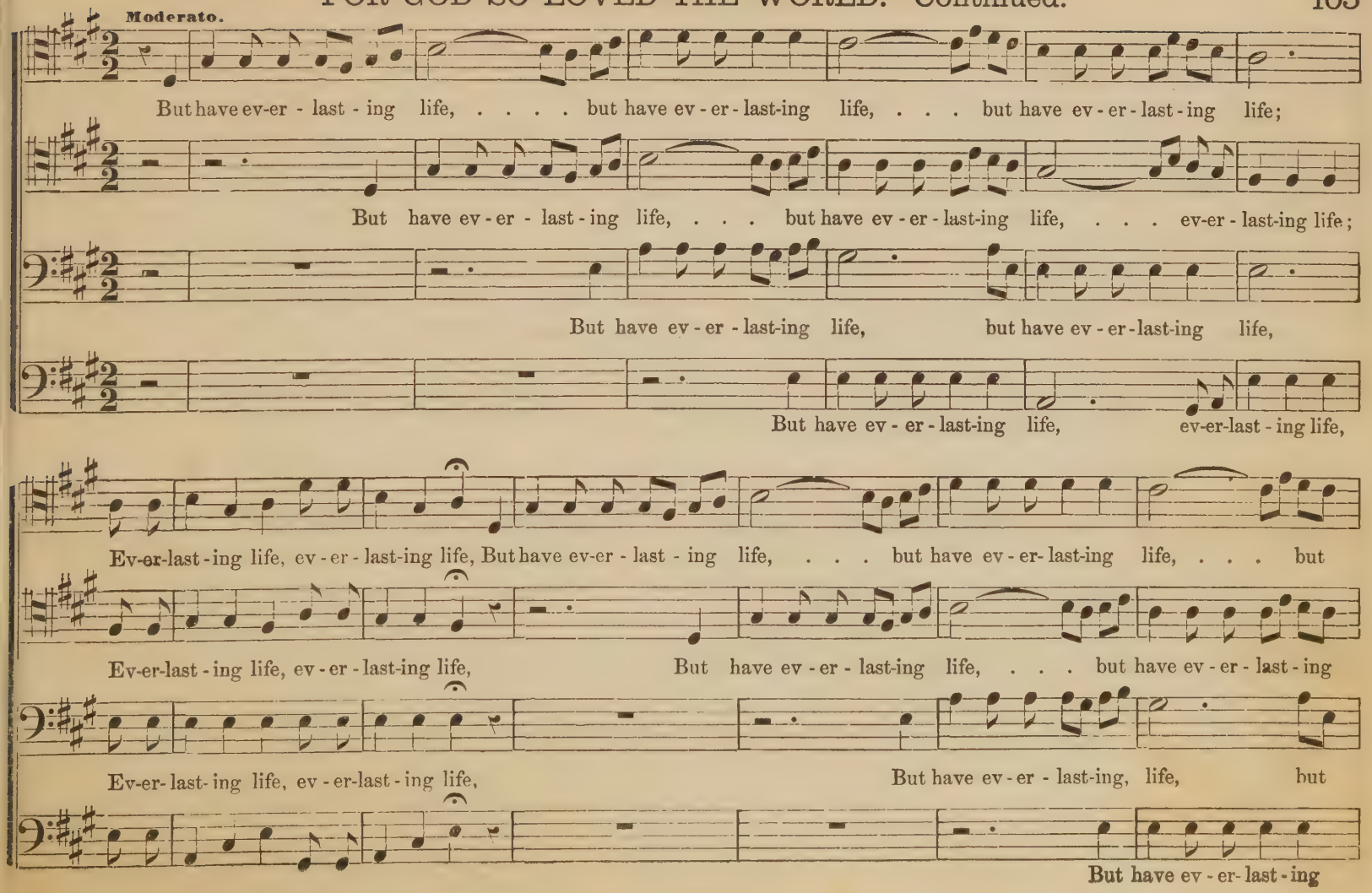
JAMES McGRANAHAN.


Maestoso.
1. The cross, it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing ev - ery blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its triumphs let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our sins on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. Continued.


Rit.
have ev - er - last-ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, ev - er - last-ing life; but have ev - er - last- ing life,
life , . . . ev-er - last- ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, ev - er- last- ing life; but have ev-er - last- ing life.
have ev - er - last-ing life, ev - er- last-ing life, ev - er- last- ing life; But have ever - last-ing life, but have ever - last-ing life.
life ever- last- ing life, ev - er- last- ing life, ev - er- last-ing life;
That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, should have ev-er- last-ing life, should have ev-er- last-ing life.
That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, should have, sh'd have everlasting life, should have ev- er- last-ing life
That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, should have ev-er - last-ing life, should have ev- er- last-ing life; That who-

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should have ev-er - last-ing life, should have ev-er - last-ing life; That who - so-
ff
That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him sh'd have,sh'd have everlast-ing life, should have ev - er- last- ing life; That who - so-
Largo.
Cres.
ff
ev-er be - liev - eth in Him should not per-ish but have ev - er- last-ing life, but have ev- er- last - ing life. . .
f
Cres.
ff
ev-er be - liev - eth in Him should not per-ish but have ev - er- last-ing life, but have ev- er- last - ing life. . .

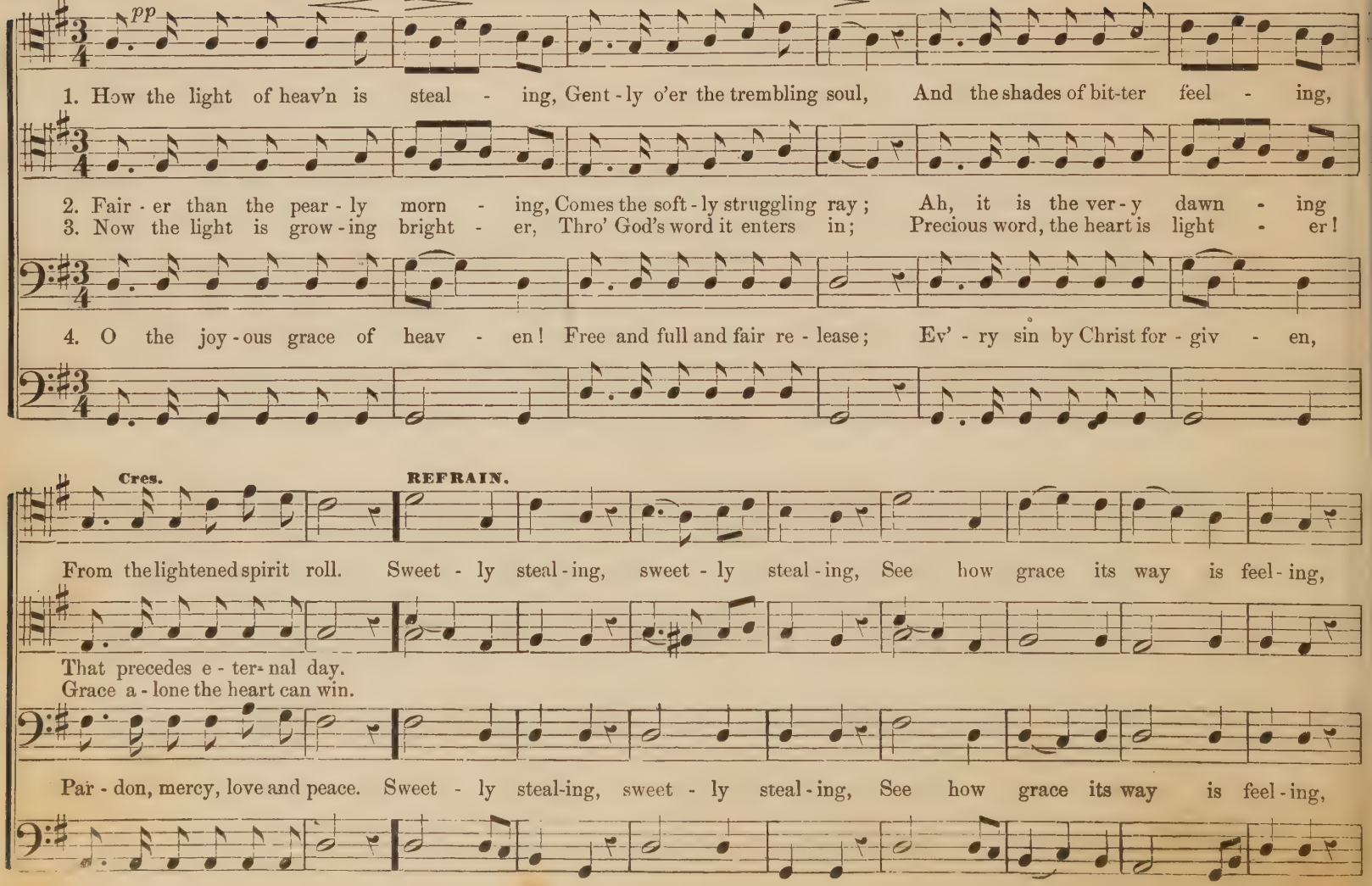
FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. Continued.

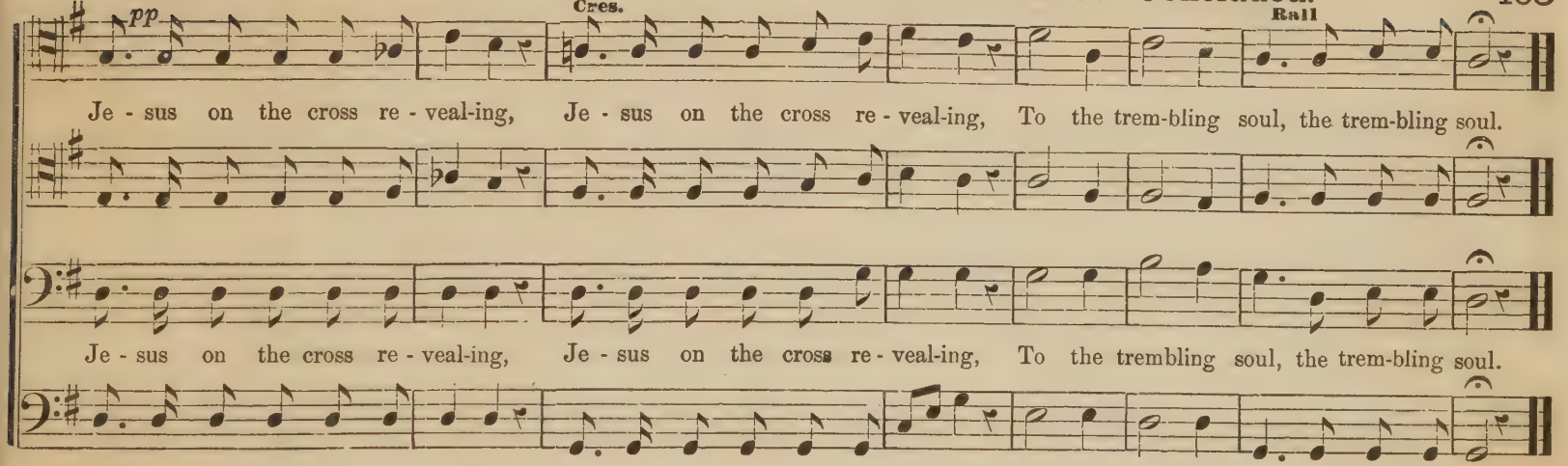

m
f
Moderato.
that He gave . . . His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that who-so - ev - er,
that He gave . . . His Son,
m
pp
Rit.
that He gave His Son, He gave His Son, His on-ly be - got - ten Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,
that who- so - ev - er, that who-so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not perish, should not per-ish but have ev - er-last - ing life.
should not perish, should not perish but have ev - er - last-ing life.

Moderato.
But have ev-er - last - ing life, ... but have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last - ing life;
But have ev - er - last - ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . ev-er - last-ing life;
But have ev - er - last-ing life, but have ev - er-last-ing life,
But have ev - er - last-ing life, ev-er-last - ing life,
Ev-er-last - ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, But have ev-er - last - ing life, . . . but have ev - er-last-ing life, . . . but
Ev-er-last - ing life, ev - er - last-ing life, But have ev - er - last-ing life, . . . but have ev - er - last - ing
Ev-er- last- ing life, ev - er-last - ing life, But have ev - er - last-ing, life, but
But have ev - er-last - ing

FABER.

HOW THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN IS STEALING.

J. M. NORTH.

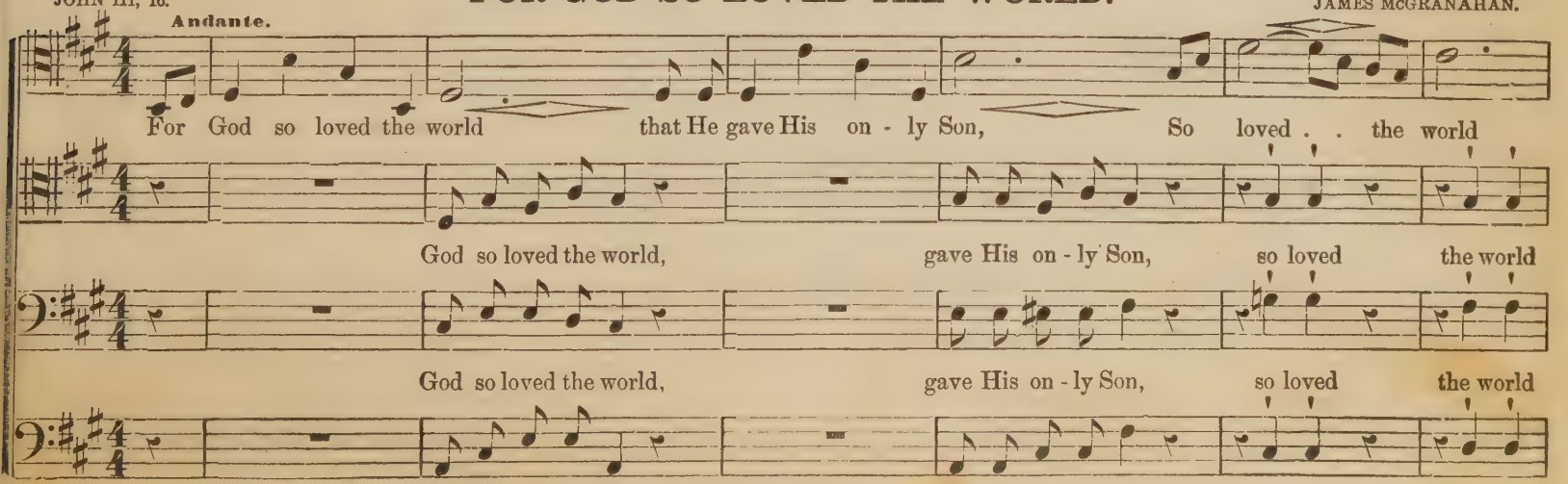

pp
1. How the light of heav'n is steal - ing, Gent - ly o'er the trembling soul, And the shades of bit-ter feel - ing,
2. Fair - er than the pear - ly morn - ing, Comes the soft - ly struggling ray; Ah, it is the ver - y dawn - ing
3. Now the light is grow - ing bright - er, Thro' God's word it enters in; Precious word, the heart is light - er!
4. O the joy - ous grace of heav - en! Free and full and fair re - lease; Ev' - ry sin by Christ for - giv - en,
Cres.
REFRAIN.
From the lightened spirit roll. Sweet - ly steal - ing, sweet - ly steal - ing, See how grace its way is feel - ing,
That precedes e - ter - nal day.
Grace a - lone the heart can win.
Par - don, mercy, love and peace. Sweet - ly steal-ing, sweet - ly steal - ing, See how grace its way is feel - ing,

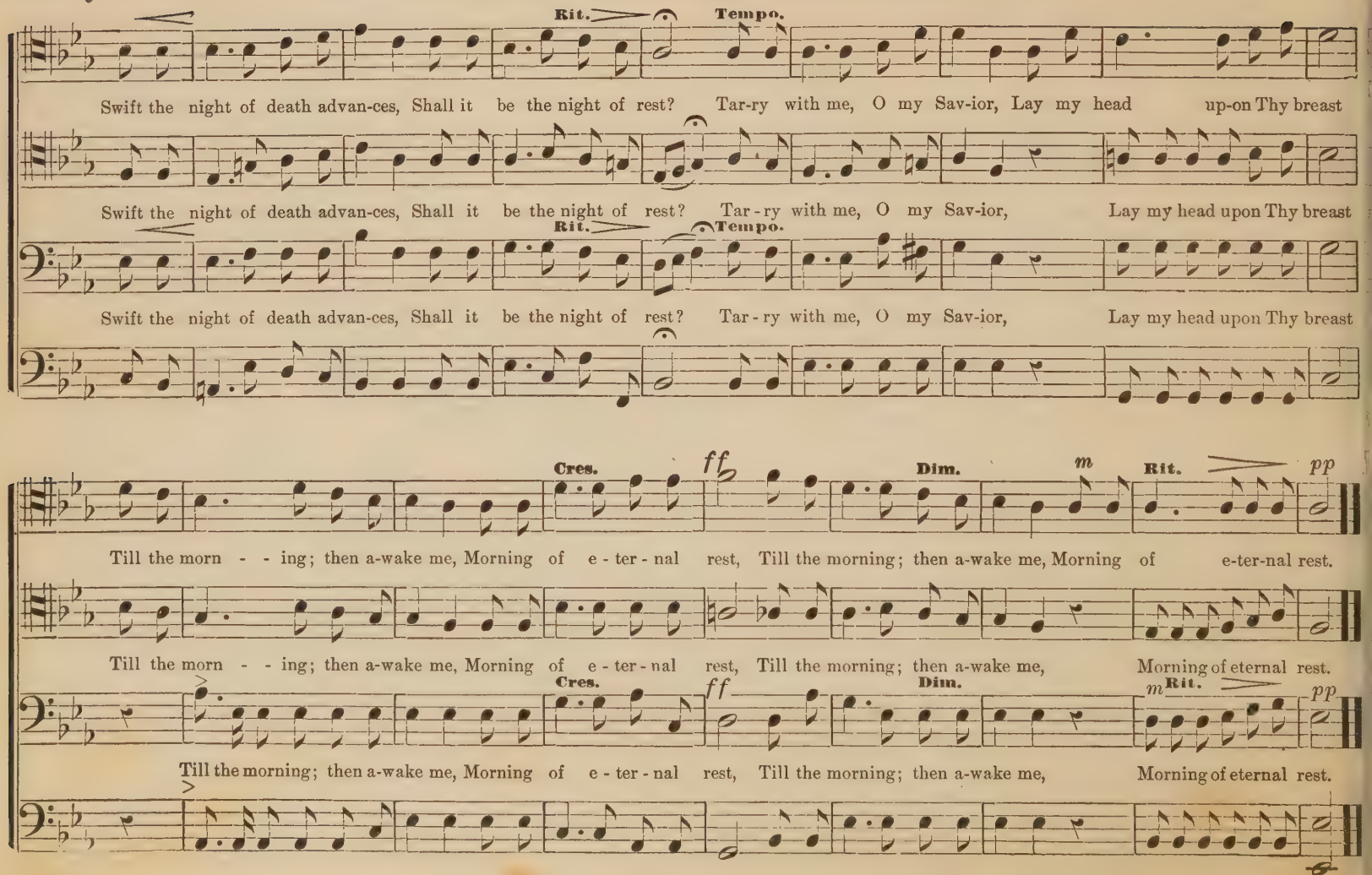

pp
Cres.
Rall
Je - sus on the cross re - veal-ing, Je - sus on the cross re - veal-ing, To the trem-bling soul, the trem-bling soul.
Je - sus on the cross re - veal-ing, Je - sus on the cross re - veal-ing, To the trembling soul, the trem-bling soul.

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

JOHN III, 16.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


Andante.
For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly Son, So loved . . the world
God so loved the world, gave His on - ly Son, so loved the world
God so loved the world, gave His on - ly Son, so loved the world

TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOR. Concluded.

Rit.
Tempo.
Swift the night of death advan-ces, Shall it be the night of rest? Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Lay my head up-on Thy breast
Swift the night of death advan-ces, Shall it be the night of rest? Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Lay my head upon Thy breast
Rit.
Tempo.
Swift the night of death advan-ces, Shall it be the night of rest? Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Lay my head upon Thy breast
Cres.
ff
Dim.
m
Rit.
pp
Till the morn - - ing; then a-wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest, Till the morning; then a-wake me, Morning of e-ter-nal rest.
Till the morn - - ing; then a-wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest, Till the morning; then a-wake me, Morning of eternal rest.
Cres.
ff
Dim.
m
Rit.
pp
Till the morning; then a-wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest, Till the morning; then a-wake me, Morning of eternal rest.

WILL YOU NOT COME?

1. Will you not come to Him for life? Hear-ing, O heed His cry; He gave His life for you, for you, Why will ye die, O why?

2. Will you not come to Him for peace? Peace thro' His cross a-lone? The gift is free, the word is true, Make it your own, your own.
3. Will you not come to Him for rest? Rest in His heart and home? 'Tis of-fered now,'tis of-fered you; All that are wea-ry, come.

4. Will you not come to Him for joy? Will you not come for this? He'll give you joy so sweet, so true, Joy and e - ter - nal bliss.

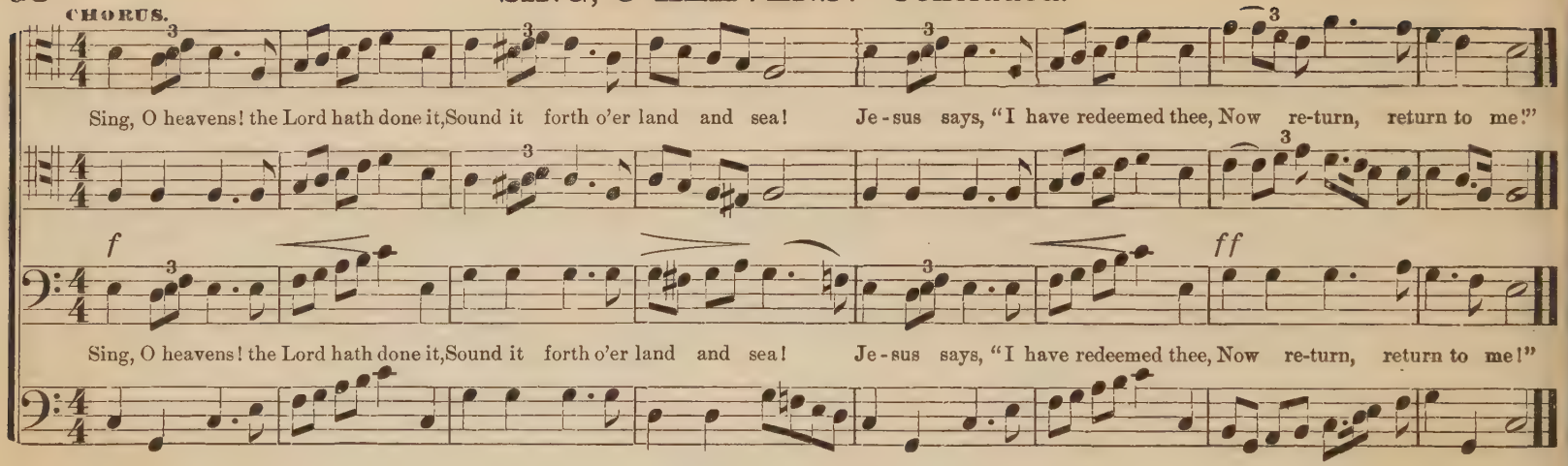
f CHORUS. *m* *f* Repeat pp last time.

Will you not come, will you not come? Why, why will ye die? Will you not come, will you not come? Oh why will ye die?

f *m* *f* ad lib.

Will you not come, will you not come? Why, why will ye die? Will you not come, will you not come? Oh why will ye die?

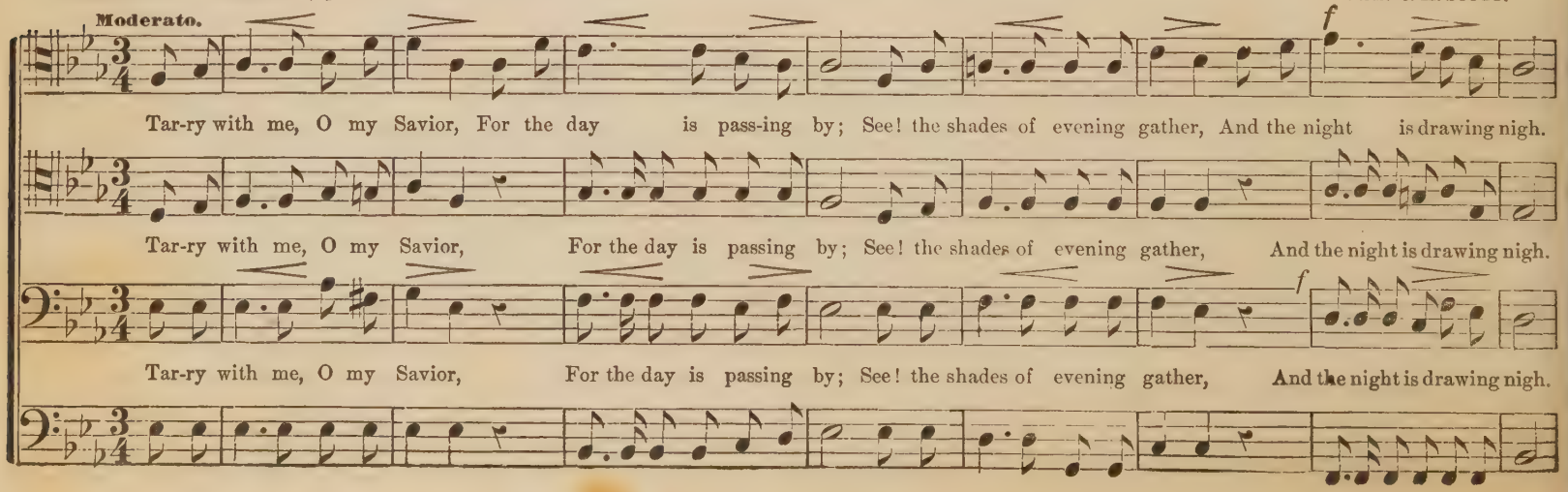
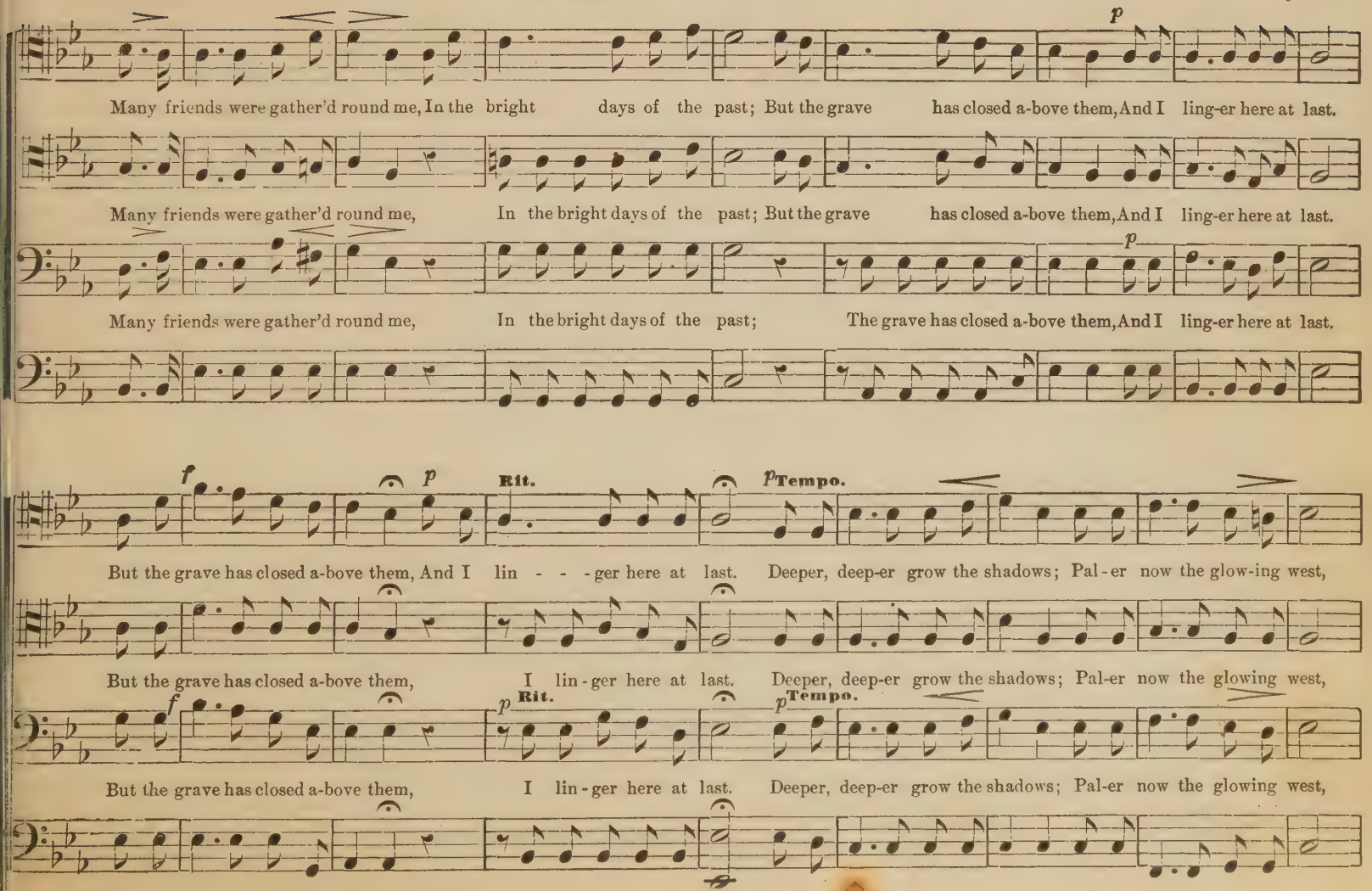
SING, O HEAVENS! Concluded.


CHORUS.
Sing, O heavens! the Lord hath done it, Sound it forth o'er land and sea! Je-sus says, "I have redeemed thee, Now re-turn, return to me!"
f
ff
Sing, O heavens! the Lord hath done it, Sound it forth o'er land and sea! Je-sus says, "I have redeemed thee, Now re-turn, return to me!"

TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOR.

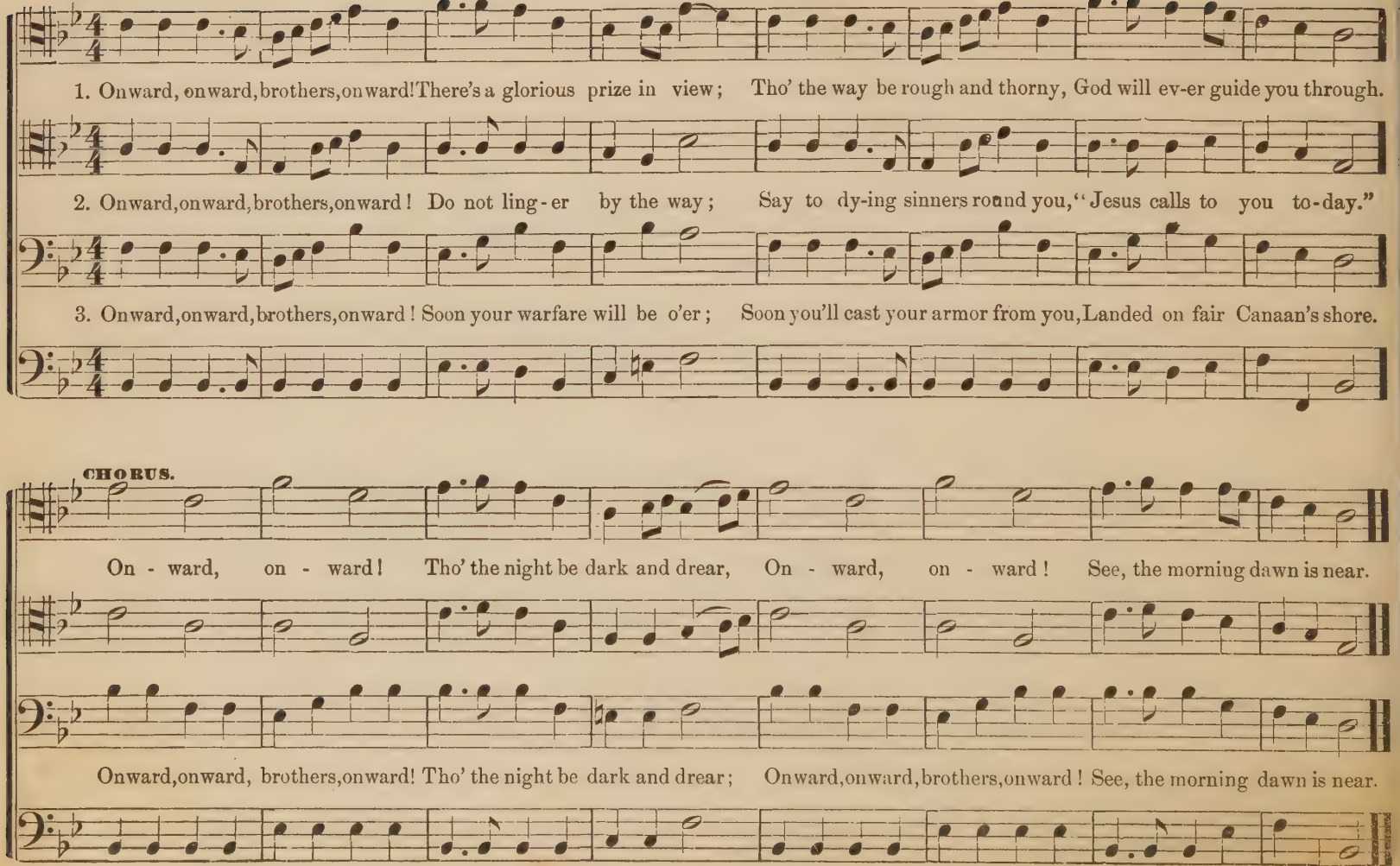
From "ROYAL ANTHEMS," by per.

MRS. C. H. SCOTT.


Moderato.
f
Tar-ry with me, O my Savior, For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
Tar-ry with me, O my Savior, For the day is passing by; See! the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
Tar-ry with me, O my Savior, For the day is passing by; See! the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
Many friends were gather'd round me, In the bright days of the past; The grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling-er here at last.
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I lin - - - ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal-er now the glow-ing west,
But the grave has closed a-bove them, I lin-ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal-er now the glowing west,
But the grave has closed a-bove them, I lin-ger here at last. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal-er now the glowing west,
Rit.
Tempo.

ONWARD! BROTHERS, ONWARD.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

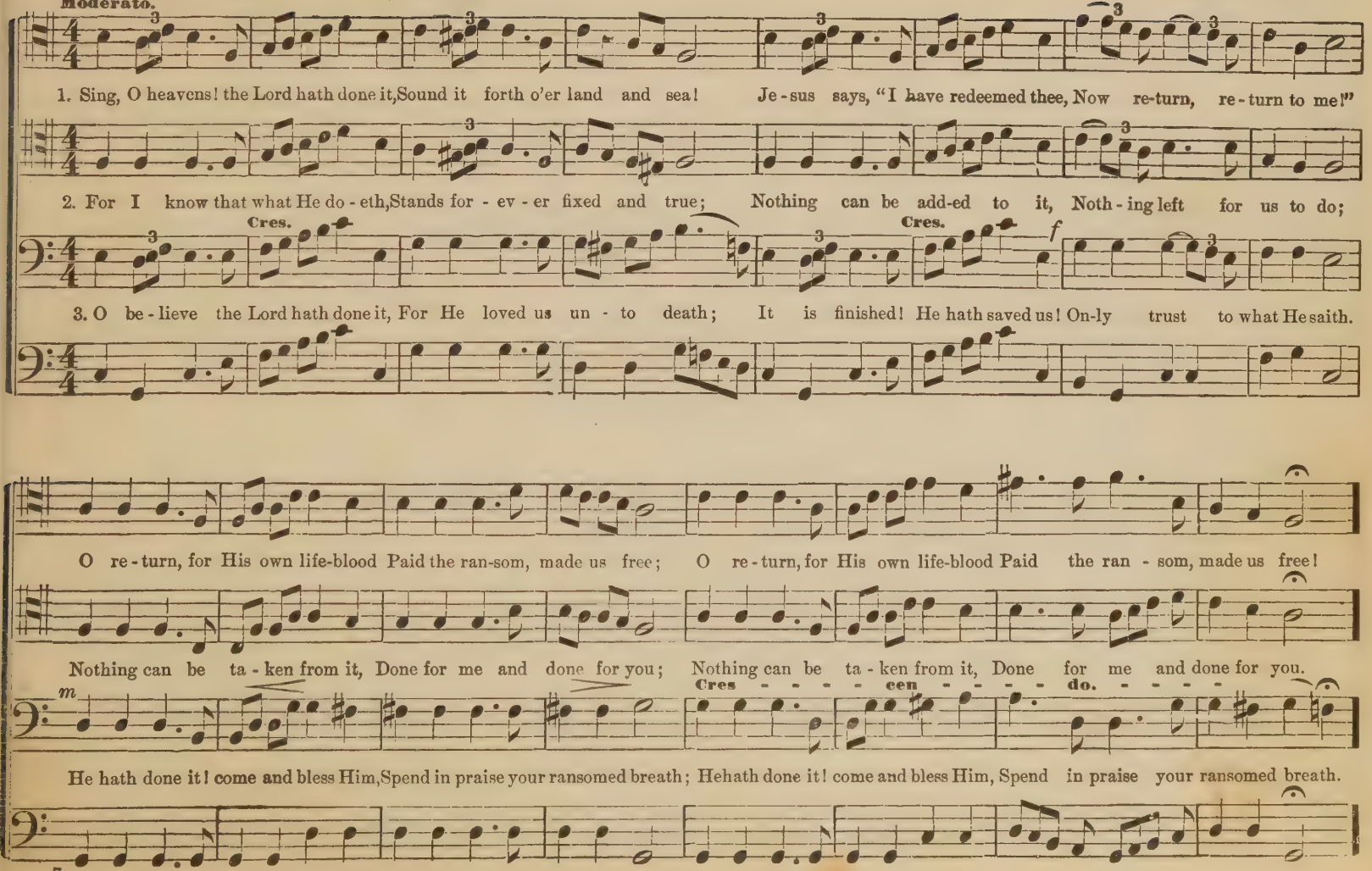

1. Onward, onward, brothers, onward! There's a glorious prize in view; Tho' the way be rough and thorny, God will ev-er guide you through.
2. Onward, onward, brothers, onward! Do not ling-er by the way; Say to dy-ing sinners round you, "Jesus calls to you to-day."
3. Onward, onward, brothers, onward! Soon your warfare will be o'er; Soon you'll cast your armor from you, Landed on fair Canaan's shore.
CHORUS.
On - ward, on - ward! Tho' the night be dark and drear, On - ward, on - ward! See, the morning dawn is near.
Onward, onward, brothers, onward! Tho' the night be dark and drear; Onward, onward, brothers, onward! See, the morning dawn is near.

SING, O HEAVENS!

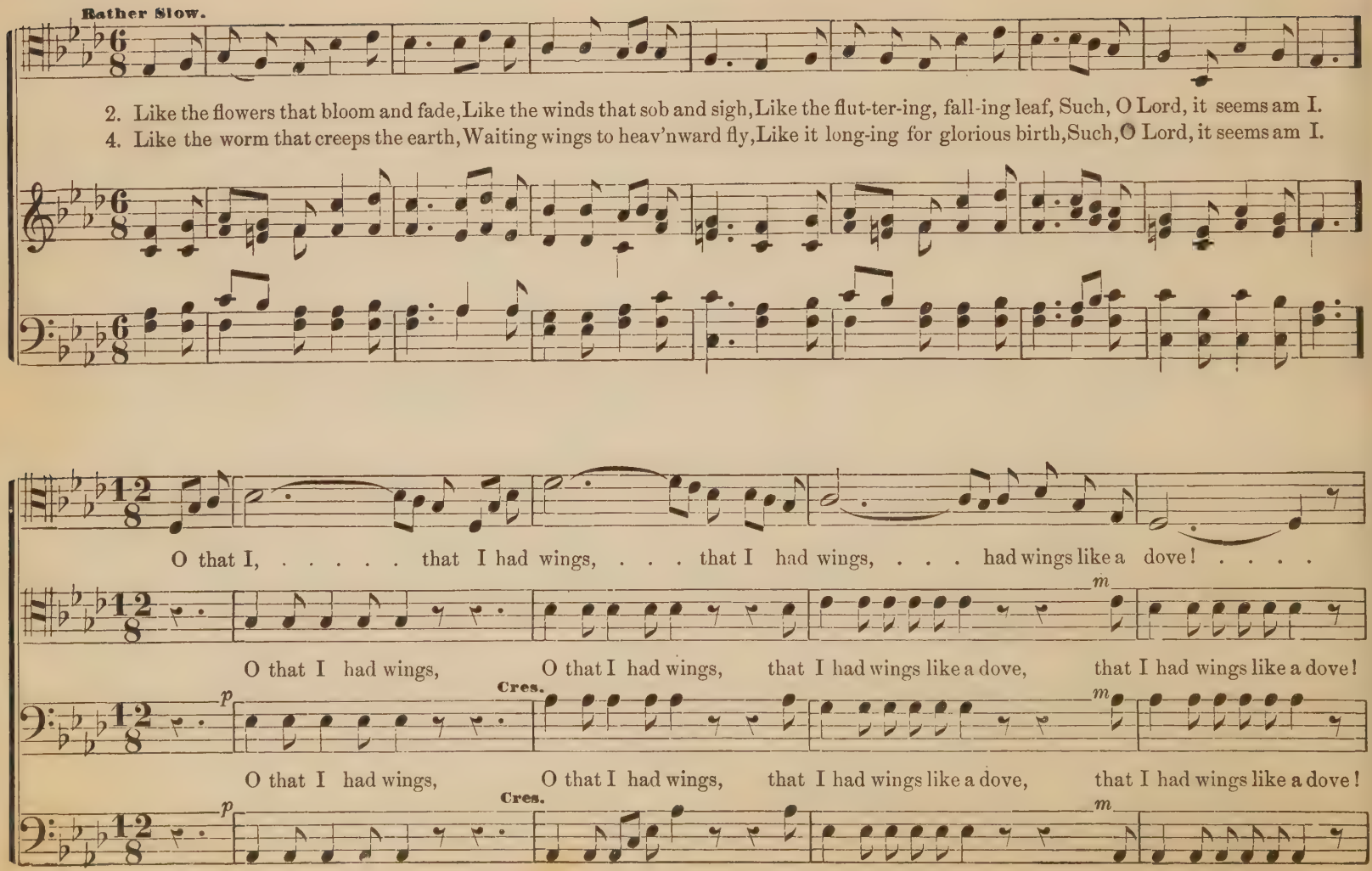
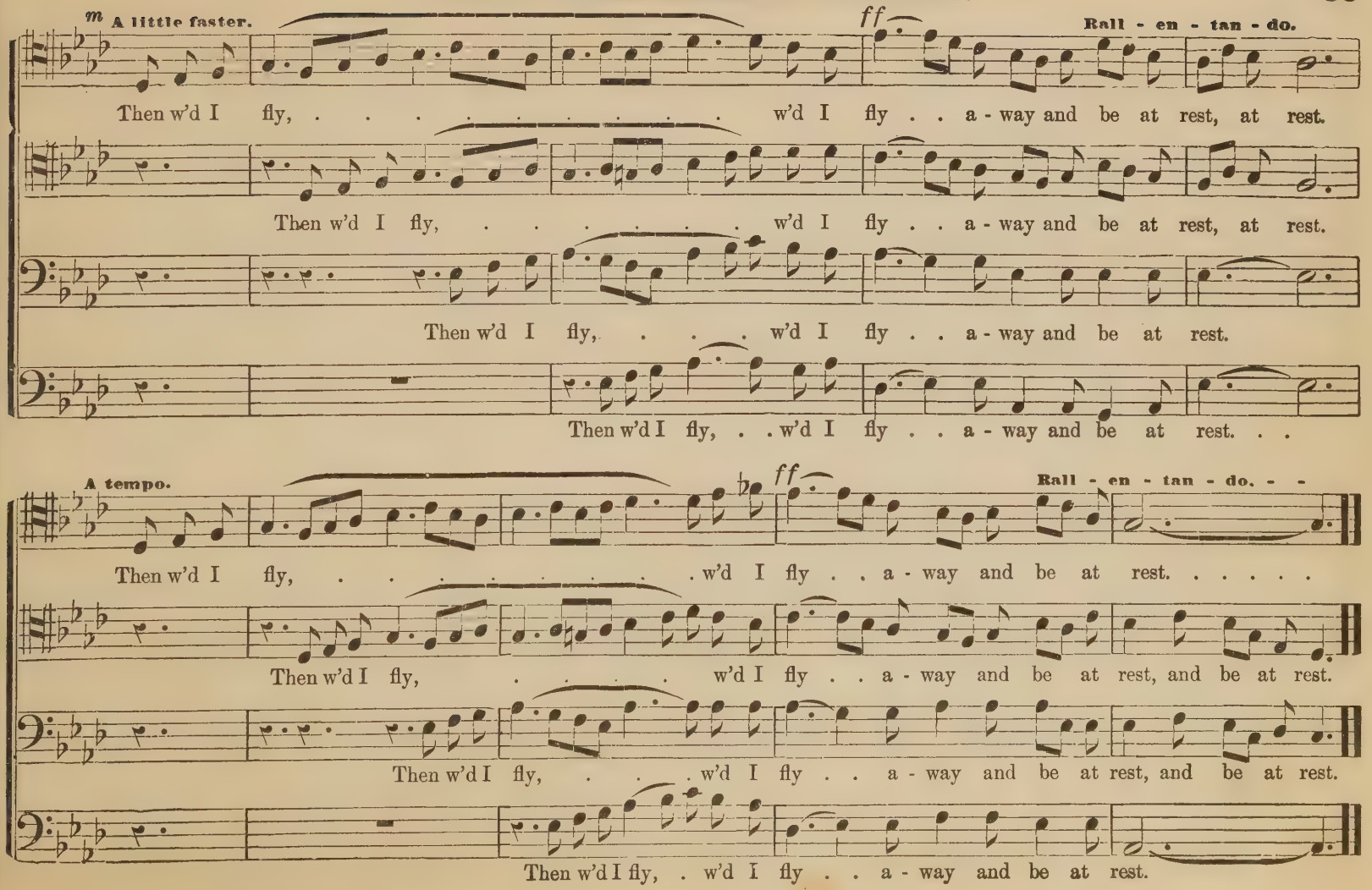
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. Sing, O heavens! the Lord hath done it, Sound it forth o'er land and sea! Je-sus says, "I have redeemed thee, Now re-turn, re-turn to me!"
2. For I know that what He do-eth, Stands for-ev-er fixed and true; Nothing can be add-ed to it, Noth-ing left for us to do;
Cres.
Cres.
f
3. O be-lieve the Lord hath done it, For He loved us un-to death; It is finished! He hath saved us! On-ly trust to what He saith.
O re-turn, for His own life-blood Paid the ran-som, made us free; O re-turn, for His own life-blood Paid the ran-som, made us free!
Nothing can be ta-ken from it, Done for me and done for you; Nothing can be ta-ken from it, Done for me and done for you.
m
Cres - - - - cen - - - - do. - - - -
He hath done it! come and bless Him, Spend in praise your ransomed breath; He hath done it! come and bless Him, Spend in praise your ransomed breath.

O THAT I HAD WINGS. Continued.


Rather Slow.
2. Like the flowers that bloom and fade, Like the winds that sob and sigh, Like the flut-ter-ing, fall-ing leaf, Such, O Lord, it seems am I.
4. Like the worm that creeps the earth, Waiting wings to heav'nward fly, Like it long-ing for glorious birth, Such, O Lord, it seems am I.
O that I, ... that I had wings, . . . that I had wings, . . . had wings like a dove! . . . .
O that I had wings, O that I had wings, that I had wings like a dove, that I had wings like a dove!
Cres.
O that I had wings, O that I had wings, that I had wings like a dove, that I had wings like a dove!
Cres.

m A little faster.
ff
Rall - en - tan - do.
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . .
A tempo.
ff
Rall - en - tan - do. - -
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .
Then w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Then w'd I fly, . w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.

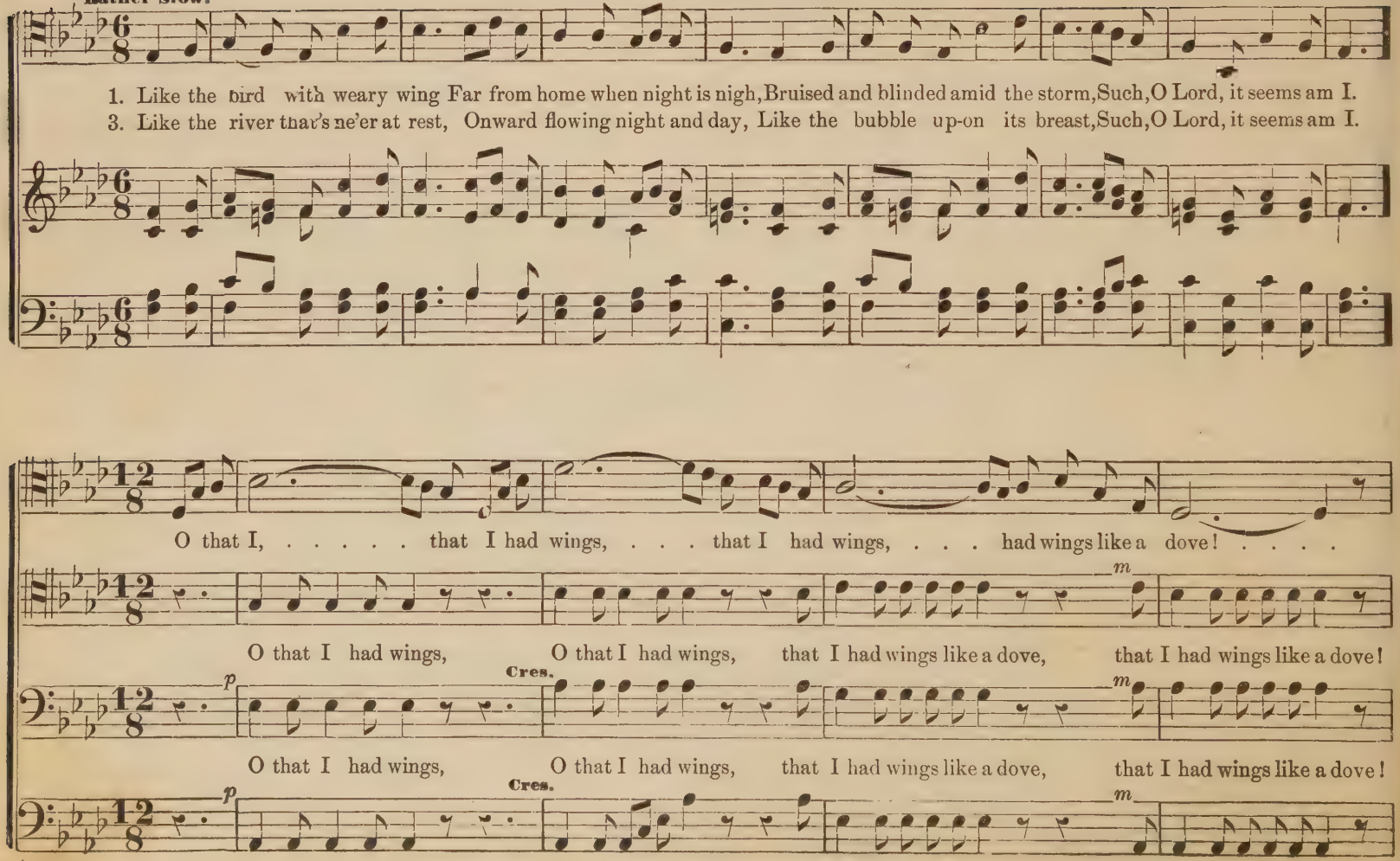
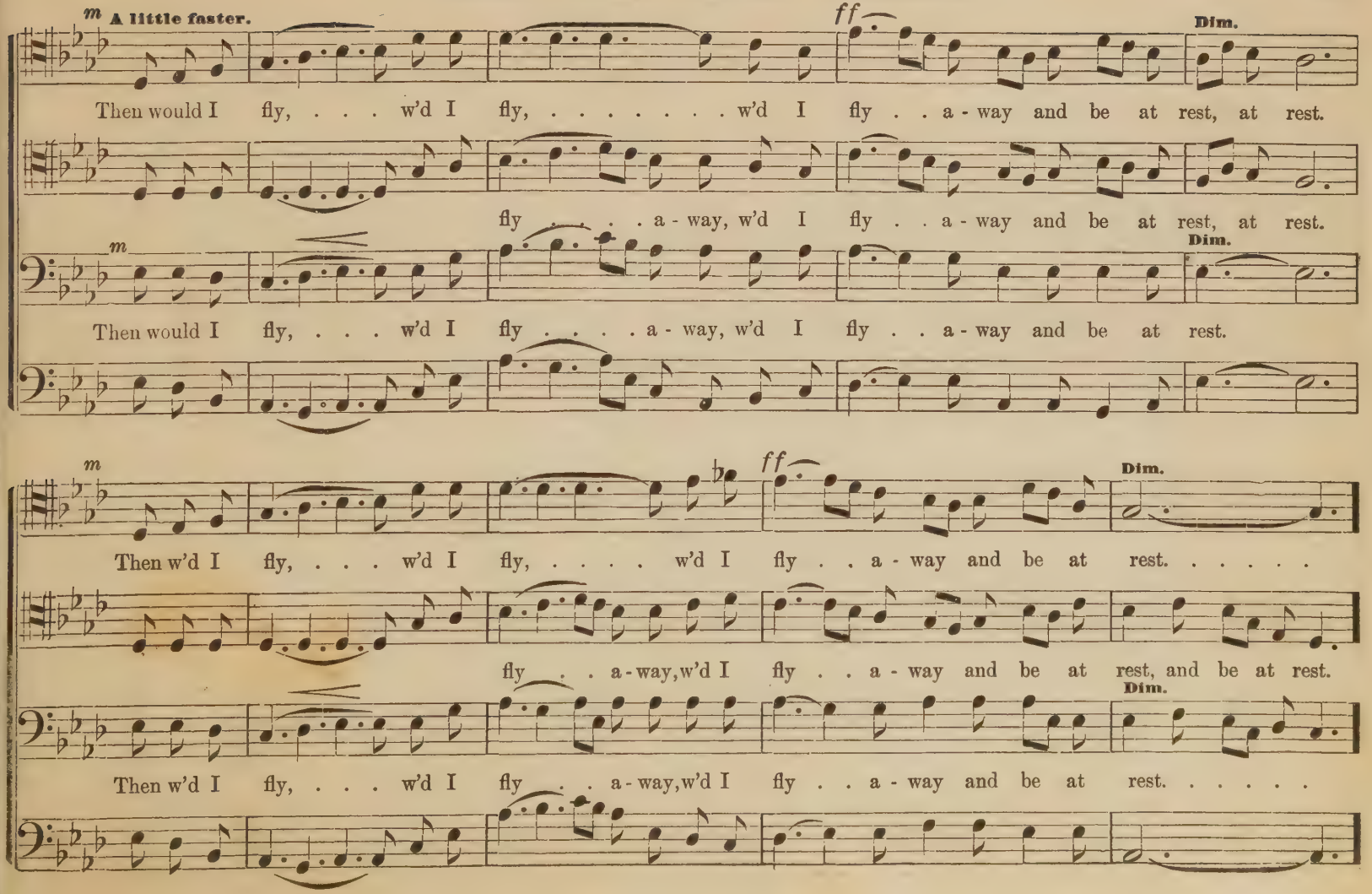
O THAT I HAD WINGS.

EL NATHAN.

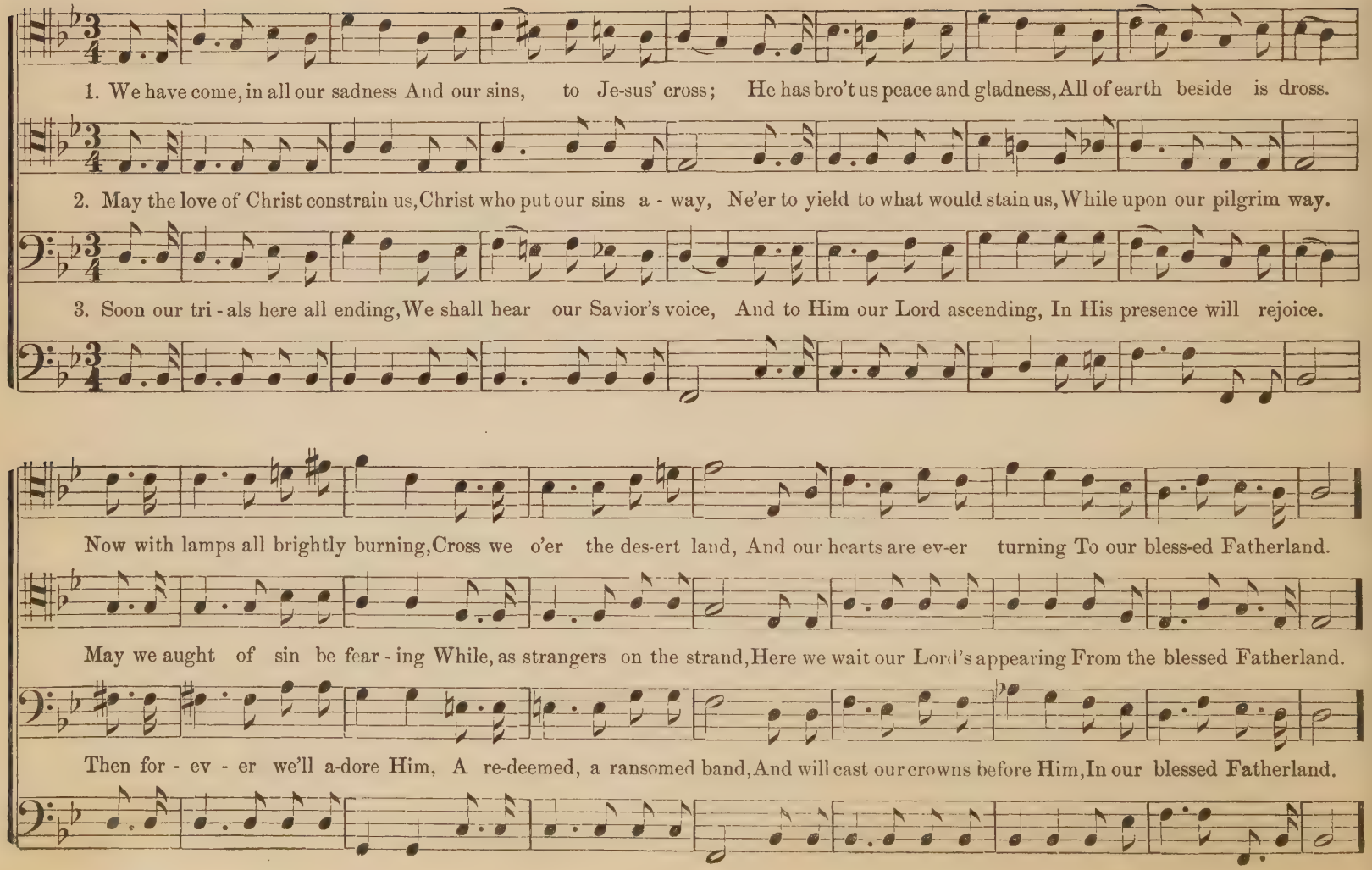
Rather Slow.

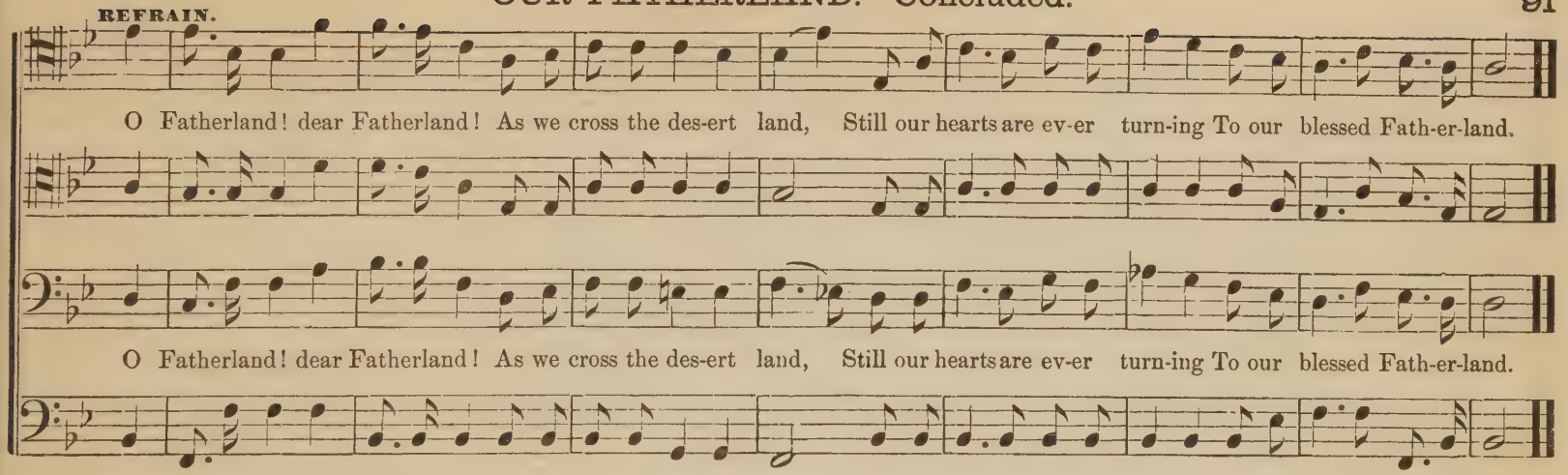
As written for Ladies voices, and, like various others, may be so used.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

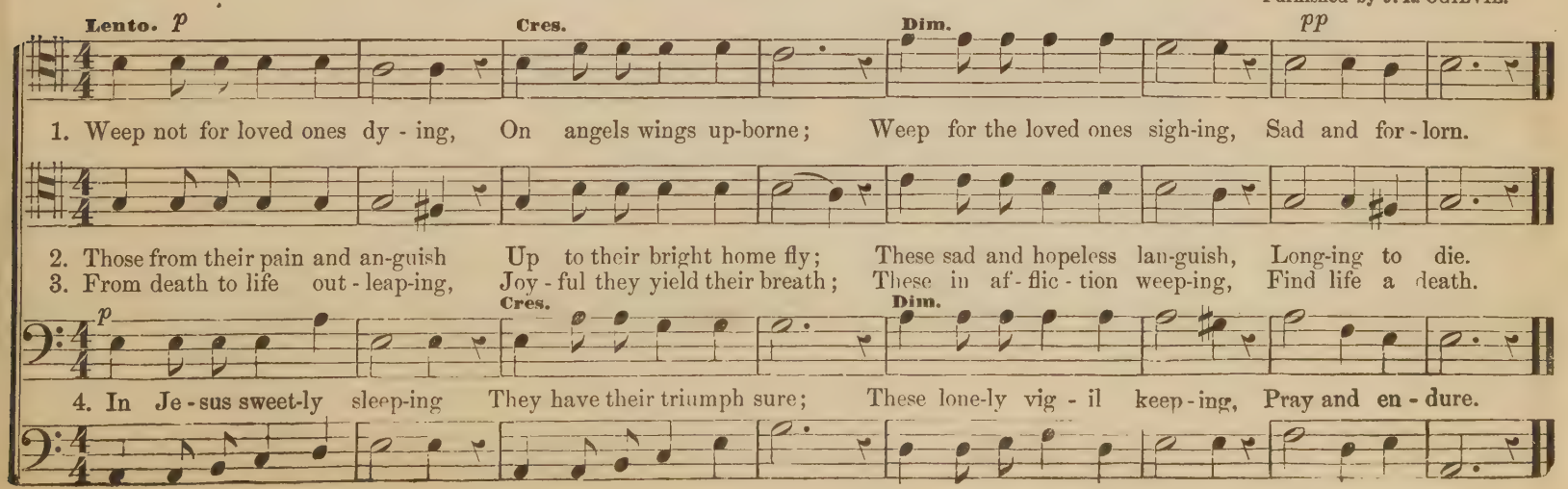

1. Like the bird with weary wing Far from home when night is nigh, Bruised and blinded amid the storm, Such, O Lord, it seems am I.
3. Like the river that's ne'er at rest, Onward flowing night and day, Like the bubble up-on its breast, Such, O Lord, it seems am I.
O that I, ... that I had wings, . . . that I had wings, . . . had wings like a dove! . . . .
O that I had wings, O that I had wings, that I had wings like a dove, that I had wings like a dove!
Cres.
O that I had wings, O that I had wings, that I had wings like a dove, that I had wings like a dove!
Cres.

m A little faster.
ff
Dim.
Then would I fly, . . . w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
fly . . . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, at rest.
m
Dim.
Then would I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest.
m
ff
Dim.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly, ... w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .
fly . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest, and be at rest.
Dim.
Then w'd I fly, . . . w'd I fly . . a - way, w'd I fly . . a - way and be at rest. . . . . .

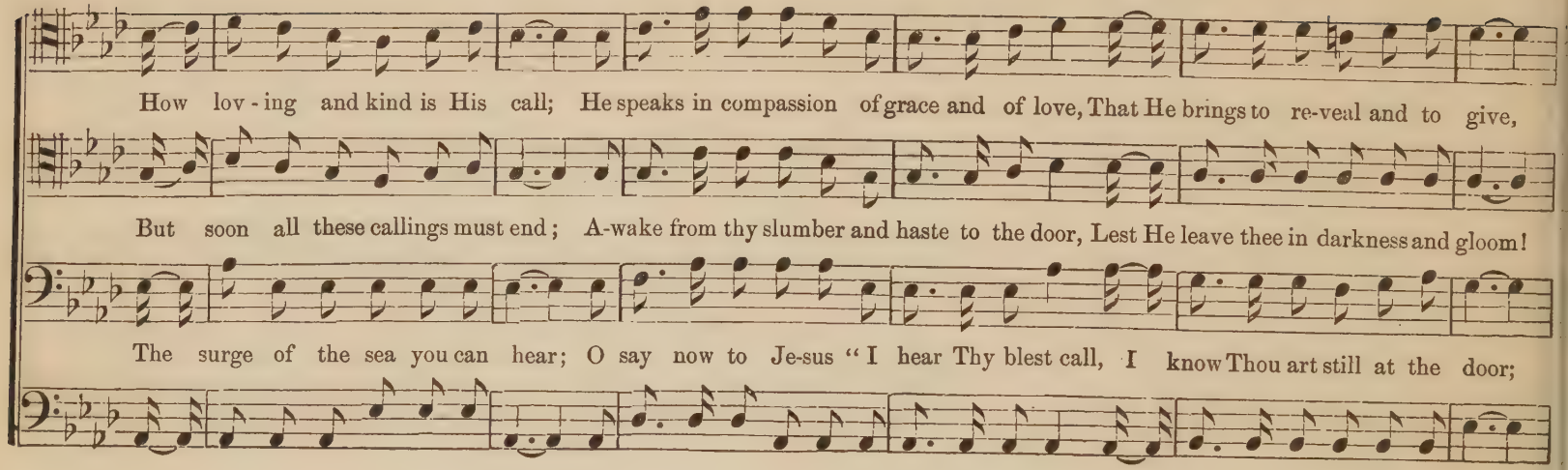
OUR FATHERLAND.

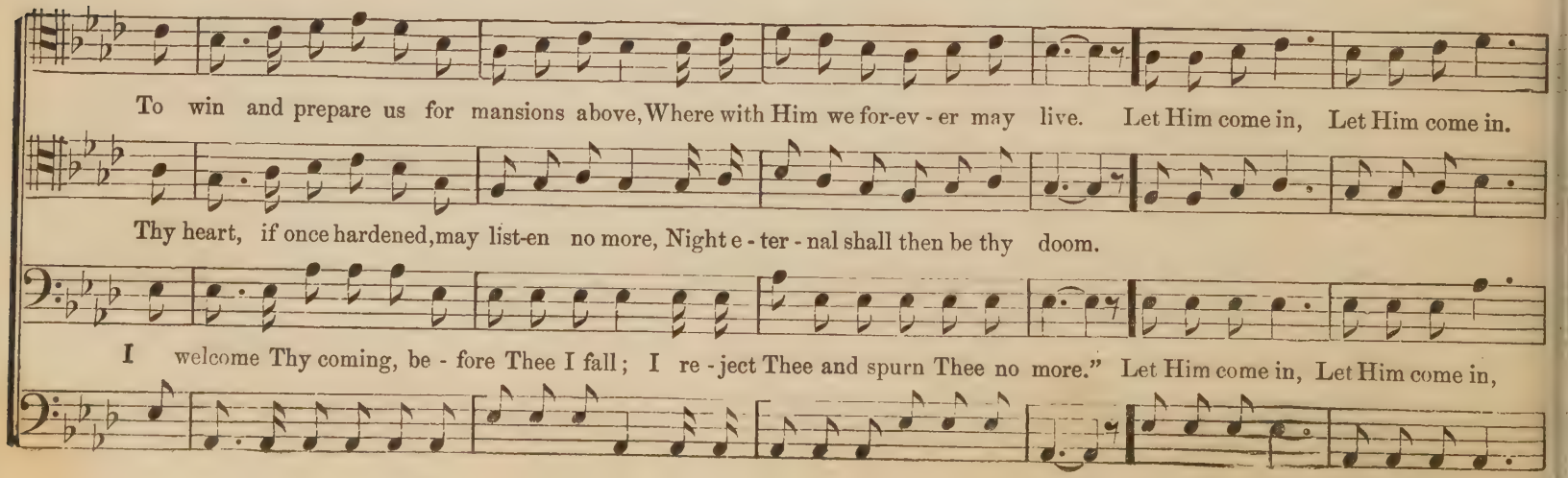
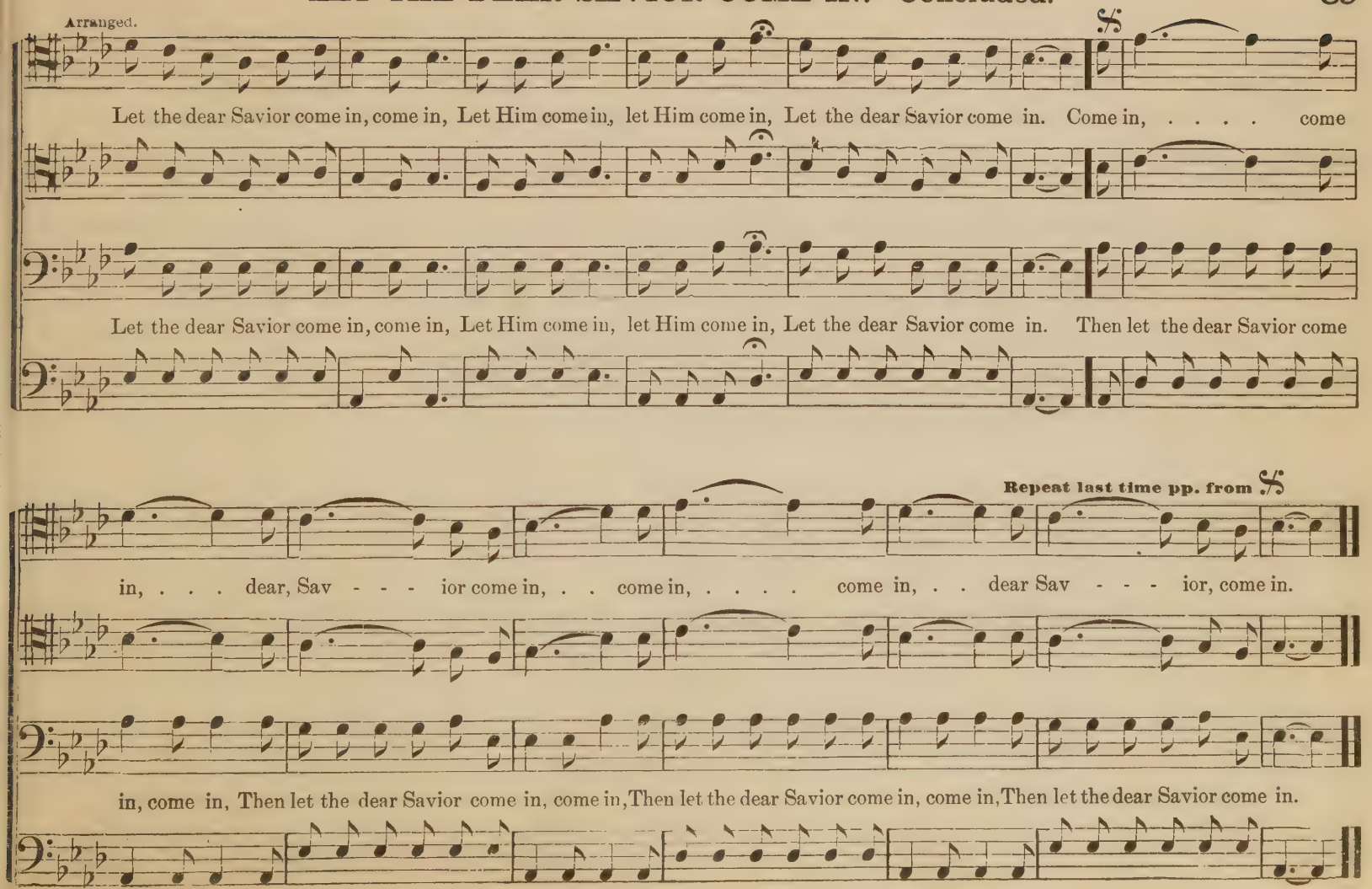
MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

1. We have come, in all our sadness And our sins, to Je-sus' cross; He has bro't us peace and gladness, All of earth beside is dross.
2. May the love of Christ constrain us, Christ who put our sins a - way, Ne'er to yield to what would stain us, While upon our pilgrim way.
3. Soon our tri - als here all ending, We shall hear our Savior's voice, And to Him our Lord ascending, In His presence will rejoice.
Now with lamps all brightly burning, Cross we o'er the des-ert land, And our hearts are ev-er turning To our bless-ed Fatherland.
May we aught of sin be fear - ing While, as strangers on the strand, Here we wait our Lord's appearing From the blessed Fatherland.
Then for - ev - er we'll a-dore Him, A re-deemed, a ransomed band, And will cast our crowns before Him, In our blessed Fatherland.


REFRAIN.
O Fatherland! dear Fatherland! As we cross the des-ert land, Still our hearts are ev-er turn-ing To our blessed Fath-er-land.
O Fatherland! dear Fatherland! As we cross the des-ert land, Still our hearts are ev-er turn-ing To our blessed Fath-er-land.

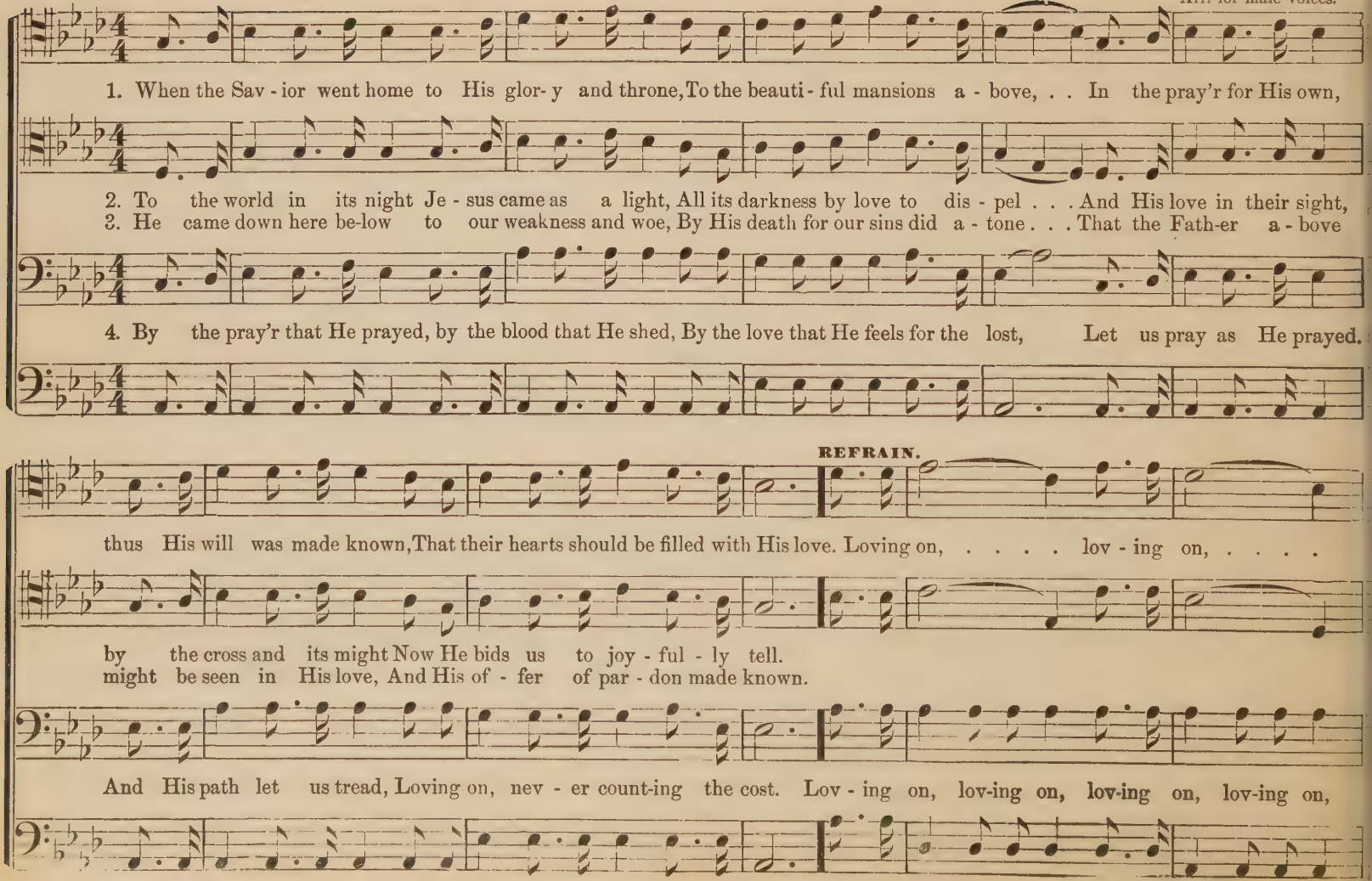
WEEP NOT FOR LOVED ONES DYING.

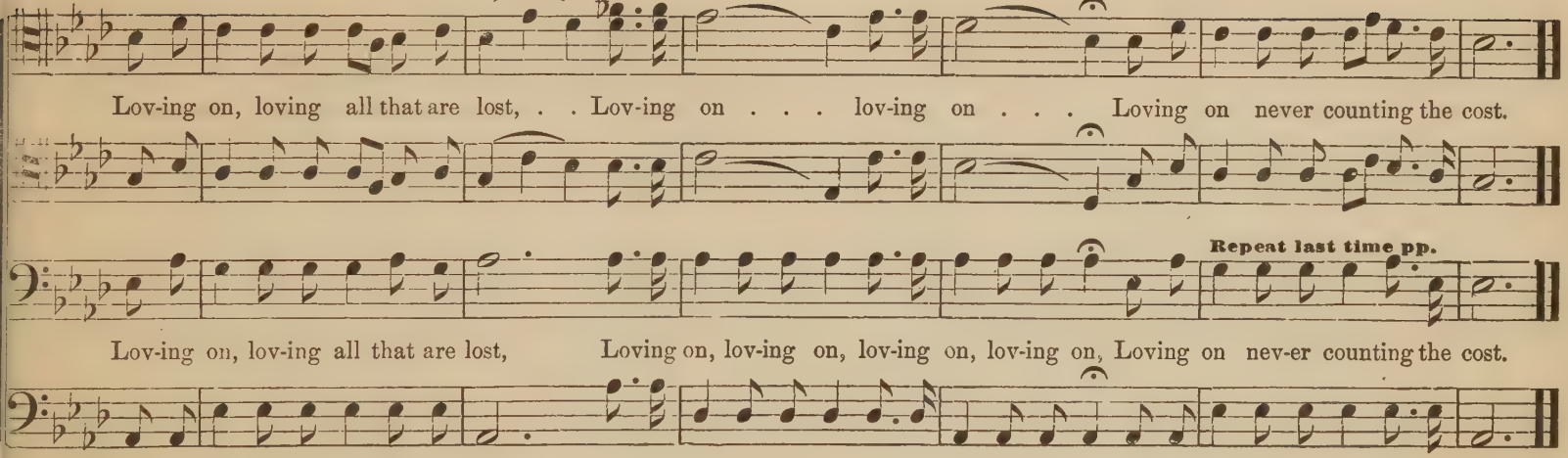
Furnished by J. R. OGILVIE.

Lento. p
Cres.
Dim.
pp
1. Weep not for loved ones dy - ing, On angels wings up-borne; Weep for the loved ones sigh-ing, Sad and for - lorn.
2. Those from their pain and an-guish Up to their bright home fly; These sad and hopeless lan-guish, Long-ing to die.
3. From death to life out - leap-ing, Joy - ful they yield their breath; These in af - flic - tion weep-ing, Find life a death.
p
Cres.
Dim.
4. In Je - sus sweet-ly sleep-ing They have their triumph sure; These lone-ly vig - il keep - ing, Pray and en - dure.


How lov - ing and kind is His call; He speaks in compassion of grace and of love, That He brings to re-veal and to give,
But soon all these callings must end; A-wake from thy slumber and haste to the door, Lest He leave thee in darkness and gloom!
The surge of the sea you can hear; O say now to Je-sus "I hear Thy blest call, I know Thou art still at the door;


To win and prepare us for mansions above, Where with Him we for-ev - er may live. Let Him come in, Let Him come in.
Thy heart, if once hardened, may list-en no more, Night e - ter - nal shall then be thy doom.
I welcome Thy coming, be - fore Thee I fall; I re - ject Thee and spurn Thee no more." Let Him come in, Let Him come in,

Arranged.
Let the dear Savior come in, come in, Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Savior come in. Come in, ... come
Let the dear Savior come in, come in, Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Savior come in. Then let the dear Savior come
Repeat last time pp. from
in, . . . dear, Sav - - - ior come in, . . come in, ... come in, . . dear Sav - - - ior, come in.
in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in, come in, Then let the dear Savior come in.

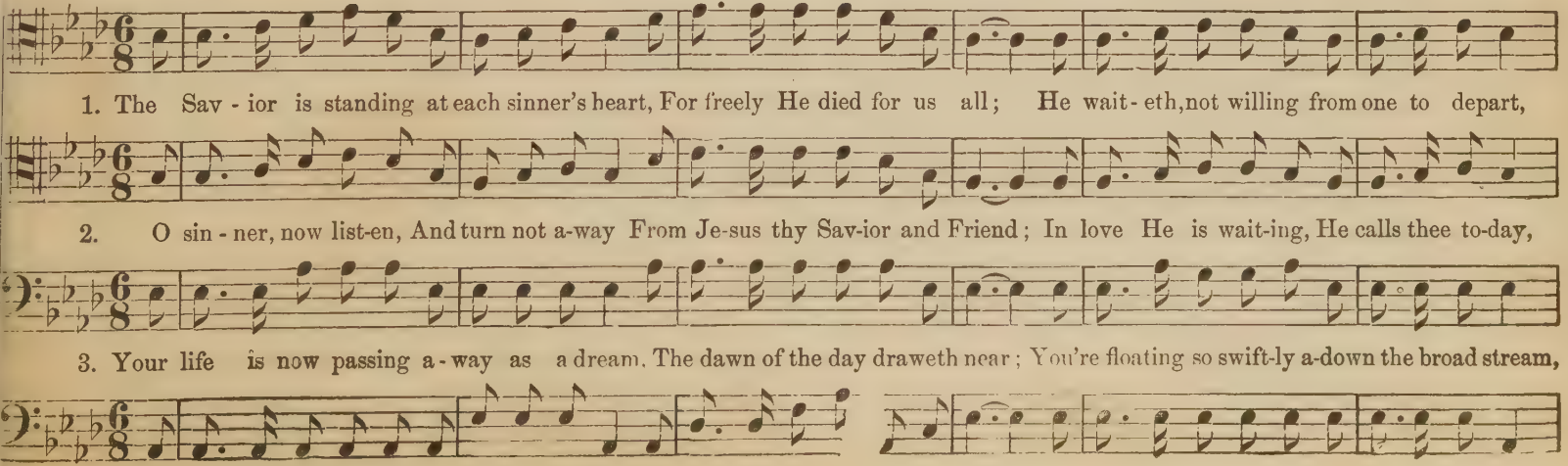
WHEN THE SAVIOR WENT HOME.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.
Arr. for male voices.

1. When the Sav - ior went home to His glor- y and throne, To the beauti - ful mansions a - bove, . . In the pray'r for His own,
2. To the world in its night Je - sus came as a light, All its darkness by love to dis - pel . . . And His love in their sight,
3. He came down here be-low to our weakness and woe, By His death for our sins did a - tone . . . That the Fath-er a - bove
4. By the pray'r that He prayed, by the blood that He shed, By the love that He feels for the lost, Let us pray as He prayed.
REFRAIN.
thus His will was made known, That their hearts should be filled with His love. Loving on, ... lov - ing on, ...
by the cross and its might Now He bids us to joy - ful - ly tell.
might be seen in His love, And His of - fer of par - don made known.
And His path let us tread, Loving on, nev - er count-ing the cost. Lov - ing on, lov-ing on, lov-ing on, lov-ing on,


Lov-ing on, loving all that are lost, . . Lov-ing on . . . lov-ing on . . . Loving on never counting the cost.
Repeat last time pp.
Lov-ing on, lov-ing all that are lost, Loving on, lov-ing on, lov-ing on, lov-ing on, Loving on nev-er counting the cost.

LET THE DEAR SAVIOR COME IN.

L. B. KENT. Arr.) T. H. TANNER.


1. The Sav - ior is standing at each sinner's heart, For freely He died for us all; He wait - eth, not willing from one to depart,
2. O sin - ner, now list-en, And turn not a-way From Je-sus thy Sav-ior and Friend; In love He is wait-ing, He calls thee to-day,
3. Your life is now passing a - way as a dream. The dawn of the day draweth near; You're floating so swift-ly a-down the broad stream,

COME, O MY SOUL WITH SINGING.

GERHARDT. Arranged.

KUCKEN. (Arr.)

mf **Andante con moto.**

> **Dim.**

1. Come, O my soul with sing - ing, With joy - ful sounds a - rise, Thanksgiv - ing glad - ly bring - ing To

2. All who their hope have found - ed In faith on God a - lone, Shall nev - er be con - found - ed, 'T is

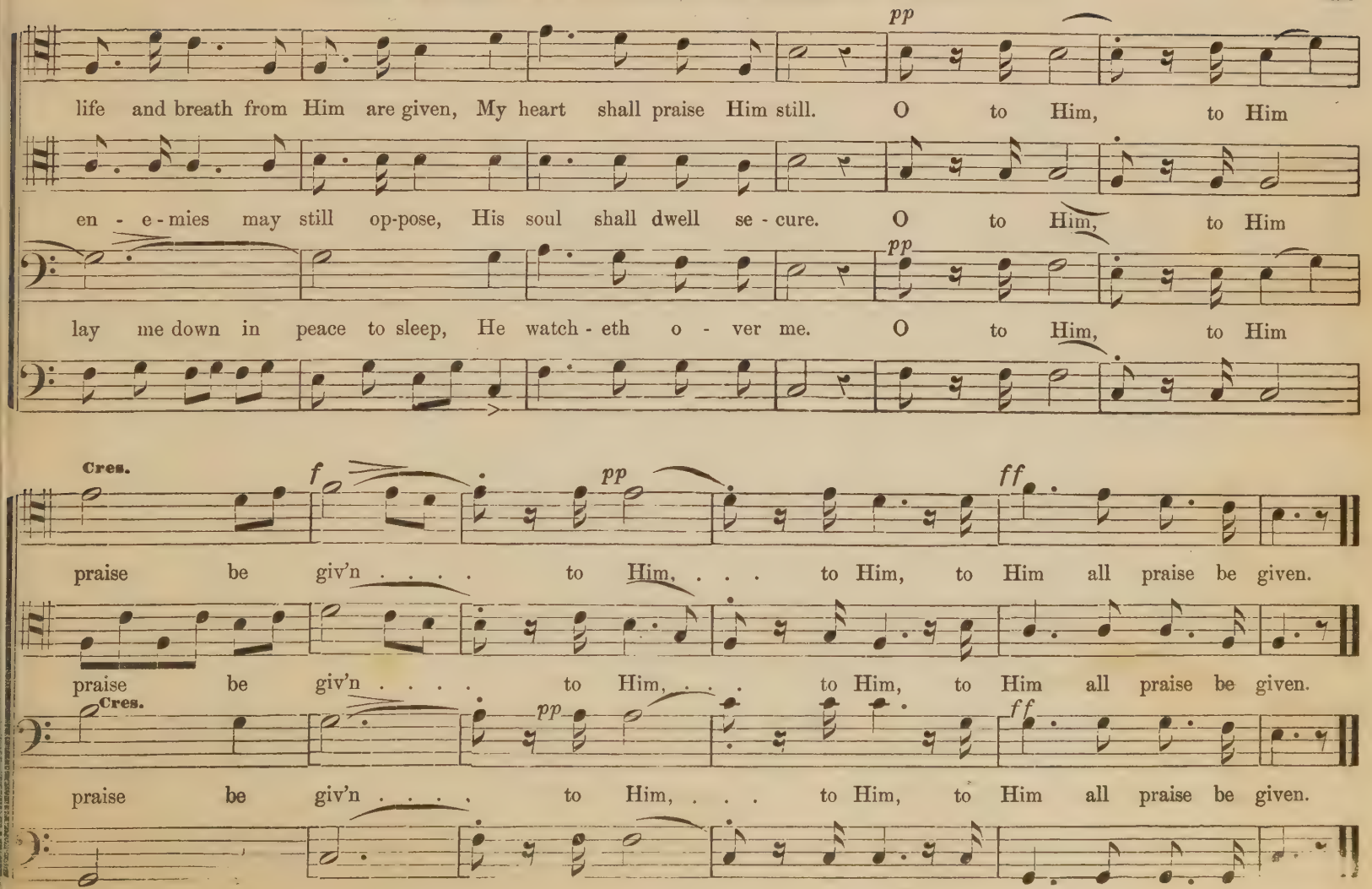
mf

3. God's will for aye pre - vail - eth, 'T is His de - light to bless, His mer - cy nev - er fail - eth, Nor

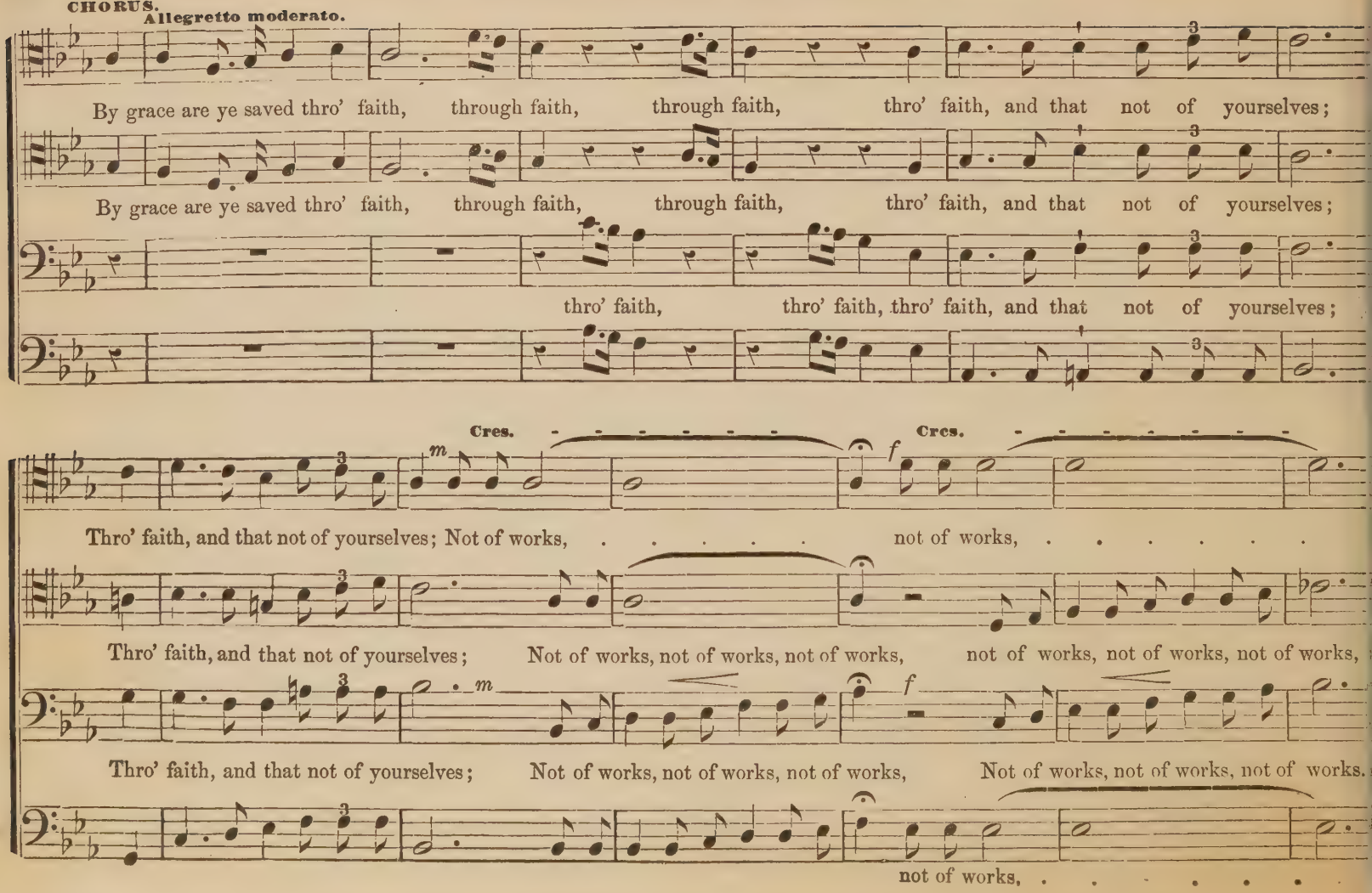
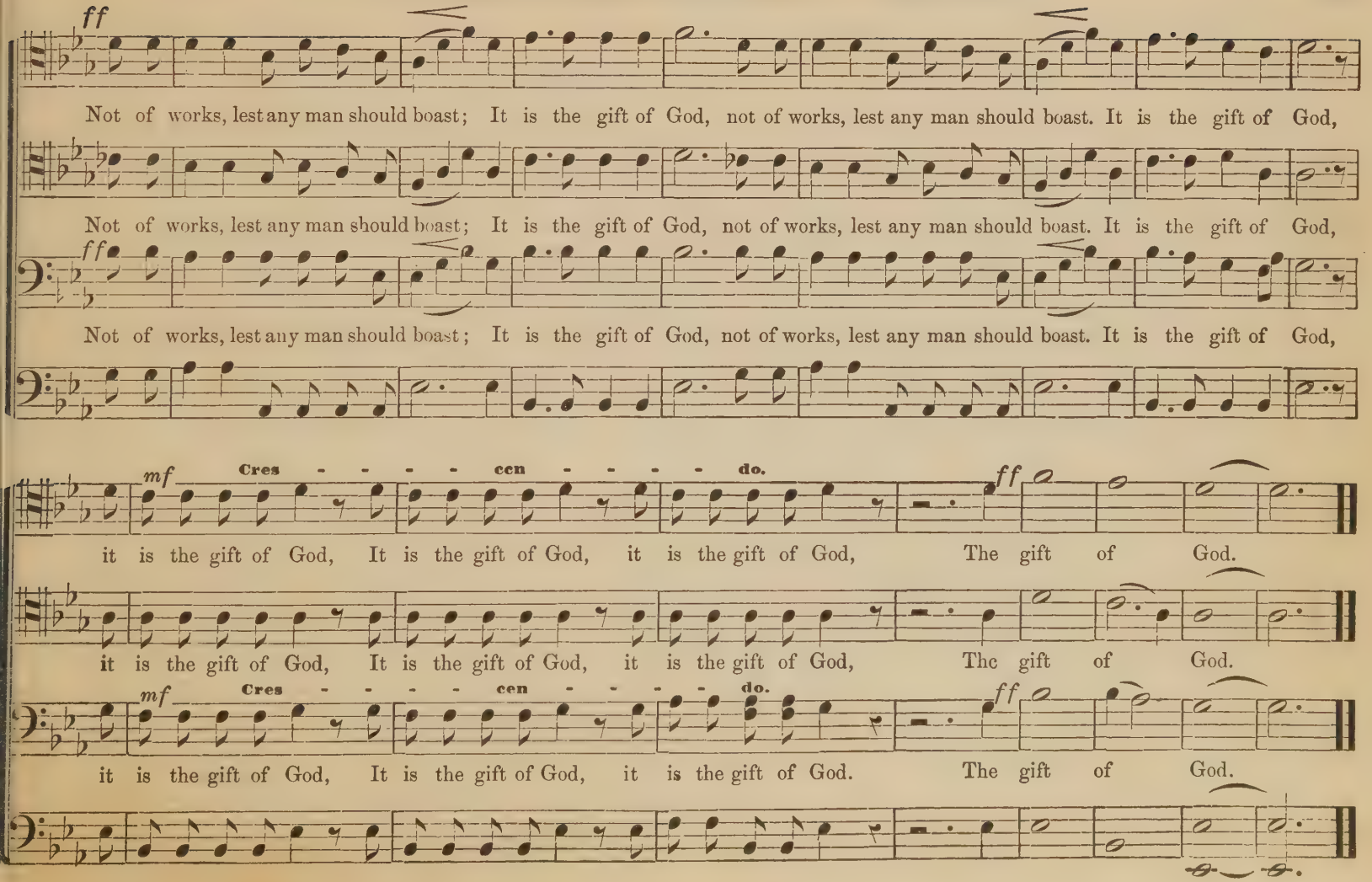
Him who rules the skies; All things in earth, all things in heaven, O - bey His will, His sovereign will, . . . While

sta - ble as His throne, He who in God shall all re-pose, Hath gained in Him a por - tion sure, . . . Though

sinks His faith - ful-ness; His prom - i - ses my God will keep, I rest on this His sure de - cree, . . . I

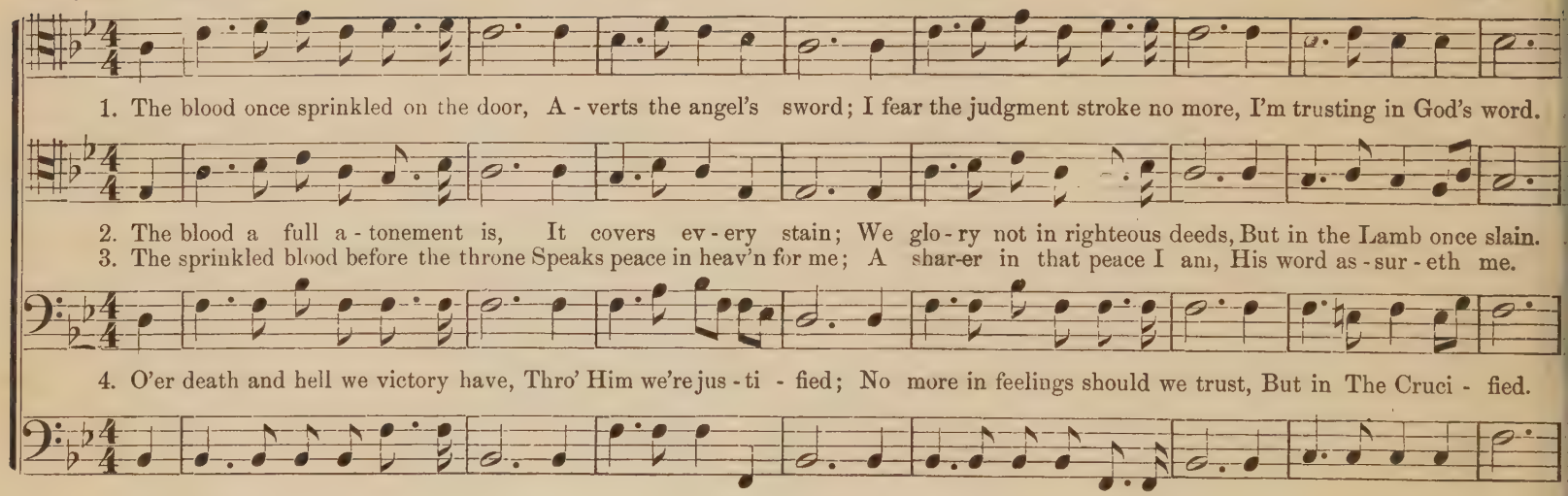

pp
life and breath from Him are given, My heart shall praise Him still. O to Him, to Him
en - e - mies may still op-pose, His soul shall dwell se - cure. O to Him, to Him
pp
lay me down in peace to sleep, He watch - eth o - ver me. O to Him, to Him
Cres.
f
pp
ff
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
Cres.
pp
ff
praise be giv'n . . . . to Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.

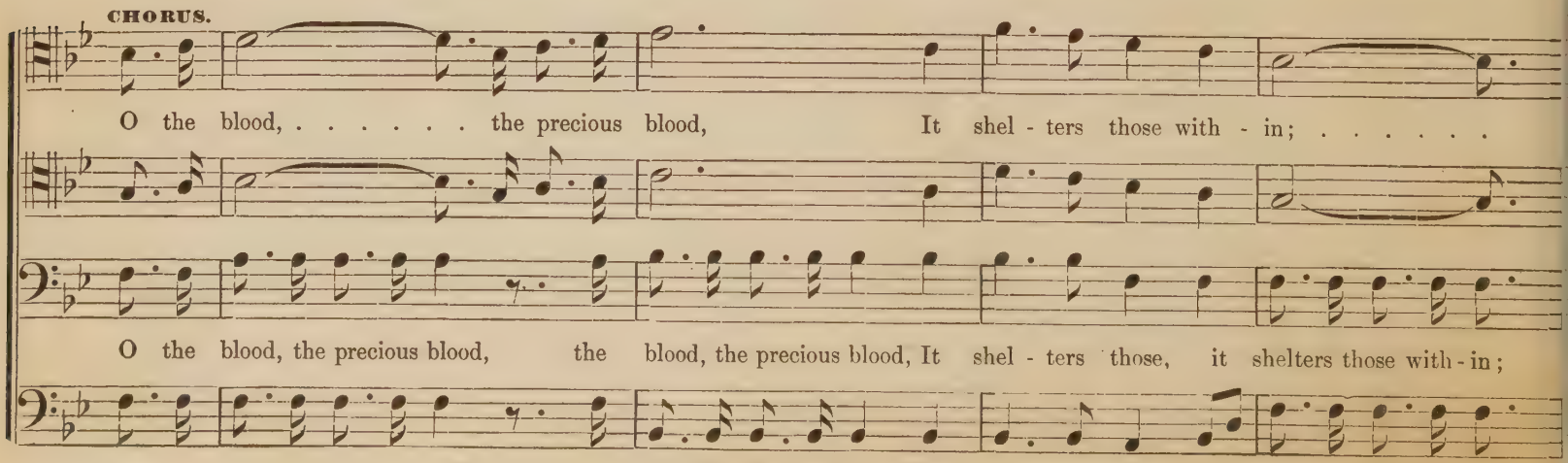
BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED. Continued.


CHORUS.
Allegretto moderato.
By grace are ye saved thro' faith, through faith, through faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;
By grace are ye saved thro' faith, through faith, through faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;
thro' faith, thro' faith, thro' faith, and that not of yourselves;
Cres.
Cres.
Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works,
Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works, not of works,
Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves; Not of works, not of works, not of works, Not of works, not of works, not of works.
not of works,

ff
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
ff
Not of works, lest any man should boast; It is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God,
mf
Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
ff
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, The gift of God.
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, The gift of God.
mf
Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
ff
it is the gift of God, It is the gift of God, it is the gift of God. The gift of God.

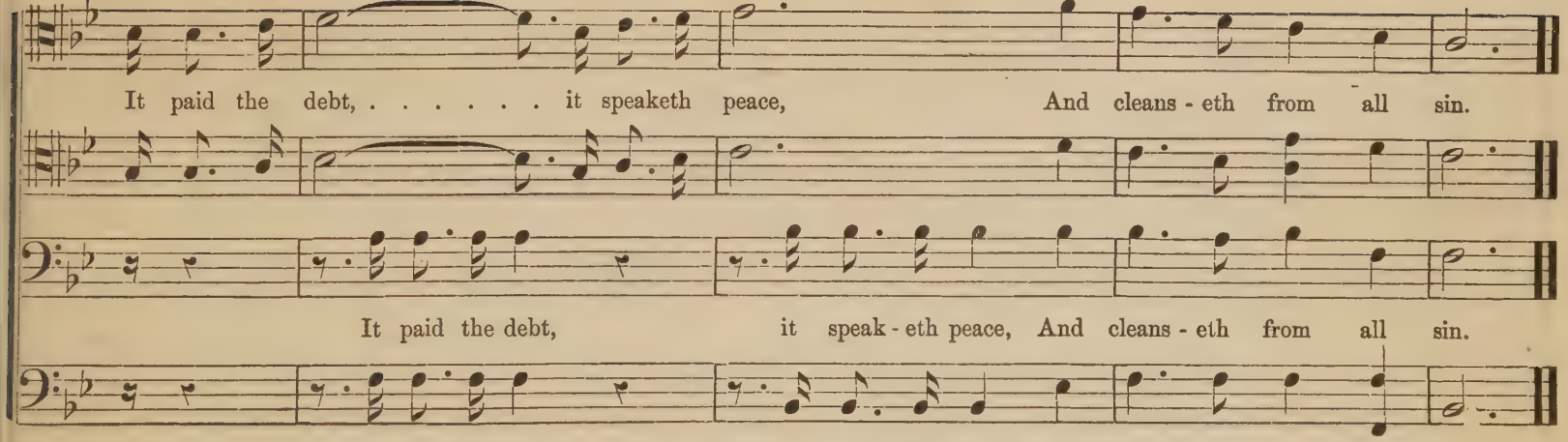
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.


1. The blood once sprinkled on the door, A - verts the angel's sword; I fear the judgment stroke no more, I'm trusting in God's word.
2. The blood a full a - tonement is, It covers ev - ery stain; We glo - ry not in righteous deeds, But in the Lamb once slain.
3. The sprinkled blood before the throne Speaks peace in heav'n for me; A shar-er in that peace I am, His word as - sur - eth me.
4. O'er death and hell we victory have, Thro' Him we're jus - ti - fied; No more in feelings should we trust, But in The Cruci - fied.

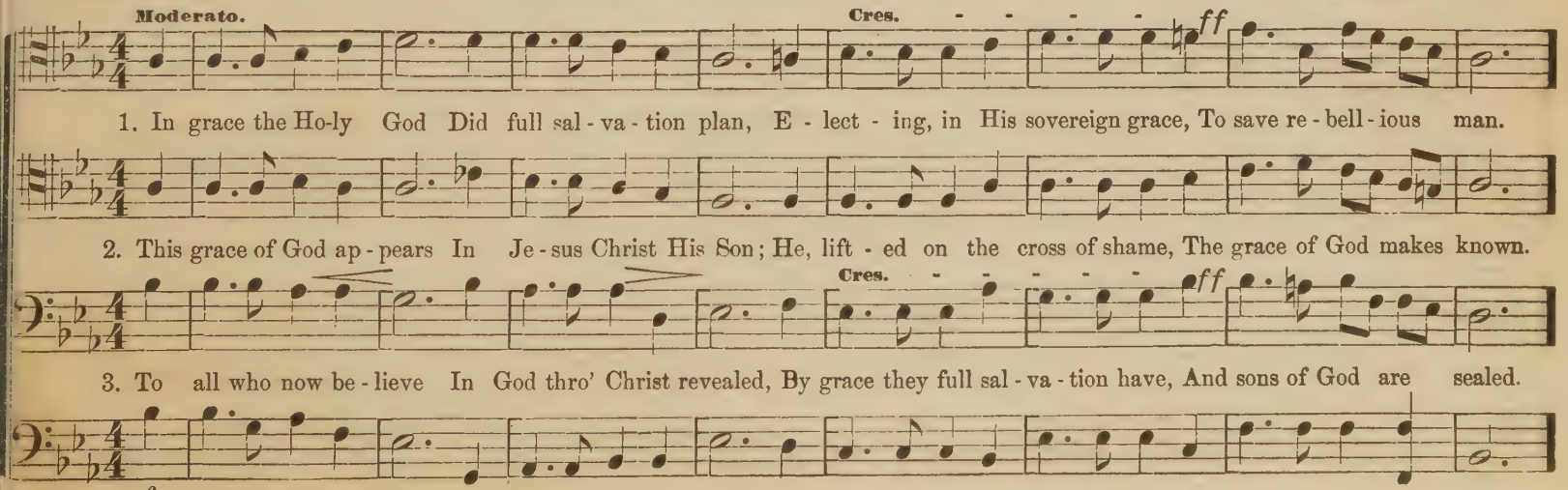

CHORUS.
O the blood, ... the precious blood, It shel - ters those with - in; . . . . . .
O the blood, the precious blood, the blood, the precious blood, It shel - ters those, it shelters those with - in;

Copyrighted for mixed voices by C. C. CASE.


It paid the debt, ... it speaketh peace, And cleans - eth from all sin.
It paid the debt, it speak - eth peace, And cleans - eth from all sin.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

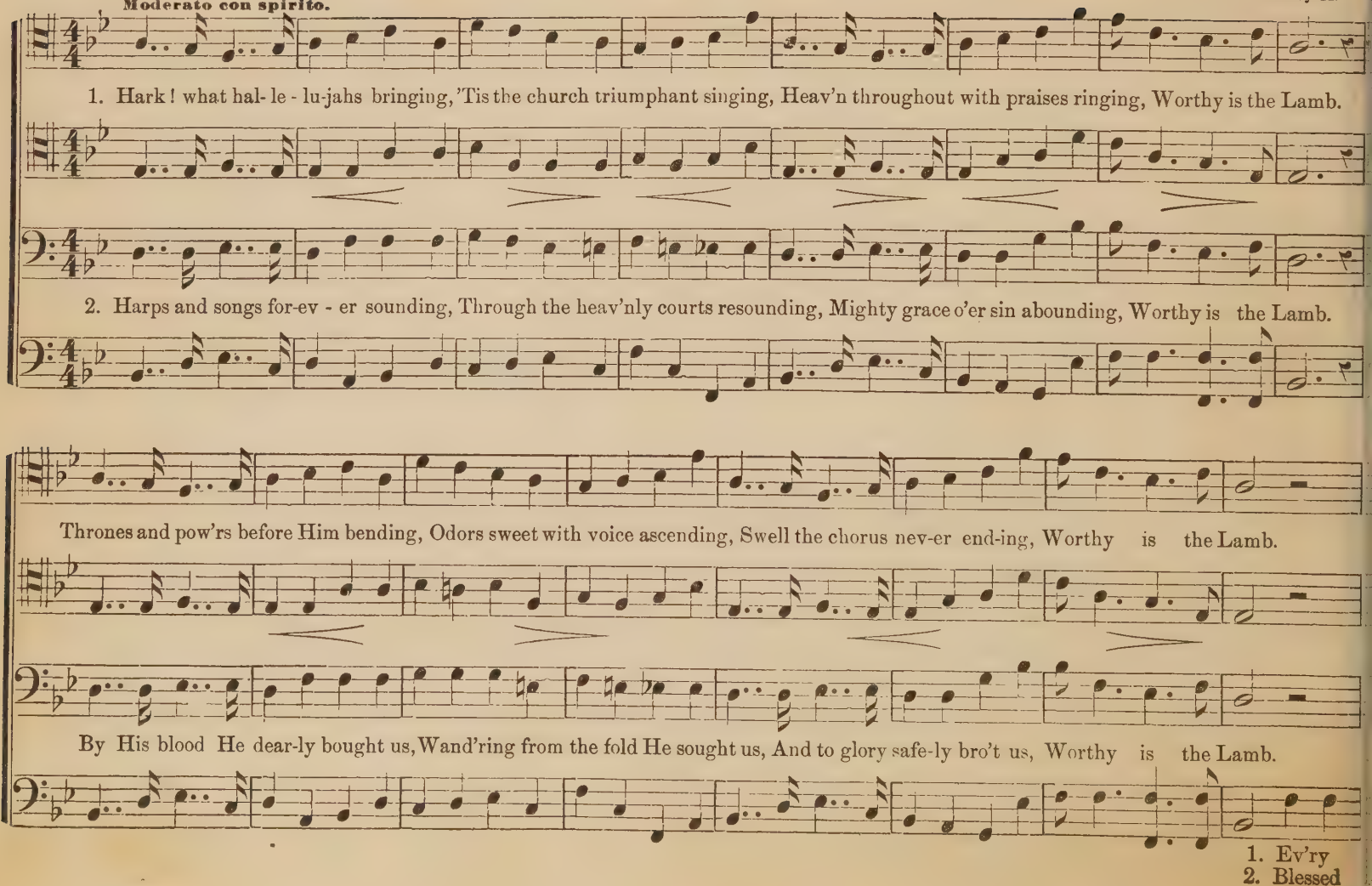
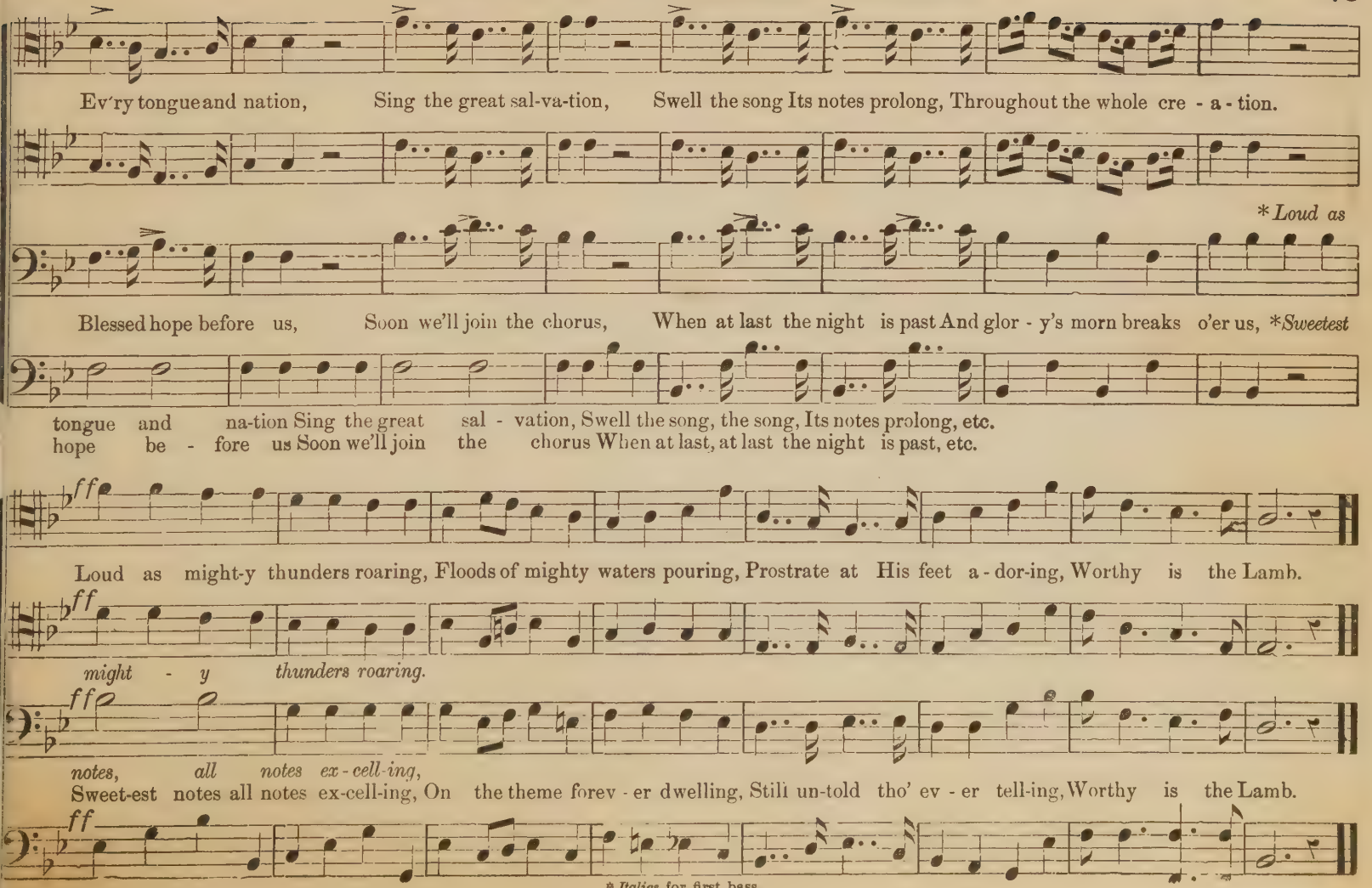

Moderato.
Cres.
ff
1. In grace the Ho-ly God Did full sal - va - tion plan, E - lect - ing, in His sovereign grace, To save re - bell - ious man.
2. This grace of God ap - pears In Je - sus Christ His Son; He, lift - ed on the cross of shame, The grace of God makes known.
Cres.
ff
3. To all who now be - lieve In God thro' Christ revealed, By grace they full sal - va - tion have, And sons of God are sealed.

Arr. from KENT, 1803, by M.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB."

Arr. by M.

Moderato con spirito.

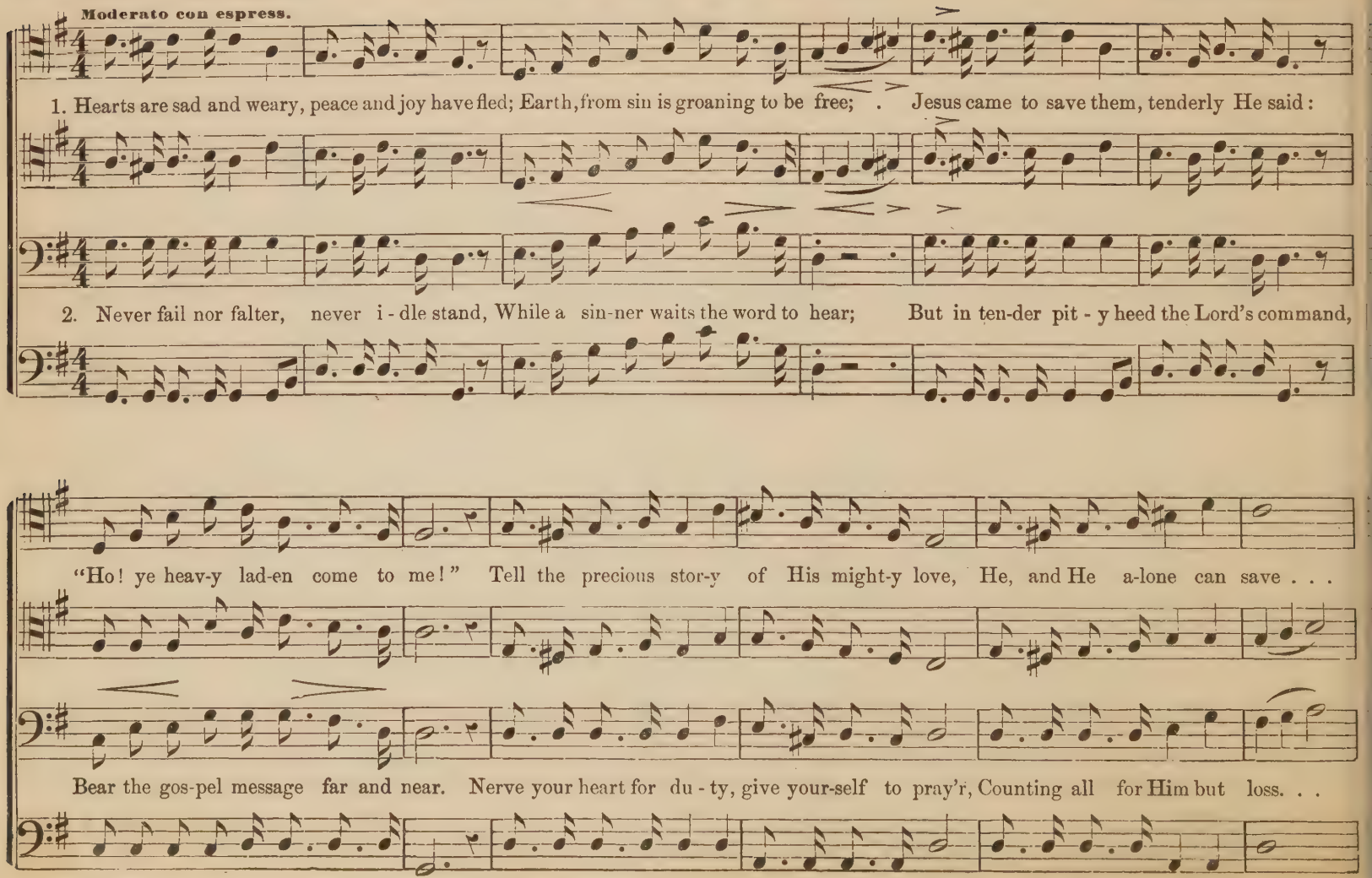

1. Hark! what hal- le - lu-jahs bringing, 'Tis the church triumphant singing, Heav'n throughout with praises ringing, Worthy is the Lamb.
2. Harps and songs for-ev - er sounding, Through the heav'nly courts resounding, Mighty grace o'er sin abounding, Worthy is the Lamb.
Thrones and pow'rs before Him bending, Odors sweet with voice ascending, Swell the chorus nev-er end-ing, Worthy is the Lamb.
By His blood He dear-ly bought us, Wand'ring from the fold He sought us, And to glory safe-ly bro't us, Worthy is the Lamb.
1. Ev'ry
2. Blessed

Ev'ry tongue and nation, Sing the great sal-va-tion, Swell the song Its notes prolong, Throughout the whole cre - a - tion.
*Loud as
Blessed hope before us, Soon we'll join the chorus, When at last the night is past And glor - y's morn breaks o'er us, *Sweetest
tongue and na-tion Sing the great sal - vation, Swell the song, the song, Its notes prolong, etc.
hope be - fore us Soon we'll join the chorus When at last, at last the night is past, etc.
Loud as might-y thunders roaring, Floods of mighty waters pouring, Prostrate at His feet a - dor-ing, Worthy is the Lamb.
might - y thunders roaring.
notes, all notes ex - cell-ing,
Sweet-est notes all notes ex-cell-ing, On the theme forev - er dwelling, Still un-told tho' ev - er tell-ing, Worthy is the Lamb.

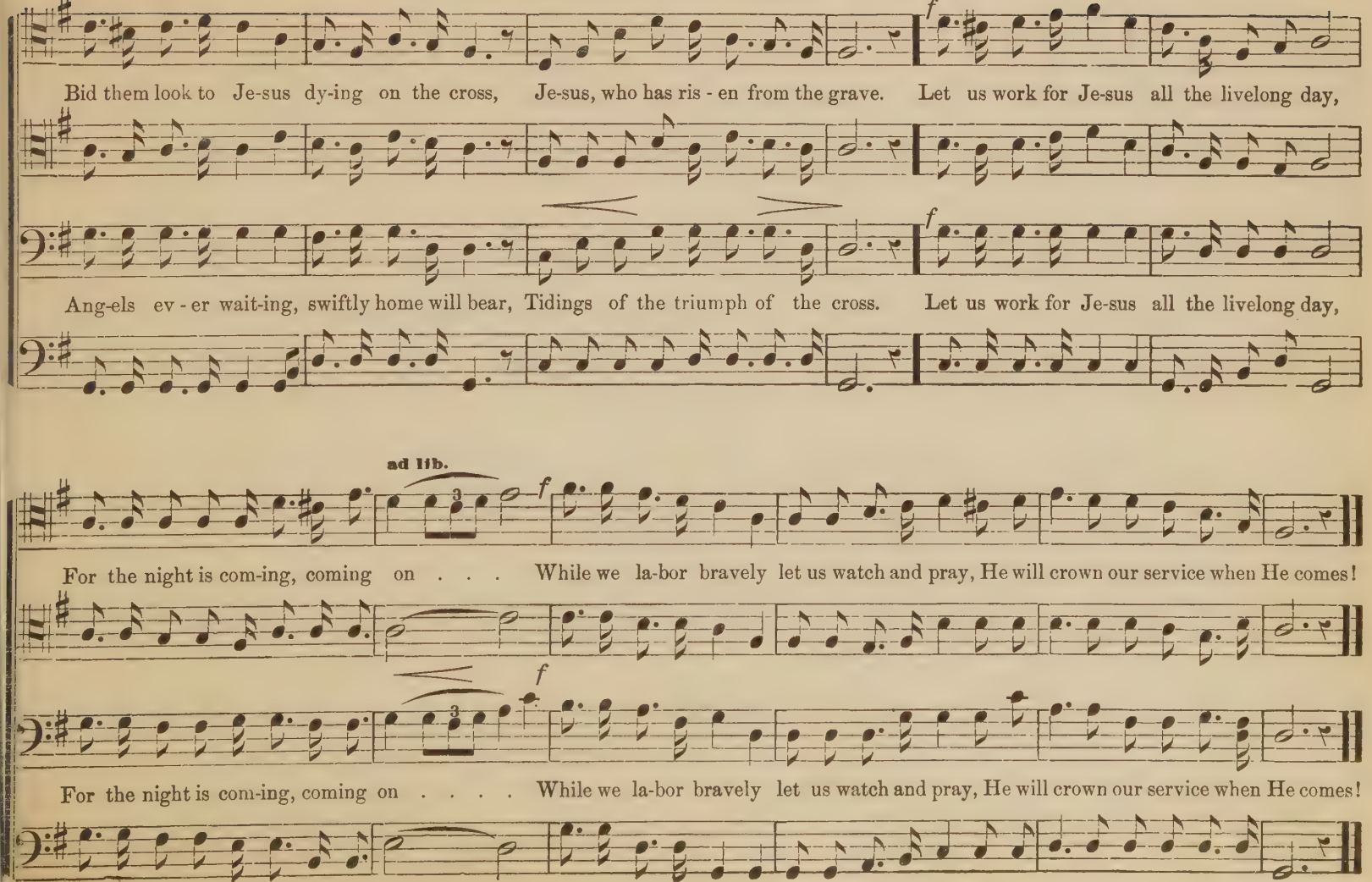
Italics for first bass.

Arr. from V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

LET US WORK FOR JESUS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

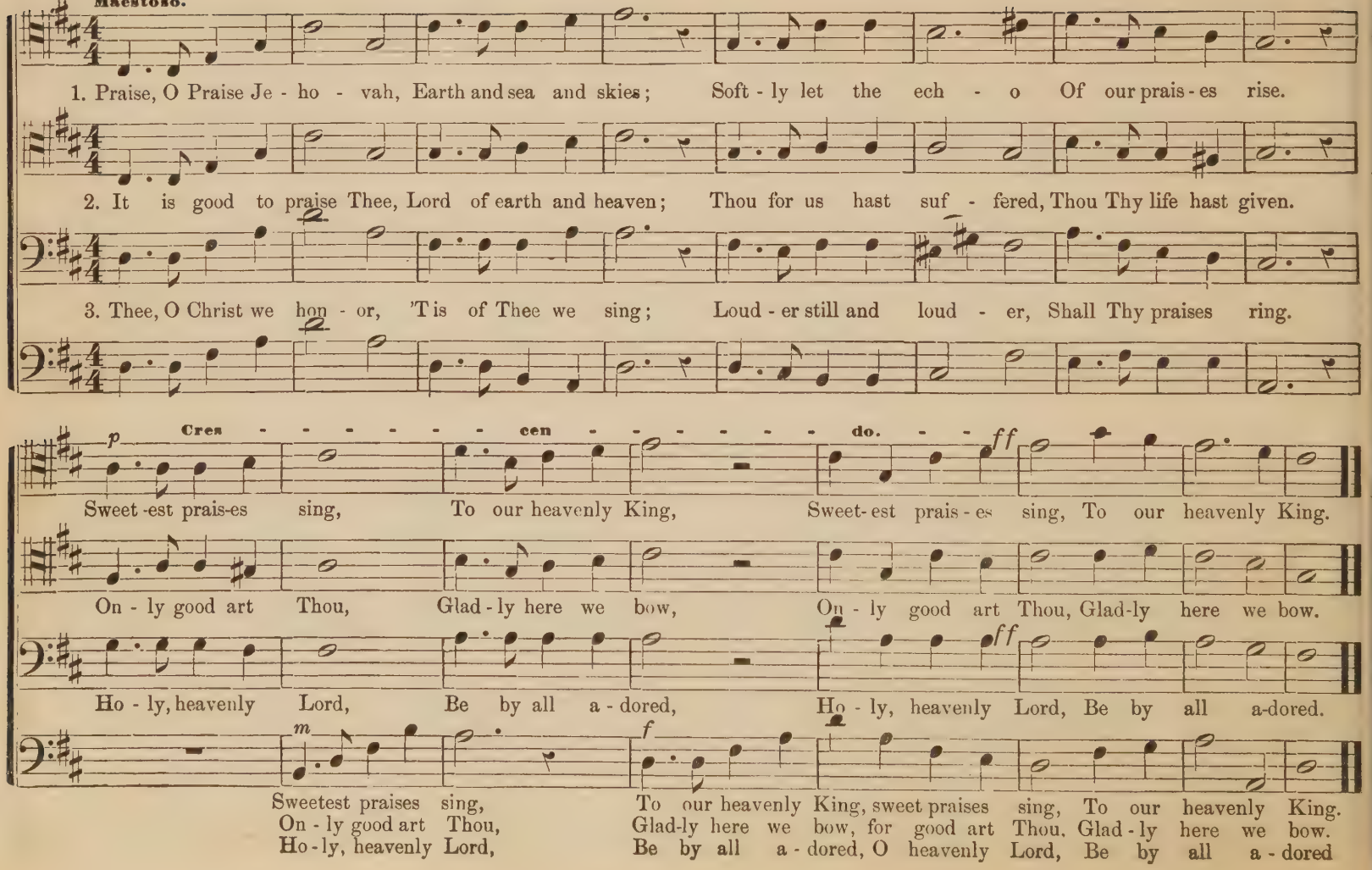

Moderato con espress.
1. Hearts are sad and weary, peace and joy have fled; Earth, from sin is groaning to be free; . Jesus came to save them, tenderly He said:
2. Never fail nor falter, never i - dle stand, While a sin-ner waits the word to hear; But in ten-der pit - y heed the Lord's command,
"Ho! ye heav-y lad-en come to me!" Tell the precious stor-y of His might-y love, He, and He a-lone can save . . .
Bear the gos-pel message far and near. Nerve your heart for du - ty, give your-self to pray'r, Counting all for Him but loss. . .


Bid them look to Je-sus dy-ing on the cross, Je-sus, who has ris - en from the grave. Let us work for Je-sus all the livelong day,
Ang-els ev - er wait-ing, swiftly home will bear, Tidings of the triumph of the cross. Let us work for Je-sus all the livelong day,
ad lib.
For the night is com-ing, coming on . . . While we la-bor bravely let us watch and pray, He will crown our service when He comes!
For the night is com-ing, coming on . . . . While we la-bor bravely let us watch and pray, He will crown our service when He comes!

PRAISE, O PRAISE JEHOVAH.

EL NATHAN.

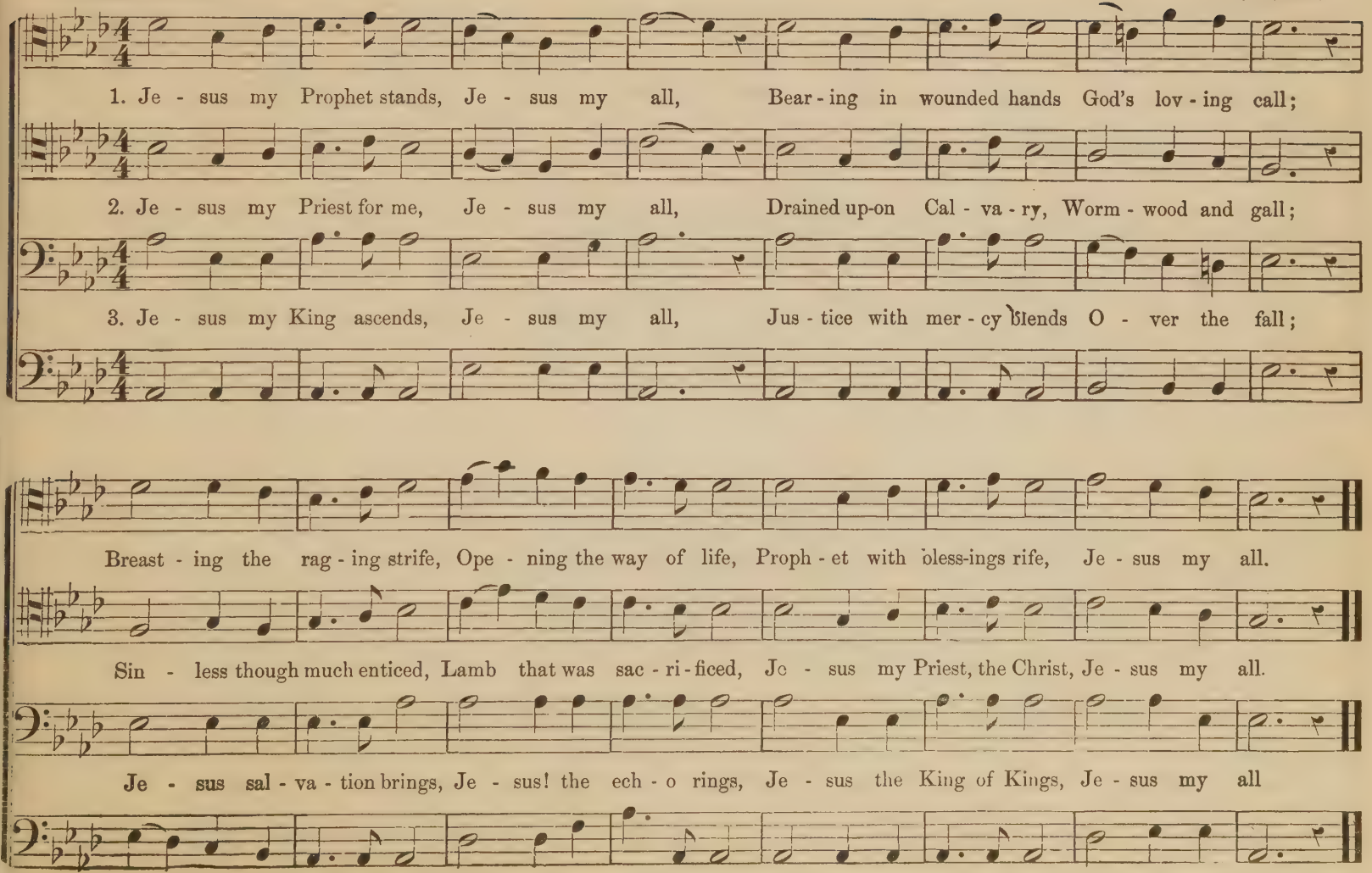
LOUIS SPOHR.


Maestoso.
1. Praise, O Praise Je - ho - vah, Earth and sea and skies; Soft - ly let the ech - o Of our prais - es rise.
2. It is good to praise Thee, Lord of earth and heaven; Thou for us hast suf - fered, Thou Thy life hast given.
3. Thee, O Christ we hon - or, 'T is of Thee we sing; Loud - er still and loud - er, Shall Thy praises ring.
p
Cres - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do. - - ff
Sweet - est prais-es sing, To our heavenly King, Sweet - est prais - es sing, To our heavenly King.
On - ly good art Thou, Glad - ly here we bow, On - ly good art Thou, Glad-ly here we bow.
Ho - ly, heavenly Lord, Be by all a - dored, Ho - ly, heavenly Lord, Be by all a-dored.
m
f
Sweetest praises sing, To our heavenly King, sweet praises sing, To our heavenly King.
On - ly good art Thou, Glad-ly here we bow, for good art Thou, Glad - ly here we bow.
Ho - ly, heavenly Lord, Be by all a - dored, O heavenly Lord, Be by all a - dored

JESUS MY ALL.

R. KELSO CARTER.

T. H. TANNER.


1. Je - sus my Prophet stands, Je - sus my all, Bear - ing in wounded hands God's lov - ing call;
2. Je - sus my Priest for me, Je - sus my all, Drained up-on Cal - va - ry, Worm - wood and gall;
3. Je - sus my King ascends, Je - sus my all, Jus - tice with mer - cy blends O - ver the fall;
Breast - ing the rag - ing strife, Ope - ning the way of life, Proph - et with bless-ings rife, Je - sus my all.
Sin - less though much enticed, Lamb that was sac - ri - ficed, Je - sus my Priest, the Christ, Je - sus my all.
Je - sus sal - va - tion brings, Je - sus! the ech - o rings, Je - sus the King of Kings, Je - sus my all

THE SHEPHERD TRUE.

Expression.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I was wan - der - ing and wea - ry, When the Sav - ior came un - to me, For the ways of sin grew drear-y,

2. At first I would not heark - en, And put off un - til the mor - row; But this life be - gan to dark - en,

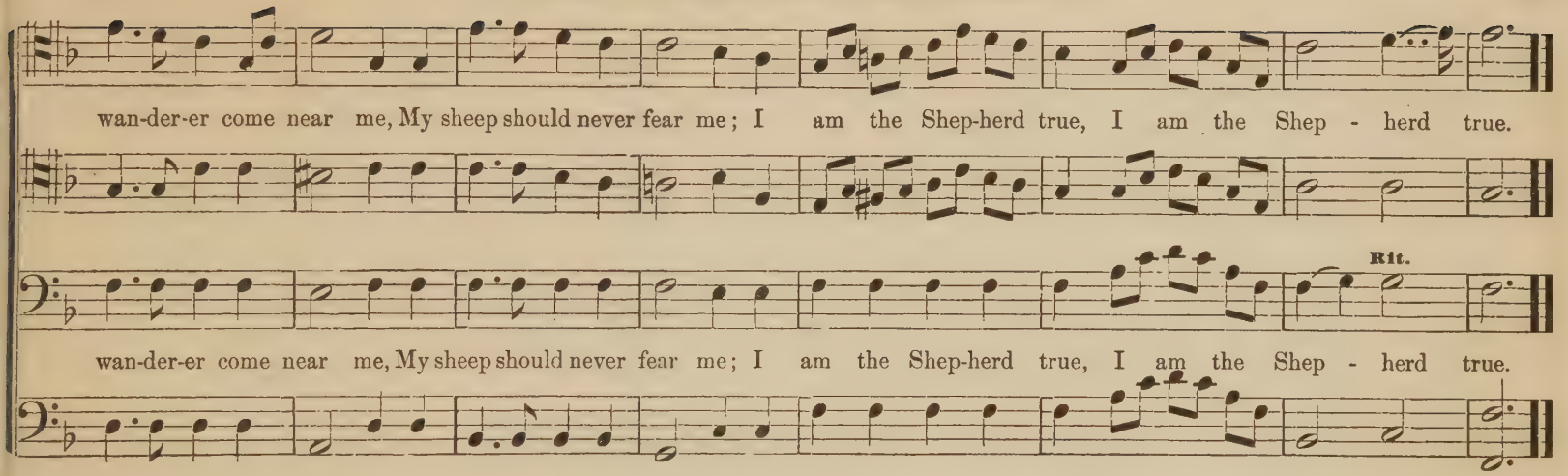
3. But at last I stopped to list - en, For His voice could not de - ceive me, Then I saw His kind eyes glist - en,

REFRAIN.

And the world had ceased to woo me. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came . . a - long the way, O

And my heart was sick with sor - row.

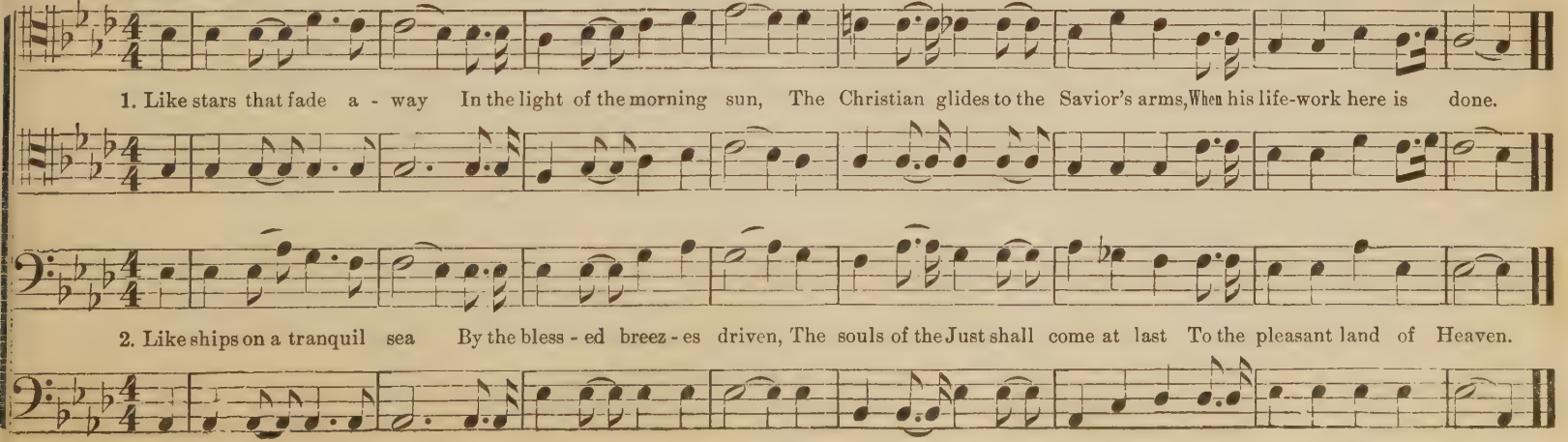
He so anxious to re - ceive me. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way, O


wan-der-er come near me, My sheep should never fear me; I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.
Rit.
wan-der-er come near me, My sheep should never fear me; I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

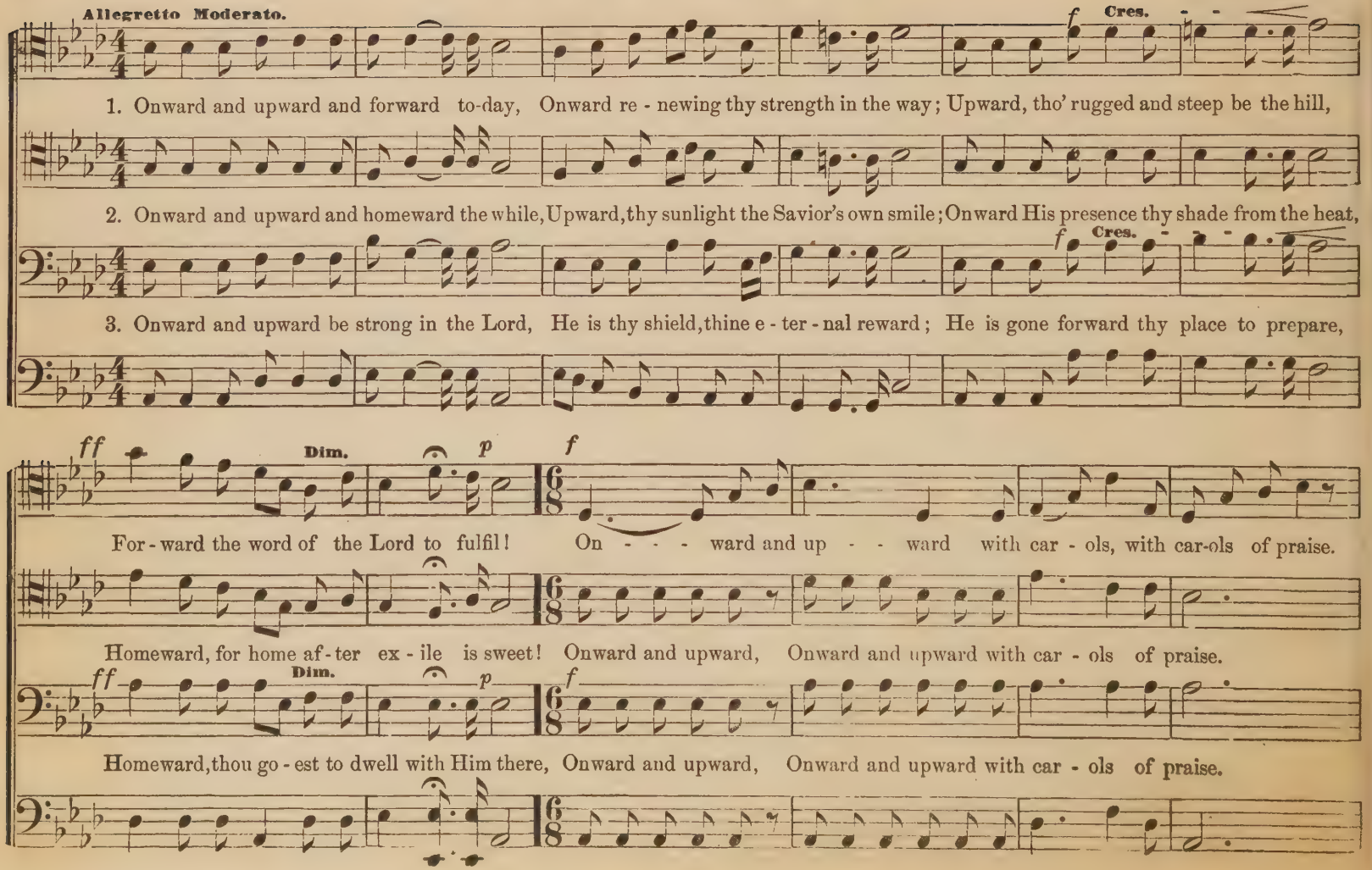
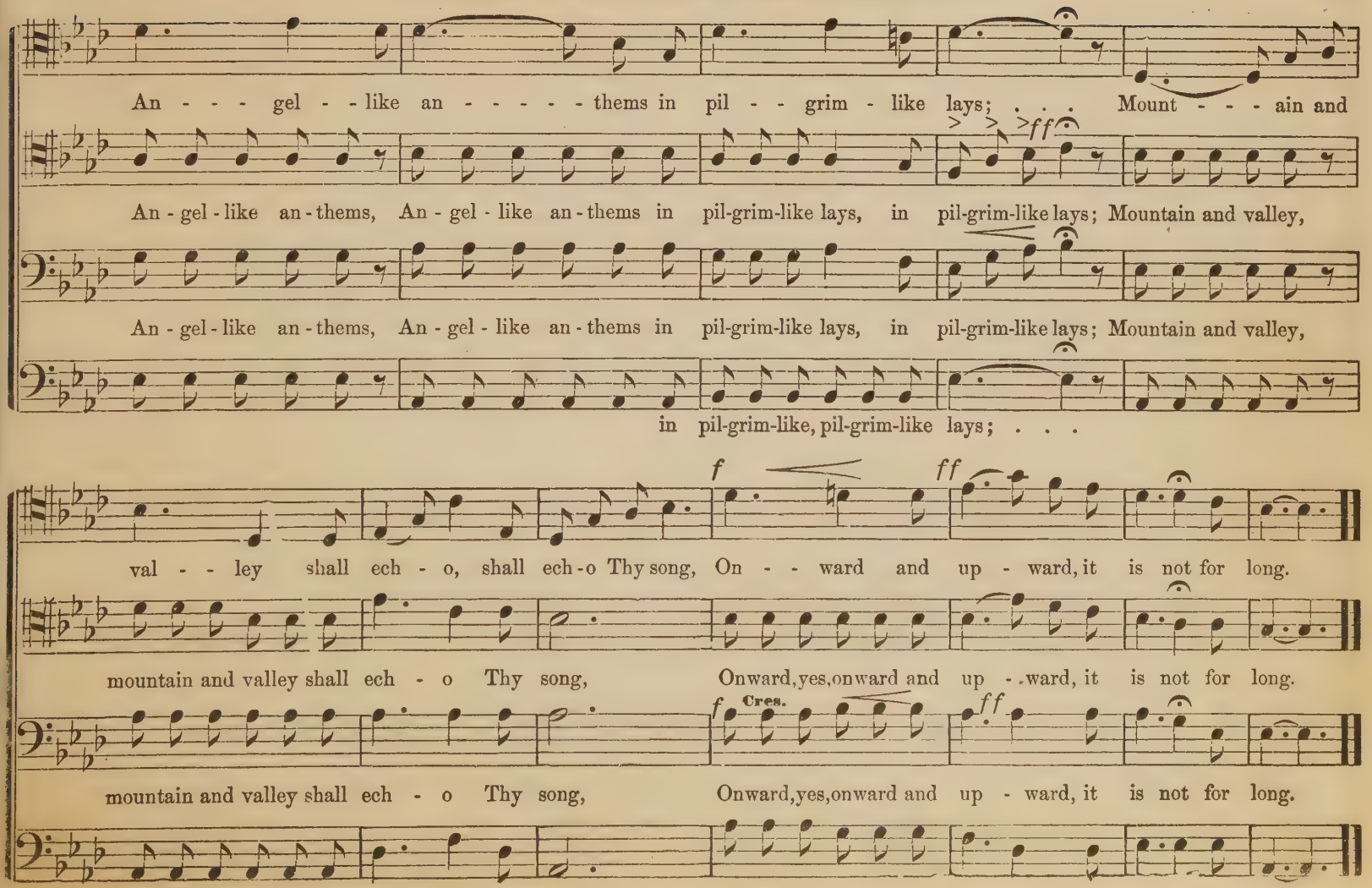
SIMILE.

With Expression.

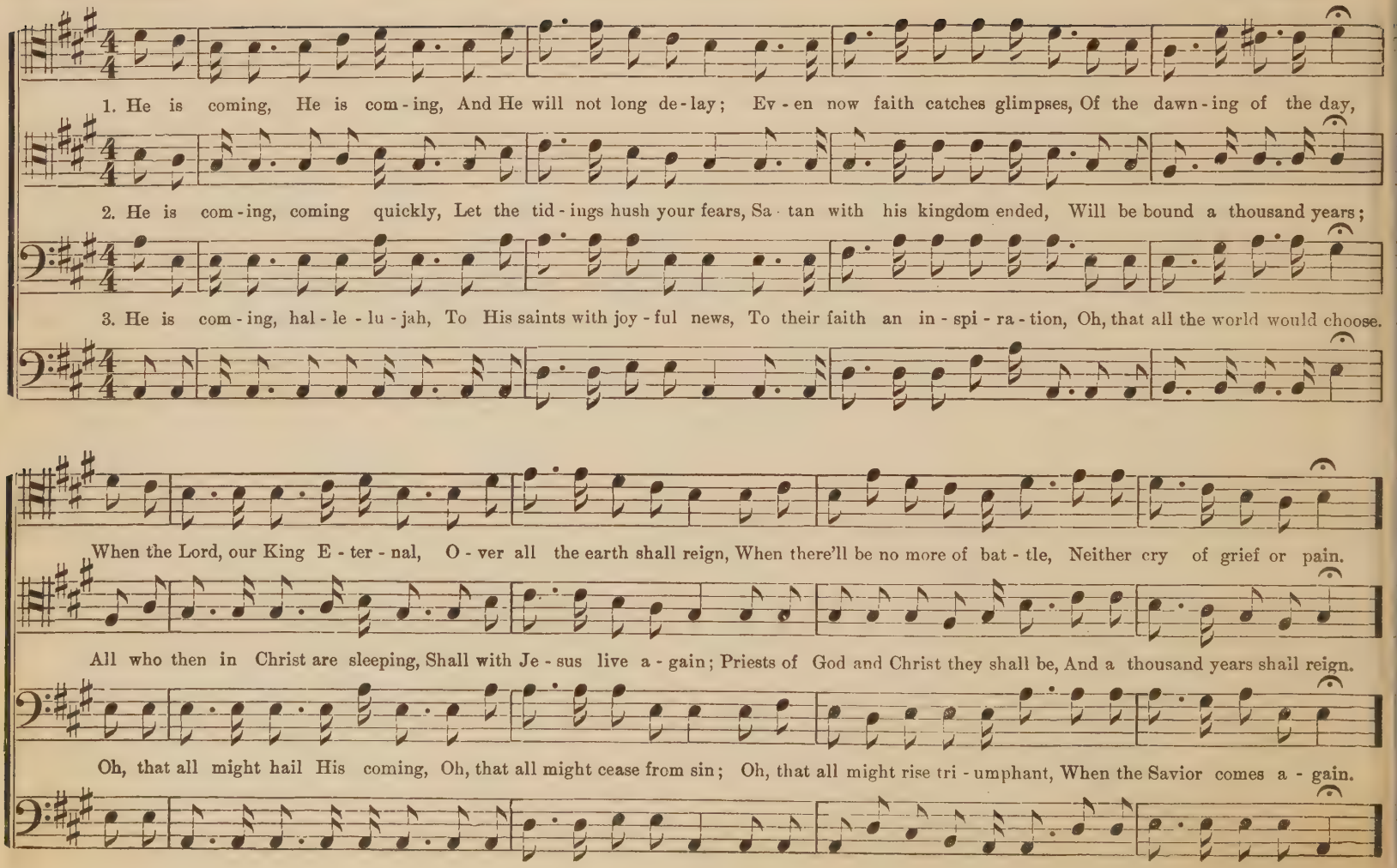
Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

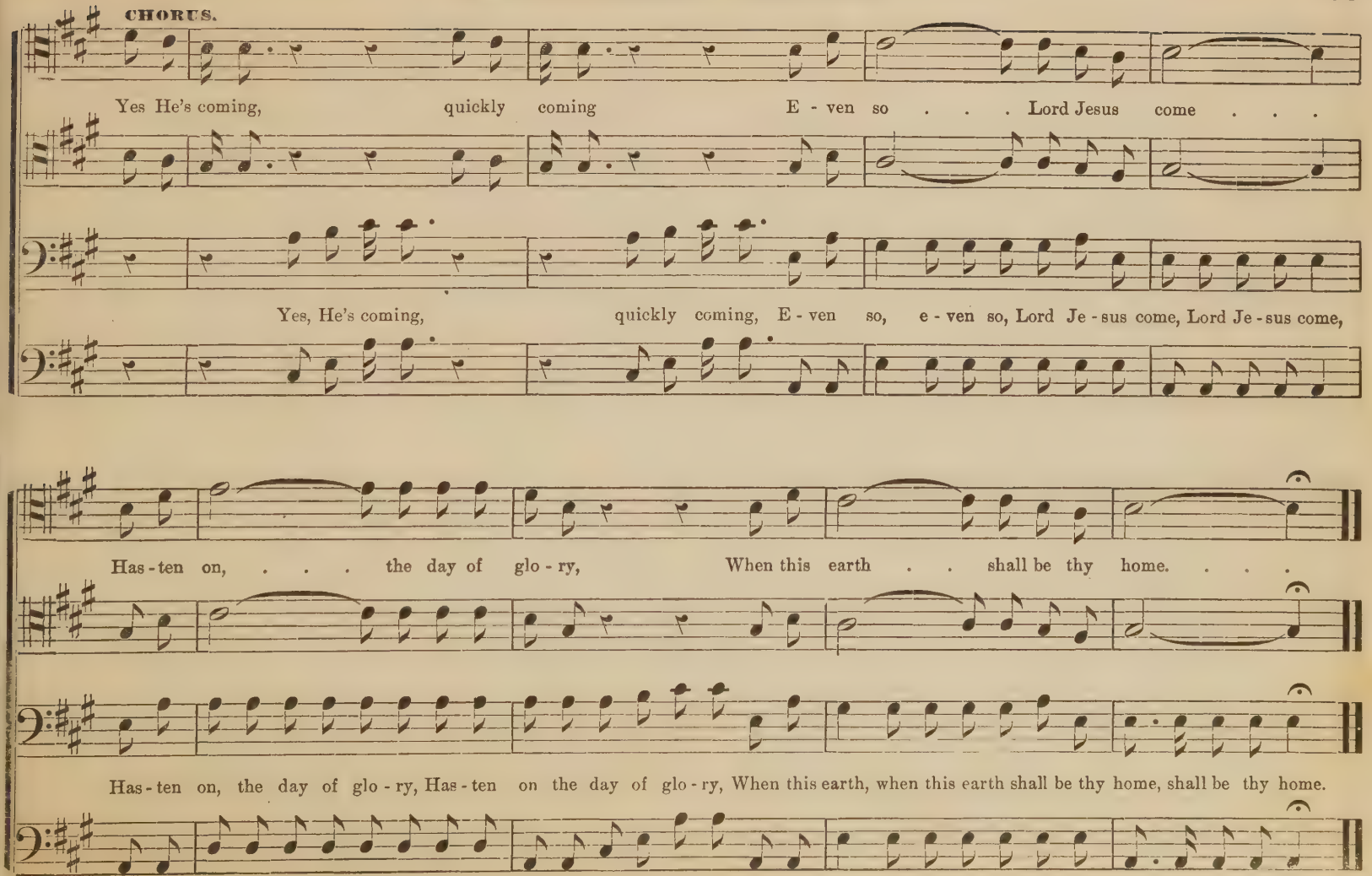

1. Like stars that fade a - way In the light of the morning sun, The Christian glides to the Savior's arms, When his life-work here is done.
2. Like ships on a tranquil sea By the bless - ed breez - es driven, The souls of the Just shall come at last To the pleasant land of Heaven.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

H. R. PALMER.

Allegretto Moderato.
f
Cres.
1. Onward and upward and forward to-day, Onward re - newing thy strength in the way; Upward, tho' rugged and steep be the hill,
2. Onward and upward and homeward the while, Upward, thy sunlight the Savior's own smile; Onward His presence thy shade from the heat,
3. Onward and upward be strong in the Lord, He is thy shield, thine e - ter - nal reward; He is gone forward thy place to prepare,
ff
Dim.
p
f
For - ward the word of the Lord to fulfil! On - - - ward and up - - ward with car - ols, with car-ols of praise.
Homeward, for home af - ter ex - ile is sweet! Onward and upward, Onward and upward with car - ols of praise.
Homeward, thou go - est to dwell with Him there, Onward and upward, Onward and upward with car - ols of praise.

An - - - gel - - like an - - - - - thems in pil - - grim - like lays; . . . Mount - - - ain and
An - gel - like an - thems, An - gel - like an - thems in pil-grim-like lays, in pil-grim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
ff
An - gel - like an - thems, An - gel - like an - thems in pil-grim-like lays, in pil-grim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
in pil-grim-like, pil-grim-like lays; . . .
f
ff
val - - ley shall ech - o, shall ech - o Thy song, On - - ward and up - ward, it is not for long.
mountain and valley shall ech - o Thy song, Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.
f
Cres.
ff
mountain and valley shall ech - o Thy song, Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.

HE IS COMING.

J B. ATCHINSON. T. H. TANNER.

1. He is coming, He is com-ing, And He will not long de-lay; Ev-en now faith catches glimpses, Of the dawn-ing of the day,
2. He is com-ing, coming quickly, Let the tid-ings hush your fears, Sa-tan with his kingdom ended, Will be bound a thousand years;
3. He is com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah, To His saints with joy-ful news, To their faith an in-spi-ra-tion, Oh, that all the world would choose.
When the Lord, our King E-ter-nal, O-ver all the earth shall reign, When there'll be no more of bat-tle, Neither cry of grief or pain.
All who then in Christ are sleeping, Shall with Je-sus live a-gain; Priests of God and Christ they shall be, And a thousand years shall reign.
Oh, that all might hail His coming, Oh, that all might cease from sin; Oh, that all might rise tri-umphant, When the Savior comes a-gain.


CHORUS.
Yes He's coming, quickly coming E - ven so . . . Lord Jesus come . . .
Yes, He's coming, quickly coming, E - ven so, e - ven so, Lord Je - sus come, Lord Je - sus come,
Has - ten on, . . . the day of glo - ry, When this earth . . shall be thy home. . . .
Has - ten on, the day of glo - ry, Has - ten on the day of glo - ry, When this earth, when this earth shall be thy home, shall be thy home.

SONG OF THE SOLDIER.

Arr. from Falkner, 1723, by E. N.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Maestoso.

1. Rise, ye children of sal--va - tion, All who cleave to Christ the Head; Wake, arise! O might-y na-tion, Ere the foe on Zi - on tread.
2. Saints and he-roes long be - fore us Firmly on this ground have stood; See their banners waving o'er us, Conquerors thro' Je - sus' blood.
3. Deathless, we are all un - fear-ing, Life laid up with Christ in God; In the morn of His ap-pear-ing Floweth forth a glo - ry flood.
4. Soon we all shall stand before Him, See and know our glorious Lord; Soon in joy and light a - dore Him, Each receiving his reward.

CHORUS.

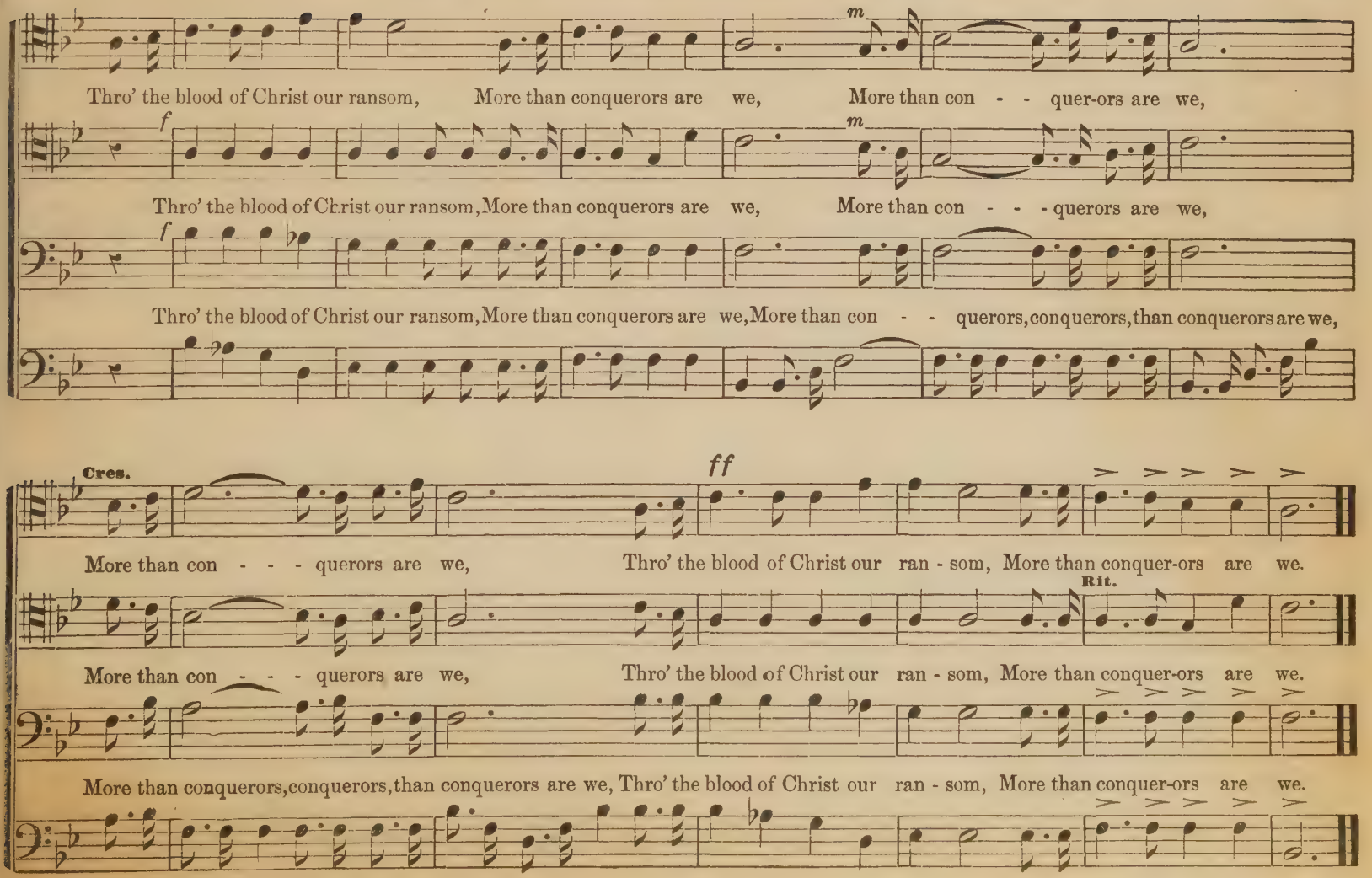
f

Pour it forth a mighty anthem, Like the thun - - ders of the sea,

m *Cres.*

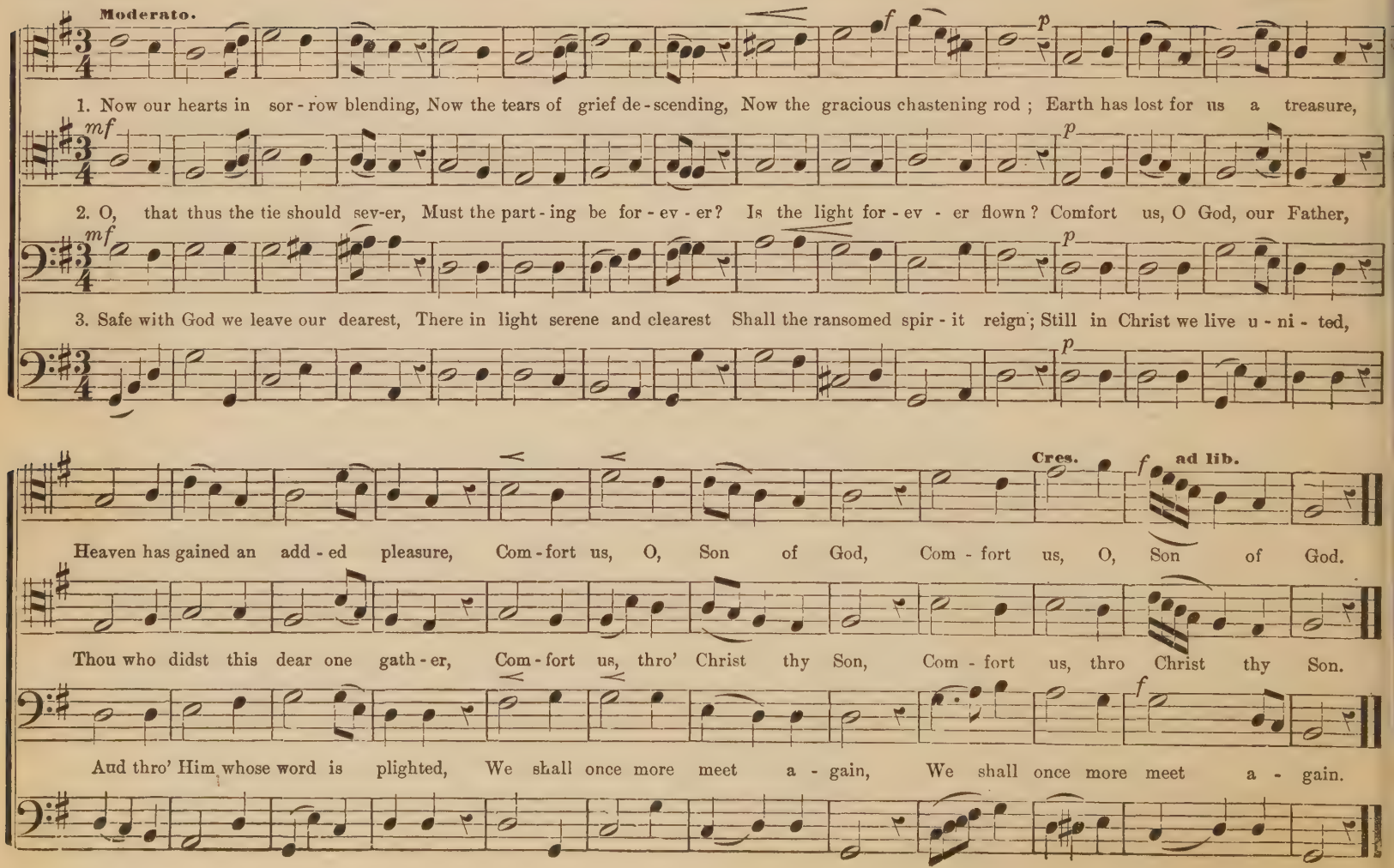
Pour it forth a might-y anthem, Pour it forth a might-y anthem, Like the thun-ders of the sea.

Pour it forth a might-y anthem, Pour it forth a might-y anthem, Like the thun-ders of the sea.


m
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - quer-ors are we,
f
m
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - - querors are we,
f
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than con - - querors, conquerors, than conquerors are we,
Cres.
ff
More than con - - - querors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.
Rit.
More than con - - - querors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.
More than conquerors, conquerors, than conquerors are we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ran - som, More than conquer-ors are we.

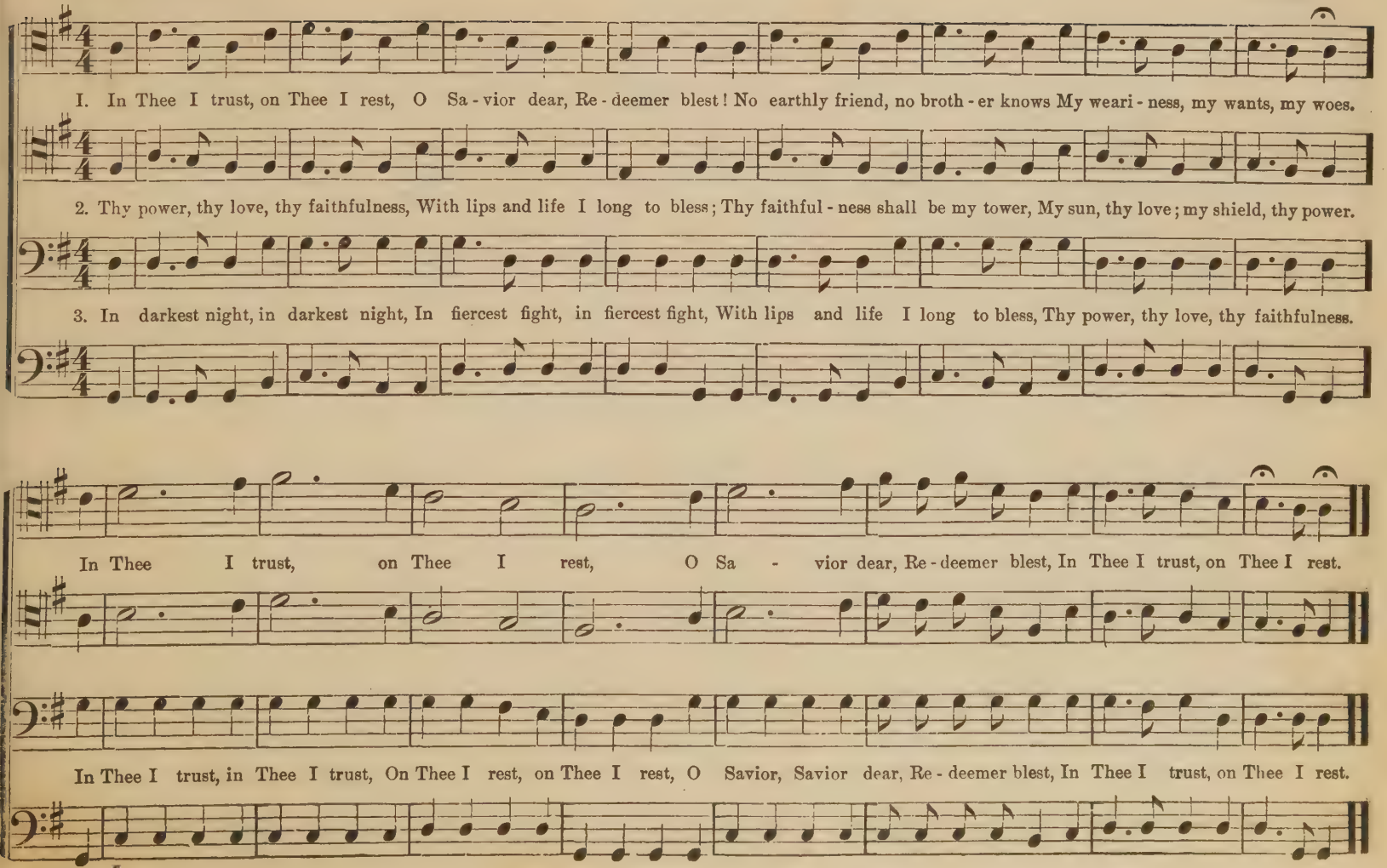
NOW OUR HEARTS IN SORROW BLENDING.

EL NATHAN. MOZART.

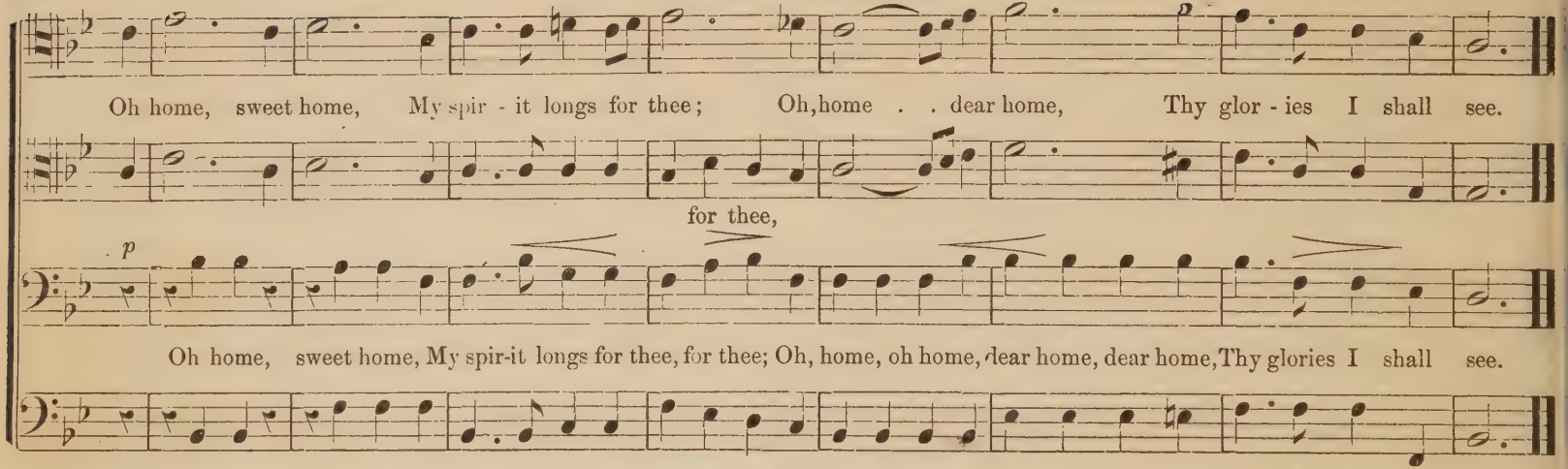
Moderato.

1. Now our hearts in sor - row blending, Now the tears of grief de - scending, Now the gracious chastening rod ; Earth has lost for us a treasure,
2. O, that thus the tie should sev-er, Must the part - ing be for - ev - er? Is the light for - ev - er flown? Comfort us, O God, our Father,
3. Safe with God we leave our dearest, There in light serene and clearest Shall the ransomed spir - it reign; Still in Christ we live u - ni - ted,
Cres.
ad lib.
Heaven has gained an add - ed pleasure, Com - fort us, O, Son of God, Com - fort us, O, Son of God.
Thou who didst this dear one gath - er, Com - fort us, thro' Christ thy Son, Com - fort us, thro Christ thy Son.
And thro' Him whose word is plighted, We shall once more meet a - gain, We shall once more meet a - gain.

IN THEE I TRUST.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

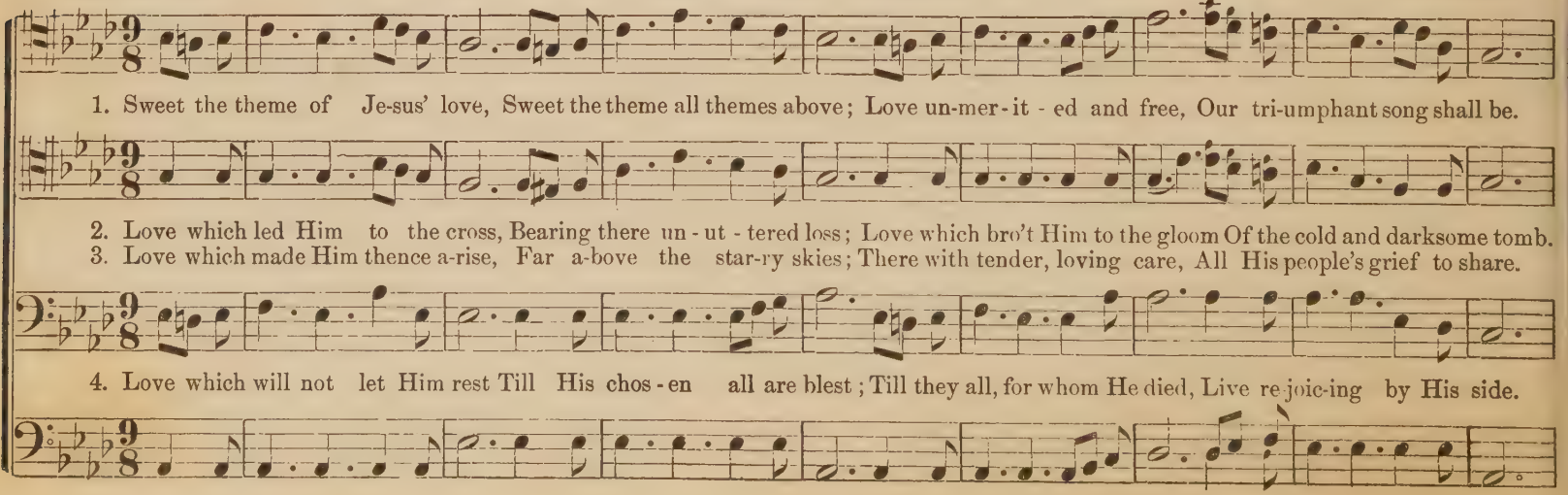
C. C. CASE.

1. In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest, O Sa - vior dear, Re - deemer blest! No earthly friend, no broth - er knows My weari - ness, my wants, my woes.
2. Thy power, thy love, thy faithfulness, With lips and life I long to bless; Thy faithful - ness shall be my tower, My sun, thy love; my shield, thy power.
3. In darkest night, in darkest night, In fiercest fight, in fiercest fight, With lips and life I long to bless, Thy power, thy love, thy faithfulness.
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest, O Sa - vior dear, Re - deemer blest, In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.
In Thee I trust, in Thee I trust, On Thee I rest, on Thee I rest, O Savior, Savior dear, Re - deemer blest, In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

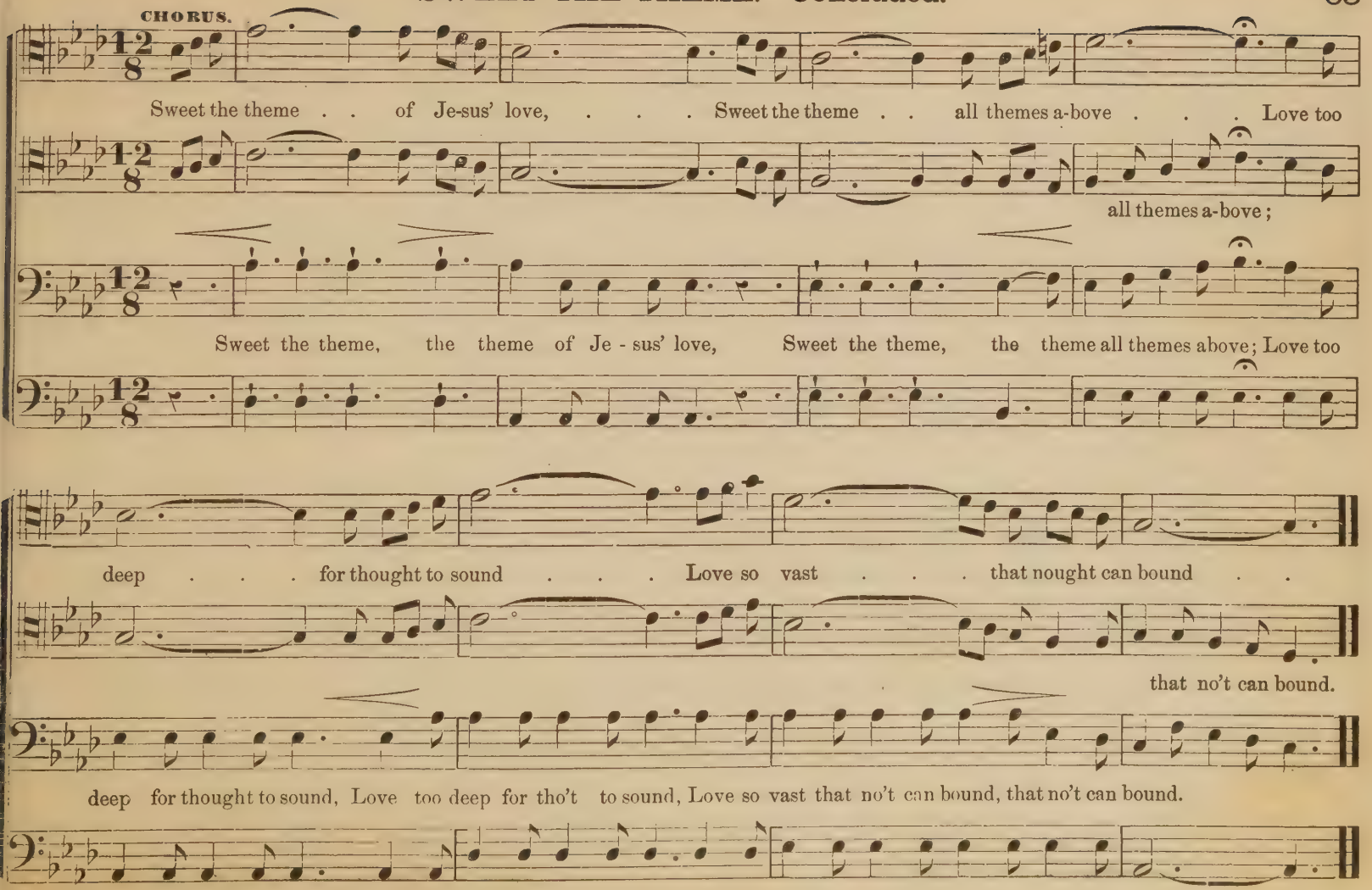
MY HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.


Oh home, sweet home, My spir - it longs for thee; Oh, home . . dear home, Thy glor - ies I shall see.
for thee,
p
Oh home, sweet home, My spir-it longs for thee, for thee; Oh, home, oh home, dear home, dear home, Thy glories I shall see.

SWEET THE THEME.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. A. LEWIS.


1. Sweet the theme of Je-sus' love, Sweet the theme all themes above; Love un-mer-it - ed and free, Our tri-umphant song shall be.
2. Love which led Him to the cross, Bearing there un - ut - tered loss; Love which bro't Him to the gloom Of the cold and darksome tomb.
3. Love which made Him thence a-rise, Far a-bove the star-ry skies; There with tender, loving care, All His people's grief to share.
4. Love which will not let Him rest Till His chos - en all are blest; Till they all, for whom He died, Live re-joic-ing by His side.

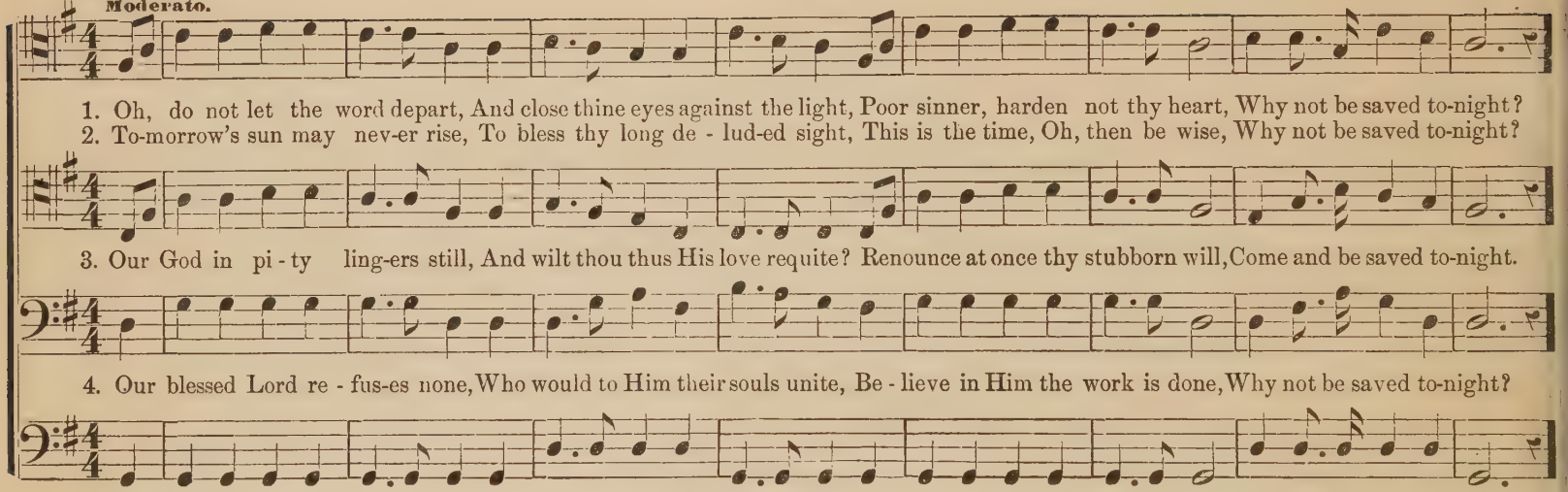

CHORUS.
Sweet the theme . . of Je-sus' love, . . . Sweet the theme . . all themes a-bove . . . Love too
all themes a-bove;
Sweet the theme, the theme of Je - sus' love, Sweet the theme, the theme all themes above; Love too
deep . . . for thought to sound . . . Love so vast . . . that nought can bound . .
that no't can bound.
deep for thought to sound, Love too deep for tho't to sound, Love so vast that no't can bound, that no't can bound.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

H. BONAR, D.D.

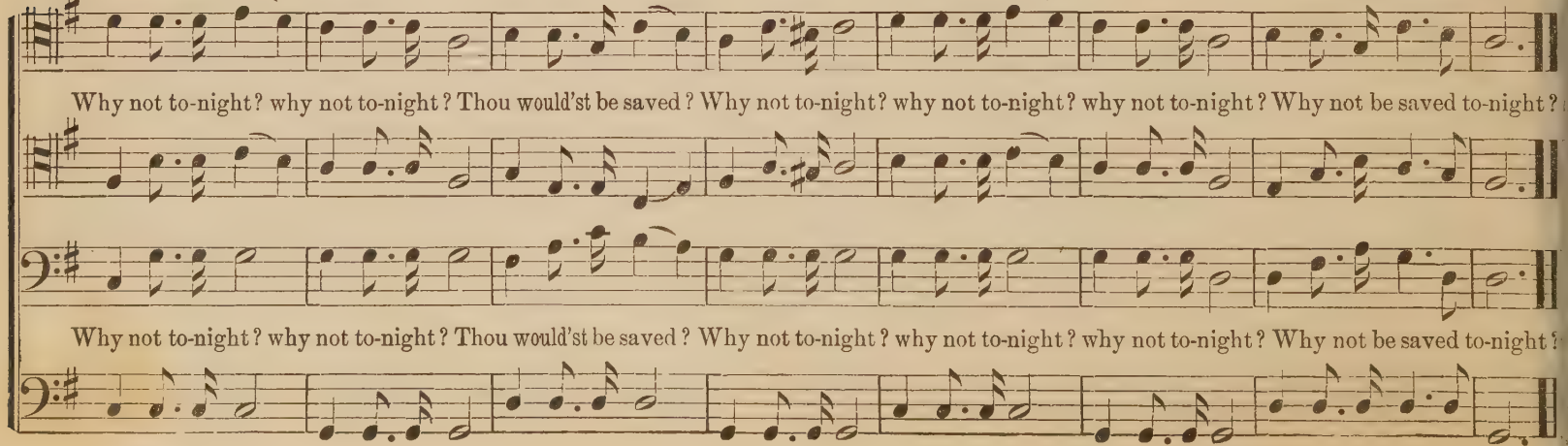
H. H. McGRANAHAN. By per.

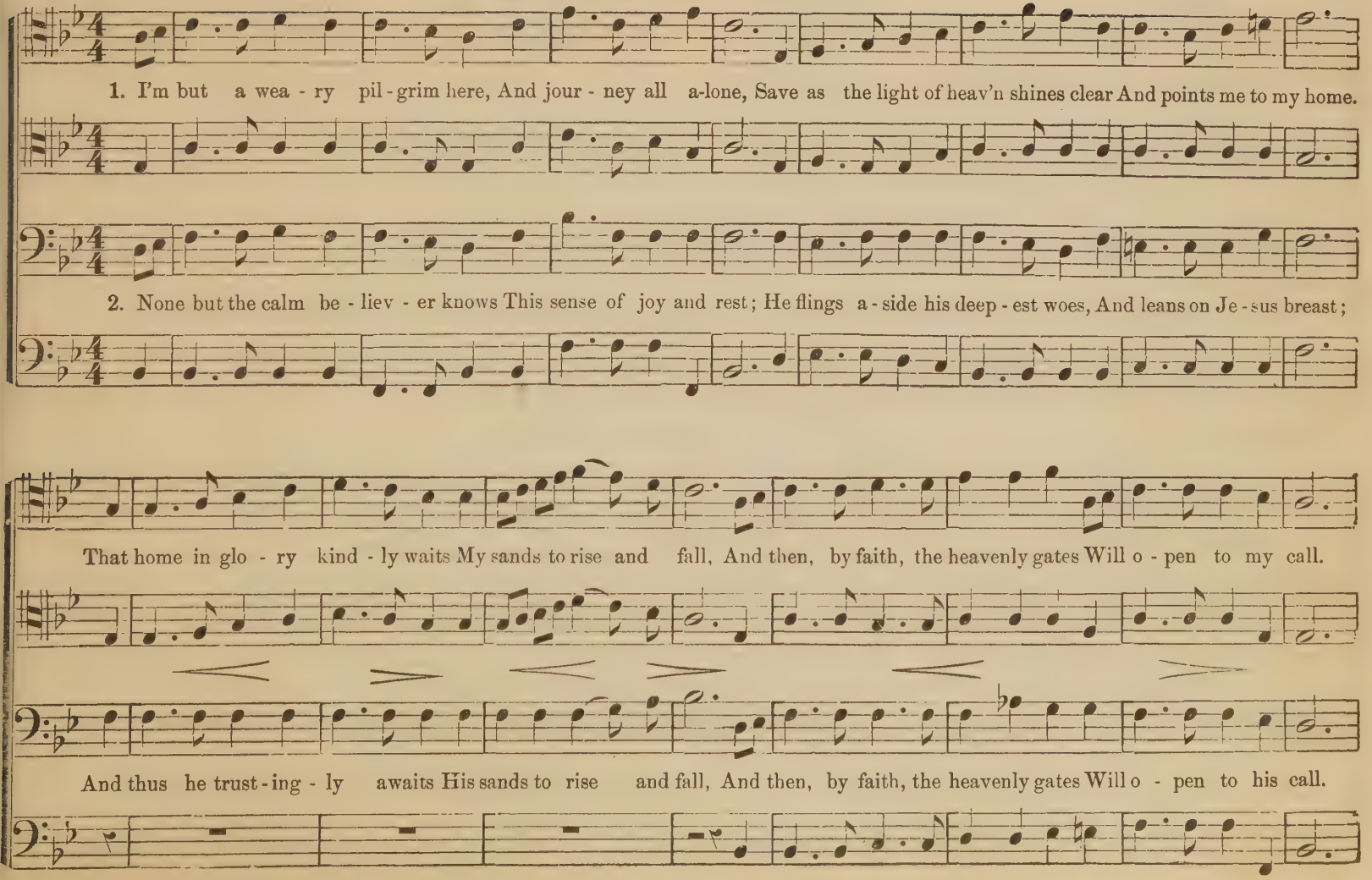
Moderato.


1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sinner, harden not thy heart, Why not be saved to-night?
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de - lud-ed sight, This is the time, Oh, then be wise, Why not be saved to-night?
3. Our God in pi - ty ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Come and be saved to-night.
4. Our blessed Lord re - fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls unite, Be - lieve in Him the work is done, Why not be saved to-night?

CHORUS.

Last time repeat pp.


Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved? Why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not be saved to-night?
Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved? Why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not be saved to-night?

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

1. I'm but a wea - ry pil - grim here, And jour - ney all a-lone, Save as the light of heav'n shines clear And points me to my home.
2. None but the calm be - liev - er knows This sense of joy and rest; He flings a - side his deep - est woes, And leans on Je - sus breast;
That home in glo - ry kind - ly waits My sands to rise and fall, And then, by faith, the heavenly gates Will o - pen to my call.
And thus he trust - ing - ly awaits His sands to rise and fall, And then, by faith, the heavenly gates Will o - pen to his call.

THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME. Concluded.

The glo - ry shines be - fore me, His blood hath washed me white; Where Je-sus is, in glo - ry, 'T is home, and love and light.

The glo - ry shines be - fore me, His blood hath washed me white; Where Je-sus is, in glo - ry, 'T is home, and love and light.

The glo - ry shines be - fore me, His blood hath washed me white; Where Je-sus is, in glo - ry, 'T is home, and love and light.

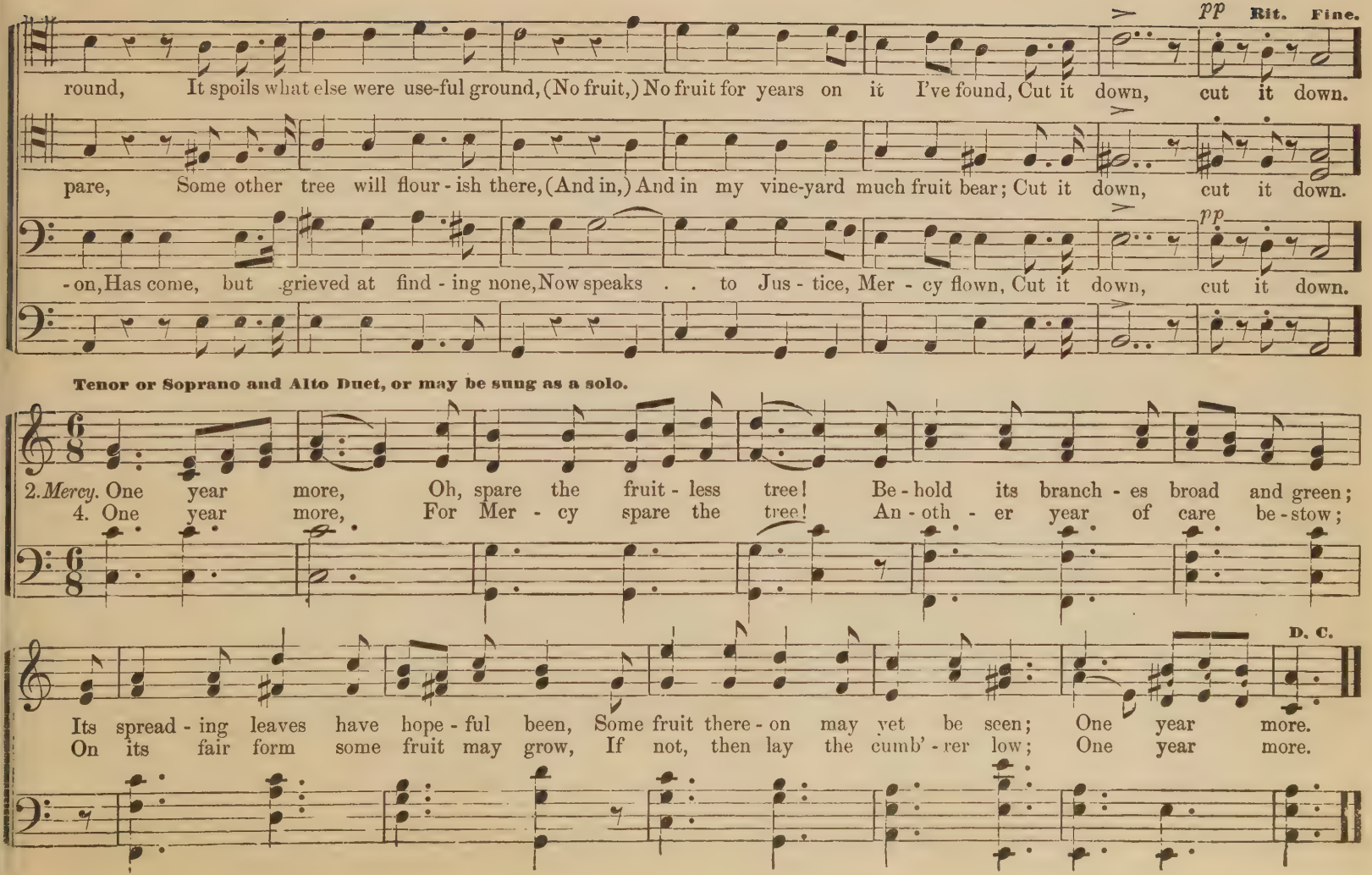
CUT IT DOWN.

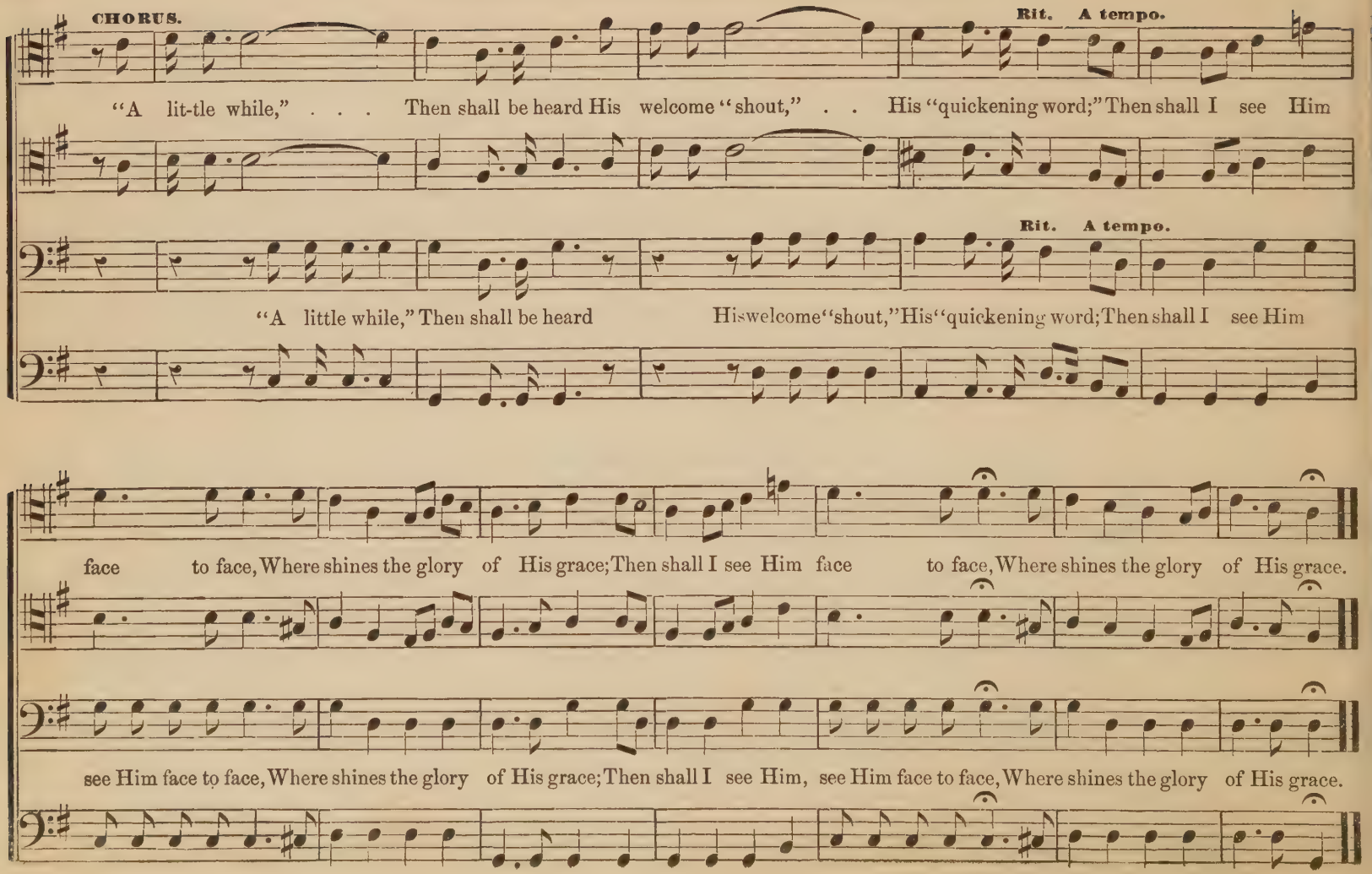
P. P. BLISS, by per. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. *Justice.* Cut it down, Cut it down, Spare not the fruit - less tree! It spreads a harm - ful shade a -

3. Cut it down, Cut it down, And burn the worth - less tree! For oth - er use the soil pre -

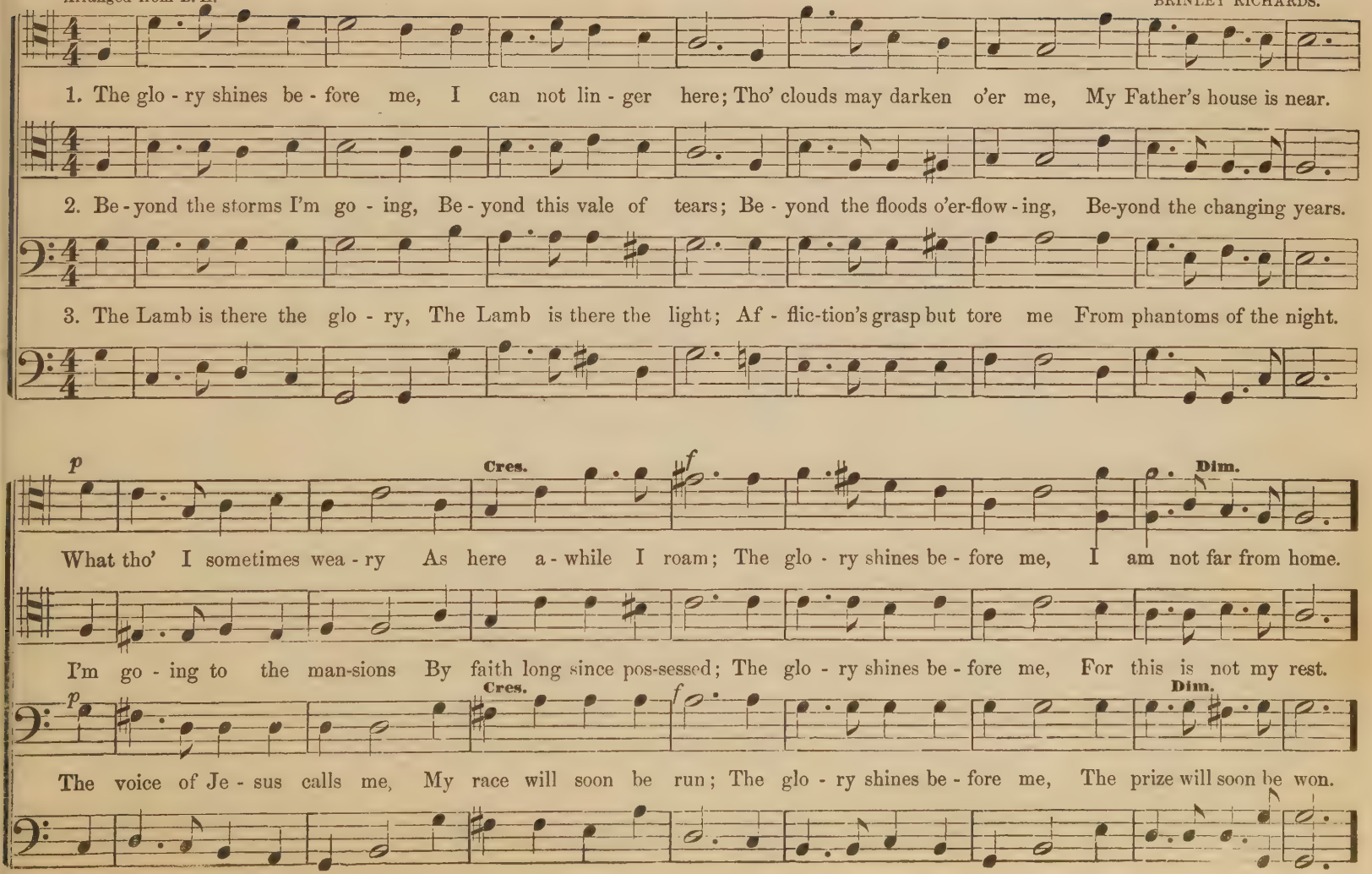
1. & 3. Cut it down, Cut it down, A fair, but fruit - less tree! The Mas - ter seek-ing fruit there -
5. Still it stands, Still it stands,


pp Rit. Fine.
round, It spoils what else were use-ful ground, (No fruit,) No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
pare, Some other tree will flour - ish there, (And in,) And in my vine-yard much fruit bear; Cut it down, cut it down.
- on, Has come, but grieved at find - ing none, Now speaks . . to Jus - tice, Mer - cy flown, Cut it down, cut it down.
pp
Tenor or Soprano and Alto Duet, or may be sung as a solo.
2. Mercy. One year more, Oh, spare the fruit - less tree! Be - hold its branch - es broad and green;
4. One year more, For Mer - cy spare the tree! An - oth - er year of care be - stow;
D. C.
Its spread - ing leaves have hope - ful been, Some fruit there - on may yet be seen; One year more.
On its fair form some fruit may grow, If not, then lay the cumb' - rer low; One year more.

"A LITTLE WHILE." Concluded.

CHORUS.
Rit. A tempo.
"A lit-tle while," . . . Then shall be heard His welcome "shout," . . His "quickening word;" Then shall I see Him
Rit. A tempo.
"A little while," Then shall be heard Hiswelcome"shout,"His"quickening word;Then shall I see Him
face to face, Where shines the glory of His grace; Then shall I see Him face to face, Where shines the glory of His grace.
see Him face to face, Where shines the glory of His grace; Then shall I see Him, see Him face to face, Where shines the glory of His grace.

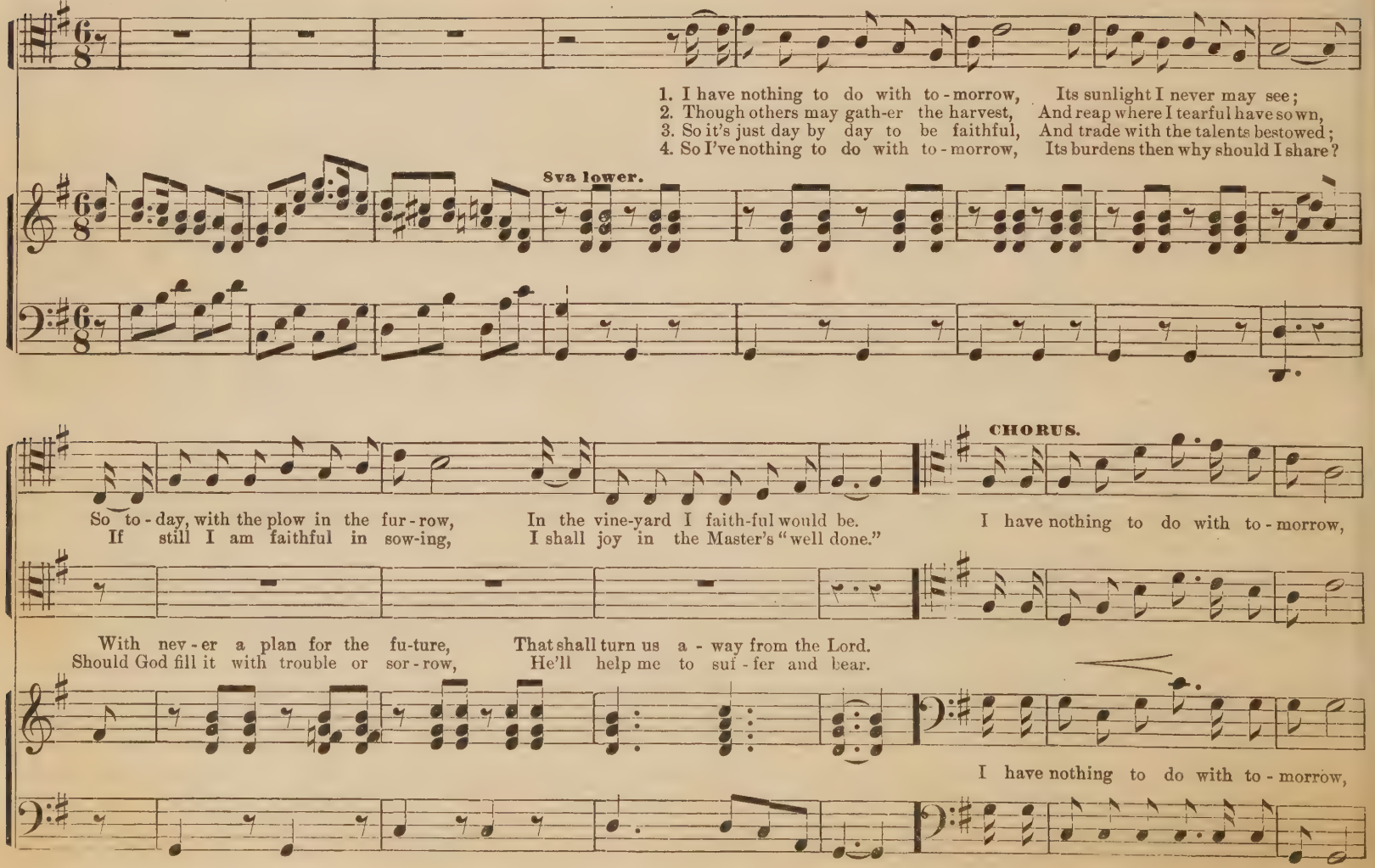
THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME.

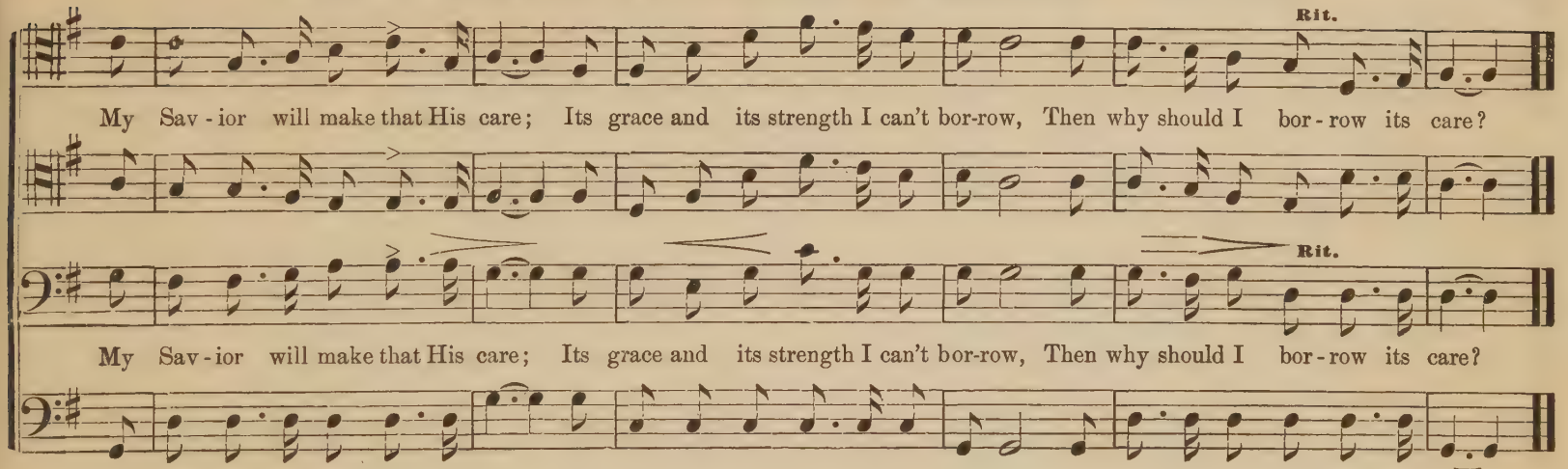
Arranged from B. H.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

1. The glo - ry shines be - fore me, I can not lin - ger here; Tho' clouds may darken o'er me, My Father's house is near.
2. Be - yond the storms I'm go - ing, Be - yond this vale of tears; Be - yond the floods o'er-flow - ing, Be-yond the changing years.
3. The Lamb is there the glo - ry, The Lamb is there the light; Af - flic-tion's grasp but tore me From phantoms of the night.
p
Cres.
Dim.
What tho' I sometimes wea - ry As here a - while I roam; The glo - ry shines be - fore me, I am not far from home.
I'm go - ing to the man-sions By faith long since pos-sessed; The glo - ry shines be - fore me, For this is not my rest.
Cres.
Dim.
The voice of Je - sus calls me, My race will soon be run; The glo - ry shines be - fore me, The prize will soon be won.

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH TO-MORROW.

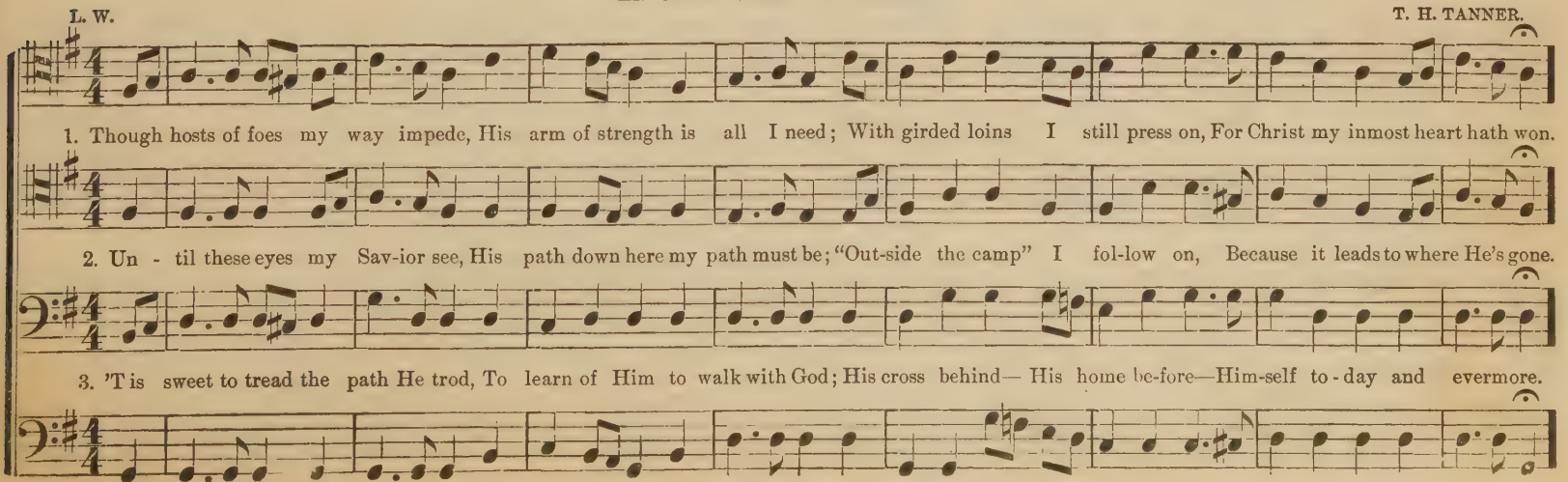
Arr. and written by EL NATHAN.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. I have nothing to do with to-morrow, Its sunlight I never may see;
2. Though others may gath-er the harvest, And reap where I tearful have sown,
3. So it's just day by day to be faithful, And trade with the talents bestowed;
4. So I've nothing to do with to-morrow, Its burdens then why should I share?
8va lower.
CHORUS.
So to-day, with the plow in the fur-row, In the vine-yard I faith-ful would be. I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
If still I am faithful in sow-ing, I shall joy in the Master's "well done."
With nev-er a plan for the fu-ture, That shall turn us a-way from the Lord.
Should God fill it with trouble or sor-row, He'll help me to suf-fer and bear.
I have nothing to do with to-morrow,


Rit.
My Sav - ior will make that His care; Its grace and its strength I can't bor-row, Then why should I bor - row its care?
Rit.
My Sav - ior will make that His care; Its grace and its strength I can't bor-row, Then why should I bor - row its care?

"A LITTLE WHILE."

L. W. T. H. TANNER.

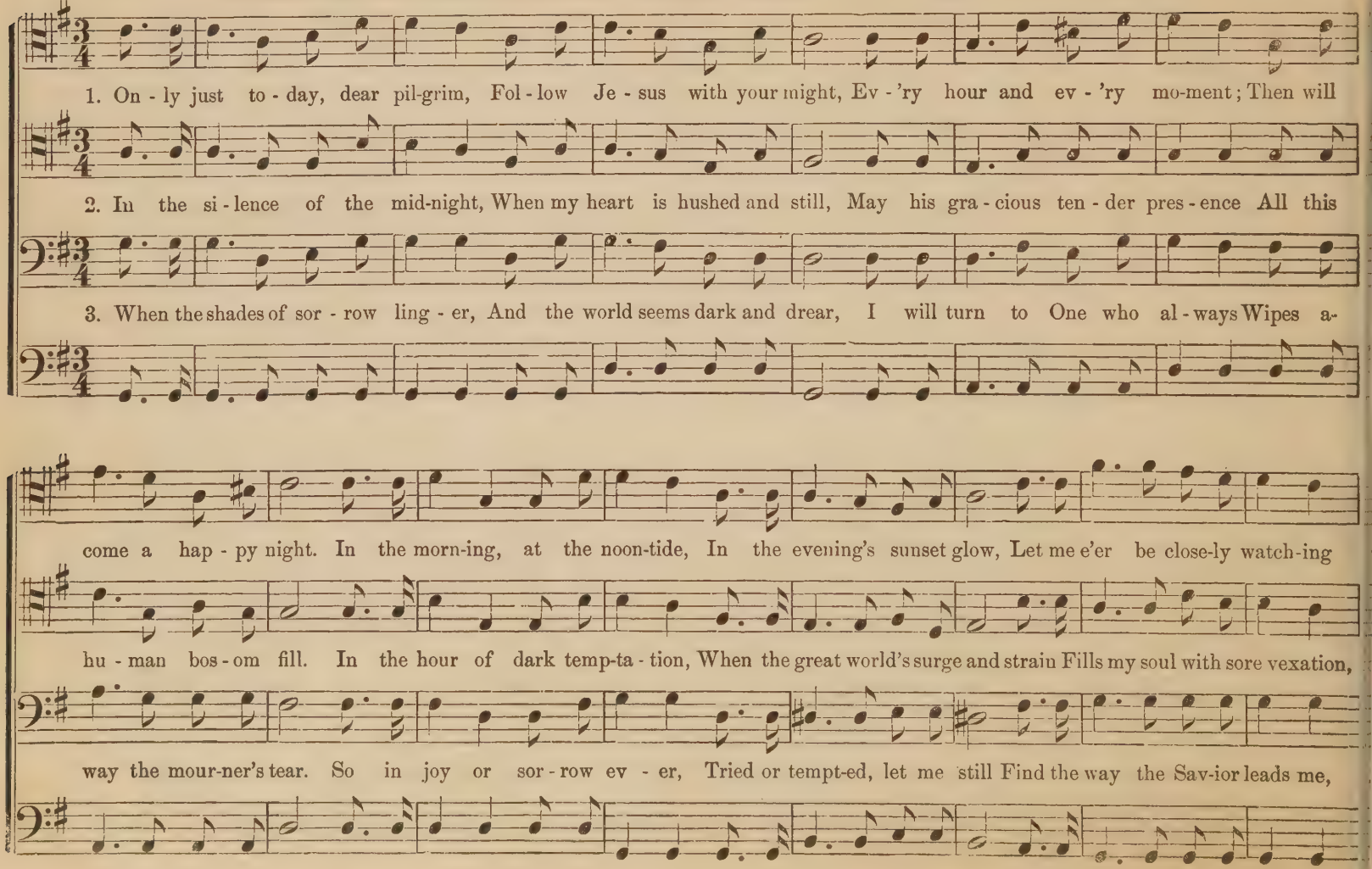

1. Though hosts of foes my way impede, His arm of strength is all I need; With girded loins I still press on, For Christ my inmost heart hath won.
2. Un - til these eyes my Sav-ior see, His path down here my path must be; "Out-side the camp" I fol-low on, Because it leads to where He's gone.
3. 'T is sweet to tread the path He trod, To learn of Him to walk with God; His cross behind— His home be-fore—Him-self to - day and evermore.

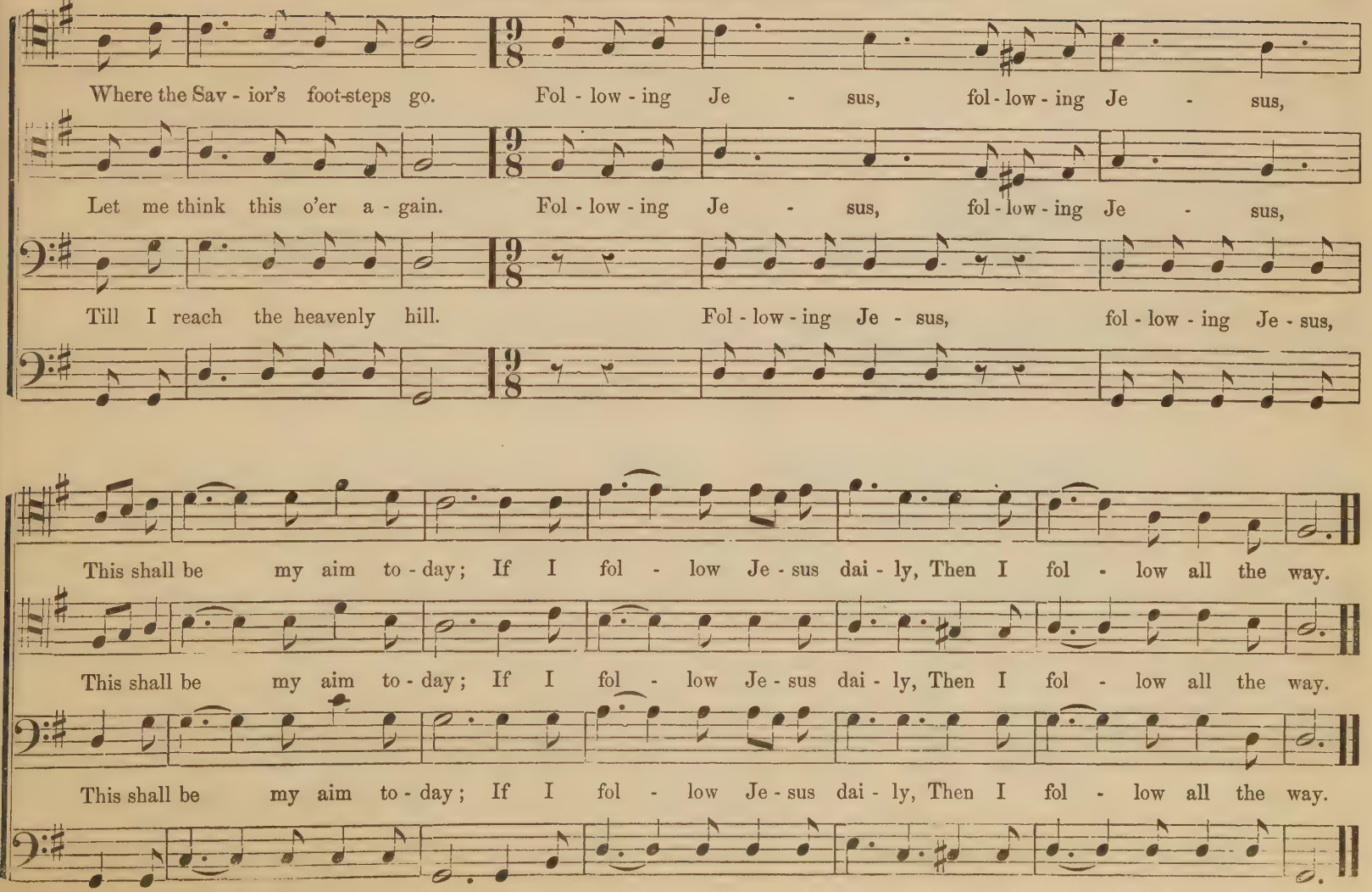
MRS. M. O. PAGE.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

"And Jesus said unto him, no man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Luke 9. 62.

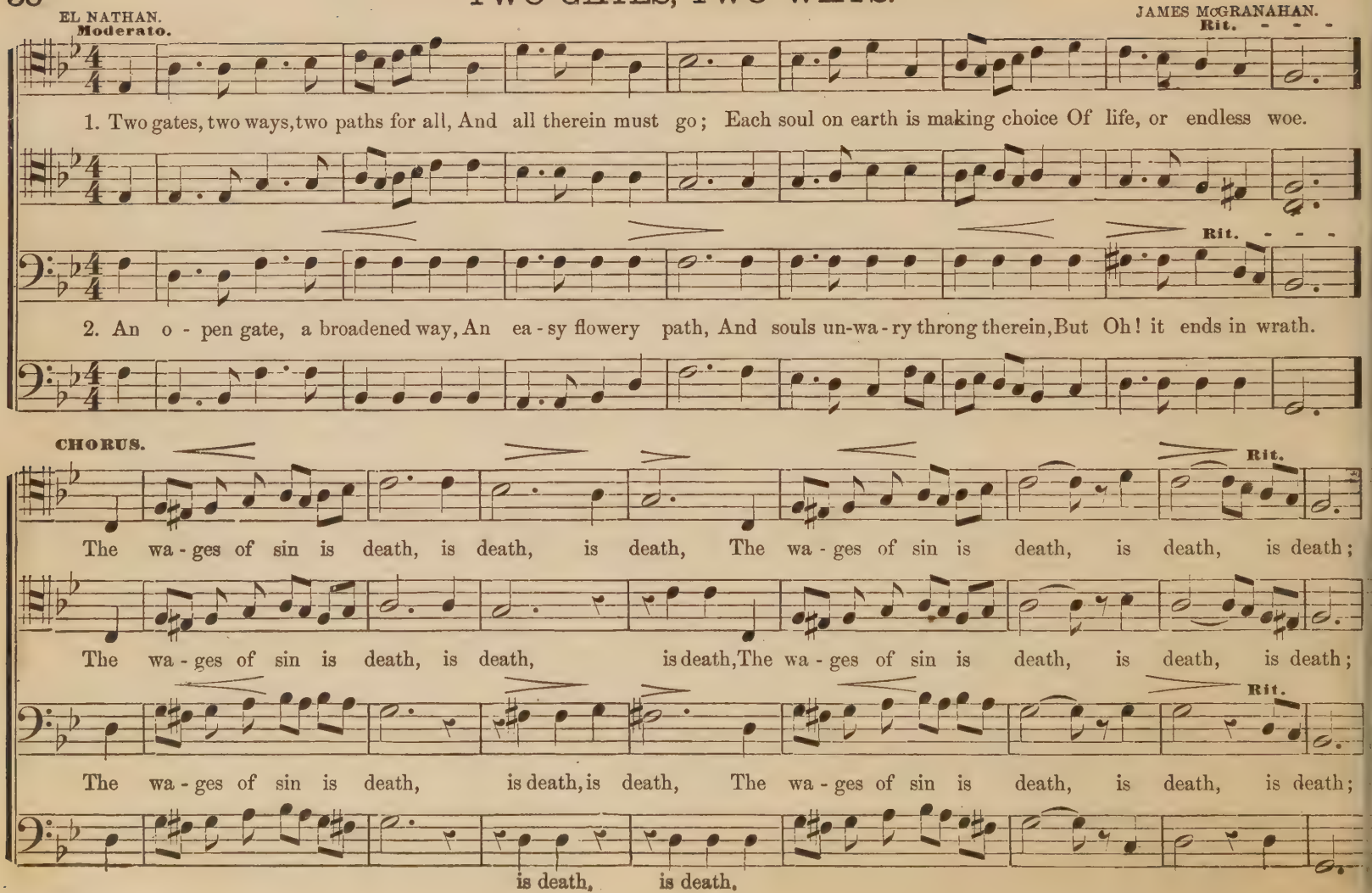

1. On - ly just to - day, dear pil-grim, Fol - low Je - sus with your might, Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry mo-ment; Then will
2. In the si - lence of the mid-night, When my heart is hushed and still, May his gra - cious ten - der pres - ence All this
3. When the shades of sor - row ling - er, And the world seems dark and drear, I will turn to One who al - ways Wipes a-
come a hap - py night. In the morn-ing, at the noon-tide, In the evening's sunset glow, Let me e'er be close-ly watch-ing
hu - man bos - om fill. In the hour of dark temp-ta - tion, When the great world's surge and strain Fills my soul with sore vexation,
way the mour-ner's tear. So in joy or sor - row ev - er, Tried or tempt-ed, let me still Find the way the Sav-ior leads me,

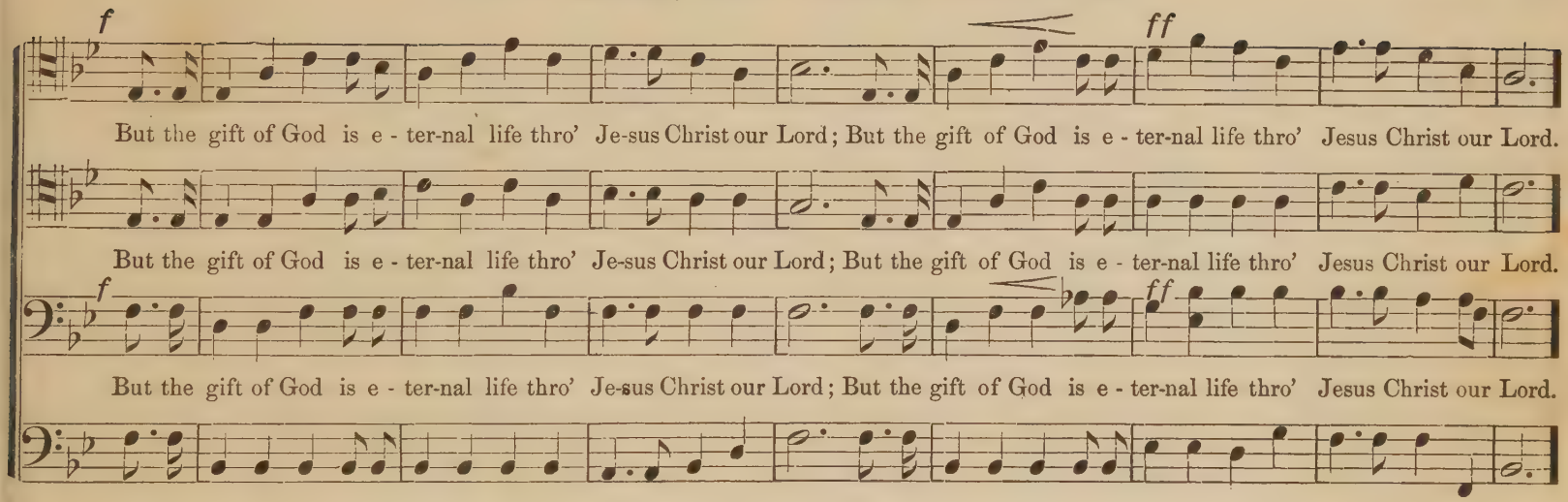

Where the Sav - ior's foot-steps go. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
Let me think this o'er a - gain. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
Till I reach the heavenly hill. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, fol - low - ing Je - sus,
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.
This shall be my aim to - day; If I fol - low Je - sus dai - ly, Then I fol - low all the way.

TWO GATES, TWO WAYS.

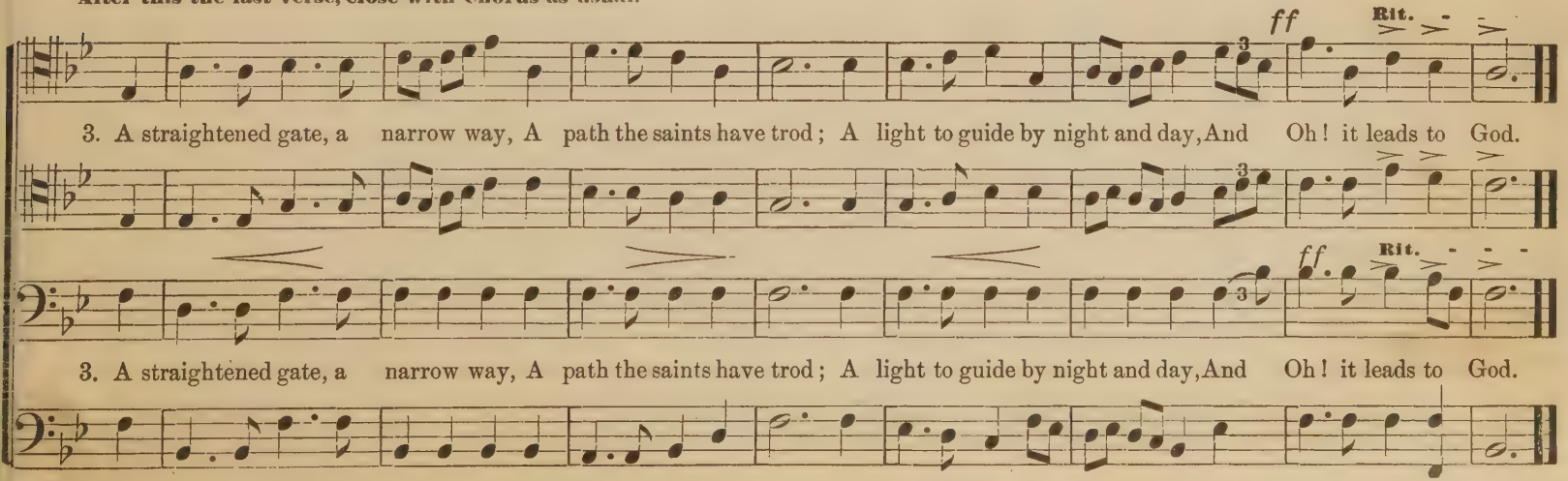
EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


Moderato.
Rit.
1. Two gates, two ways, two paths for all, And all therein must go; Each soul on earth is making choice Of life, or endless woe.
Rit.
2. An o - pen gate, a broadened way, An ea - sy flowery path, And souls un-wa - ry throng therein, But Oh! it ends in wrath.
CHORUS.
Rit.
The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death, The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death;
The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death, The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death;
Rit.
The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death, The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death;
is death, is death.

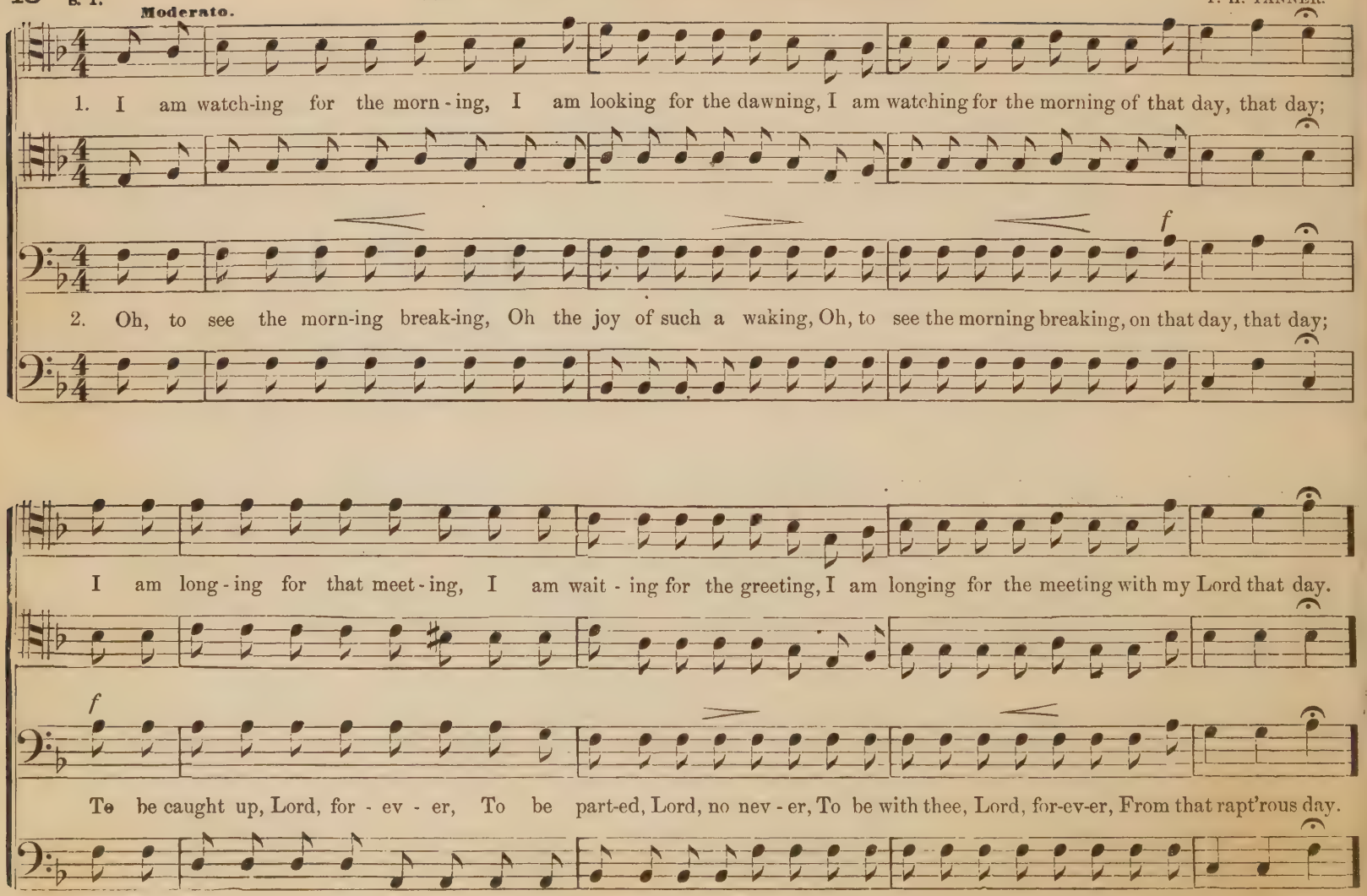

f
ff
But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord; But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord; But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord; But the gift of God is e - ter-nal life thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

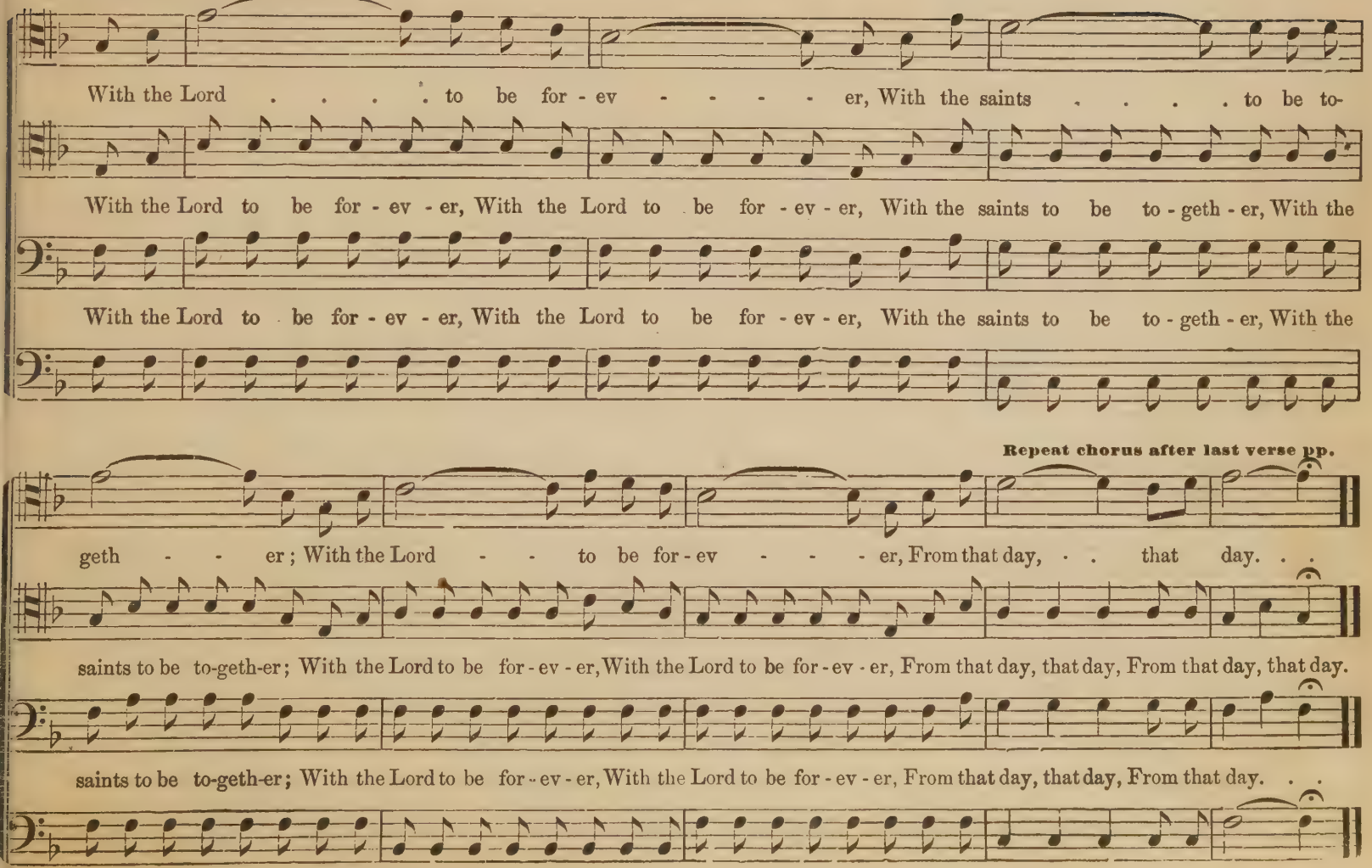
After this the last verse, close with Chorus as usual.


ff
Rit.
3. A straightened gate, a narrow way, A path the saints have trod; A light to guide by night and day, And Oh! it leads to God.
3. A straightened gate, a narrow way, A path the saints have trod; A light to guide by night and day, And Oh! it leads to God.

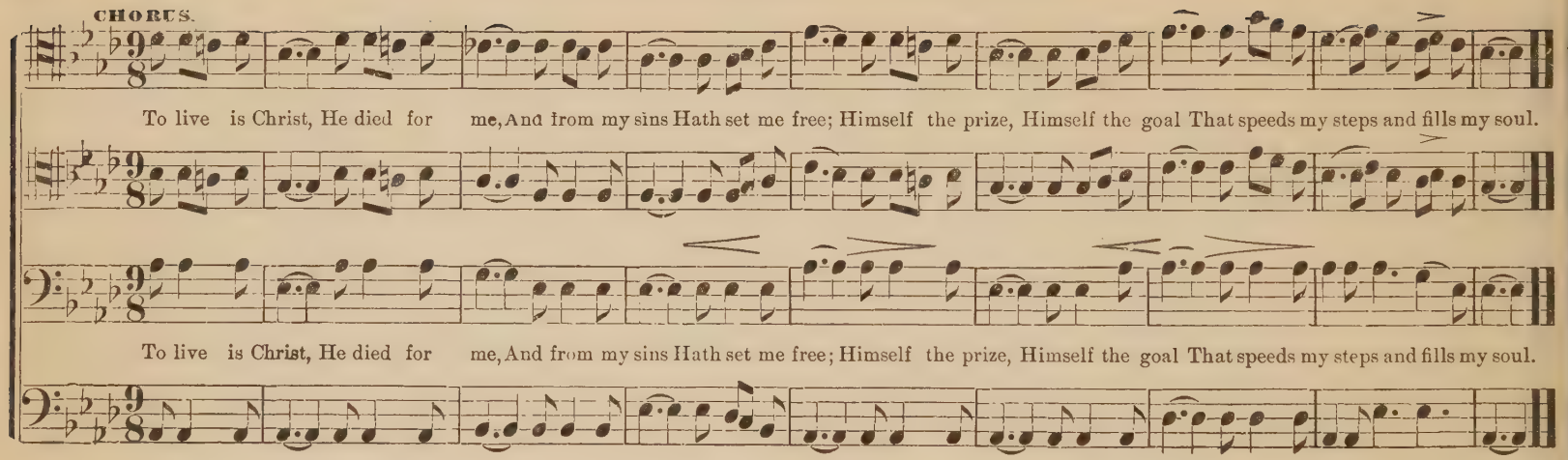
WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

T. H. TANNER.

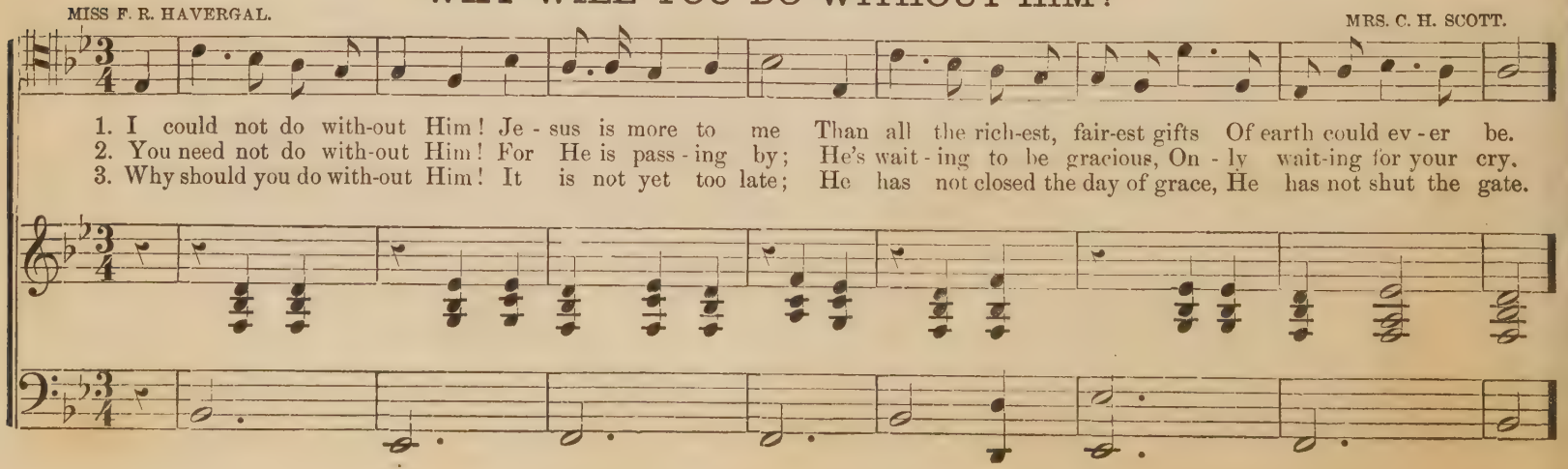
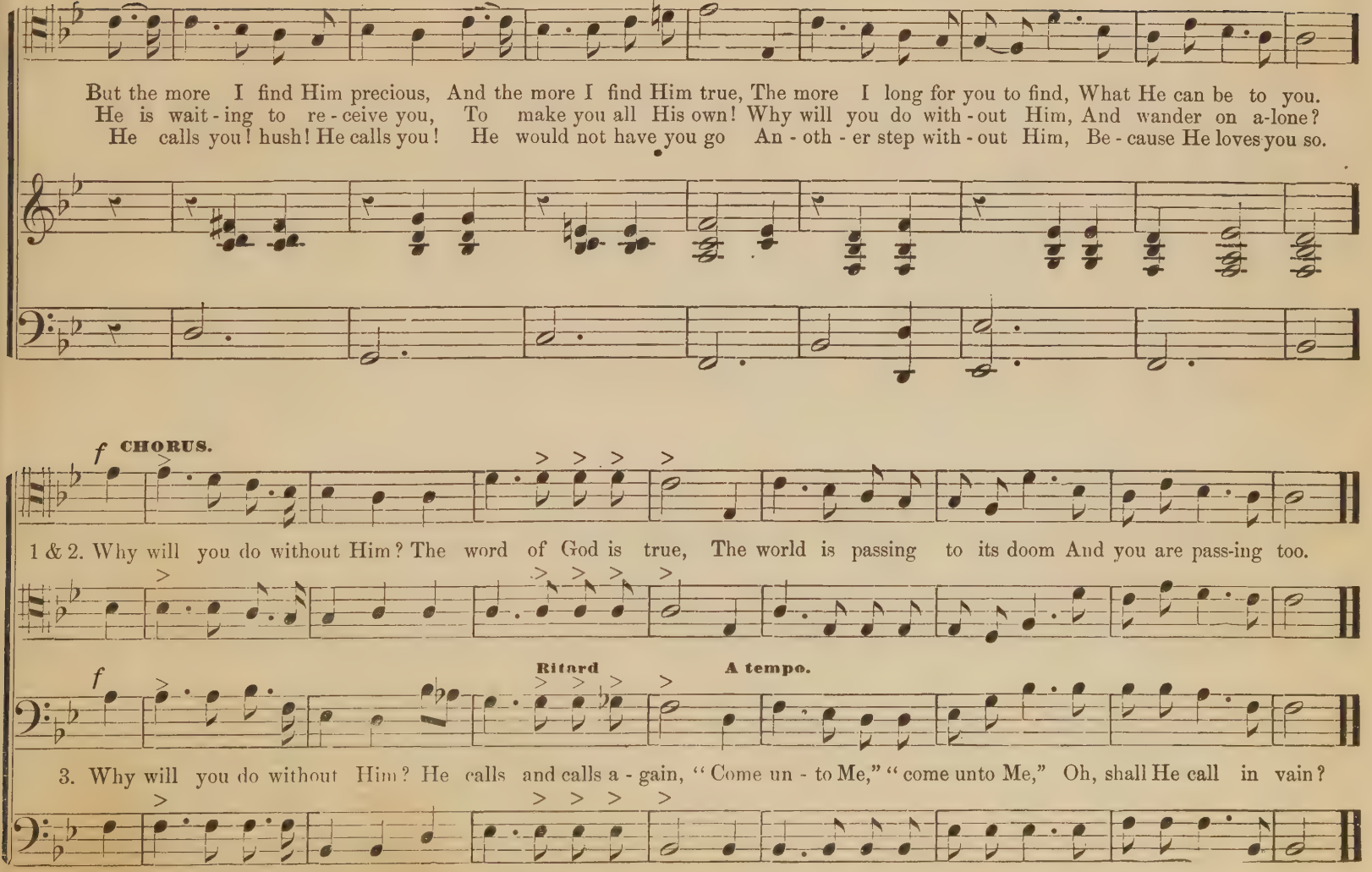

Moderato.
1. I am watch-ing for the morn-ing, I am looking for the dawning, I am watching for the morning of that day, that day;
f
2. Oh, to see the morn-ing break-ing, Oh the joy of such a waking, Oh, to see the morning breaking, on that day, that day;
I am long-ing for that meet-ing, I am wait-ing for the greeting, I am longing for the meeting with my Lord that day.
f
To be caught up, Lord, for-ev-er, To be part-ed, Lord, no nev-er, To be with thee, Lord, for-ev-er, From that rapt'rous day.

First tenor may be sung as a solo.

With the Lord . . . . to be for - ev - - - - - er, With the saints . . . . to be to-
With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the saints to be to - geth - er, With the
With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the saints to be to - geth - er, With the
Repeat chorus after last verse pp.
geth - - er; With the Lord - - to be for - ev - - - er, From that day, . . that day. . .
saints to be to-geth-er; With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, From that day, that day, From that day, that day.
saints to be to-geth-er; With the Lord to be for - ev - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, From that day, that day, From that day. . .

TO LIVE IS CHRIST. Concluded.


CHORUS.
To live is Christ, He died for me, And from my sins Hath set me free; Himself the prize, Himself the goal That speeds my steps and fills my soul.
To live is Christ, He died for me, And from my sins Hath set me free; Himself the prize, Himself the goal That speeds my steps and fills my soul.

WHY WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

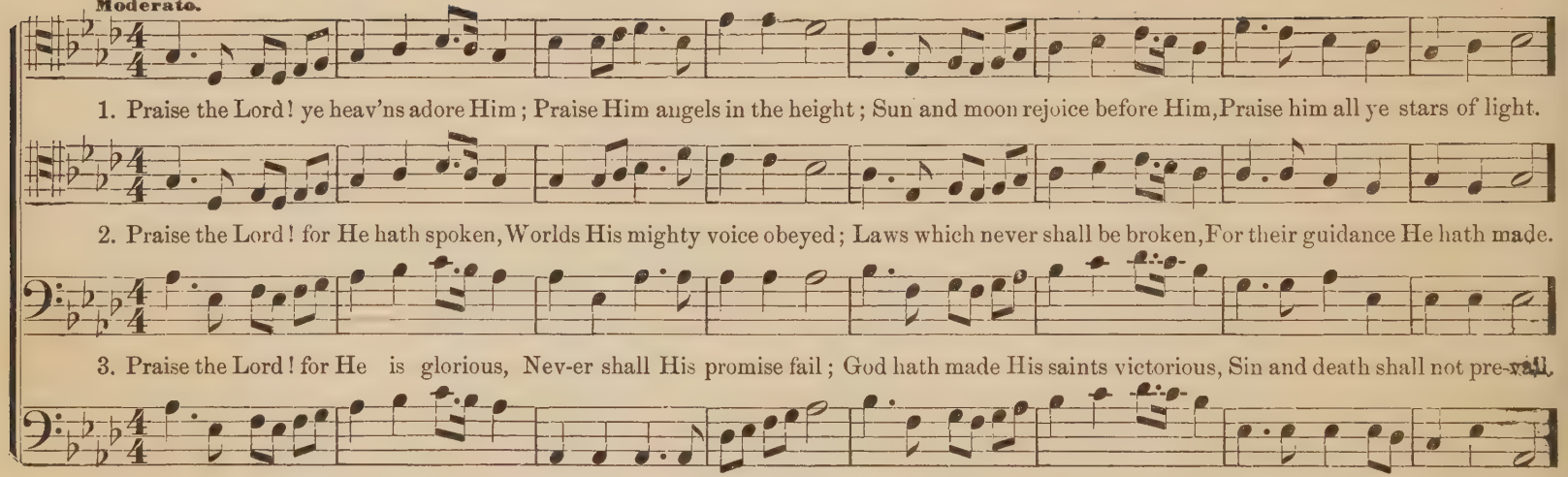

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.
MRS. C. H. SCOTT.
1. I could not do with-out Him! Je - sus is more to me Than all the rich-est, fair-est gifts Of earth could ev - er be.
2. You need not do with-out Him! For He is pass - ing by; He's wait - ing to be gracious, On - ly wait-ing for your cry.
3. Why should you do with-out Him! It is not yet too late; He has not closed the day of grace, He has not shut the gate.

But the more I find Him precious, And the more I find Him true, The more I long for you to find, What He can be to you.
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, To make you all His own! Why will you do with - out Him, And wander on a-lone?
He calls you! hush! He calls you! He would not have you go An - oth - er step with - out Him, Be - cause He loves you so.
f CHORUS.
1 & 2. Why will you do without Him? The word of God is true, The world is passing to its doom And you are pass-ing too.
f
Ritard
A tempo.
3. Why will you do without Him? He calls and calls a - gain, "Come un - to Me," "come unto Me," Oh, shall He call in vain?

PRAISE THE LORD.

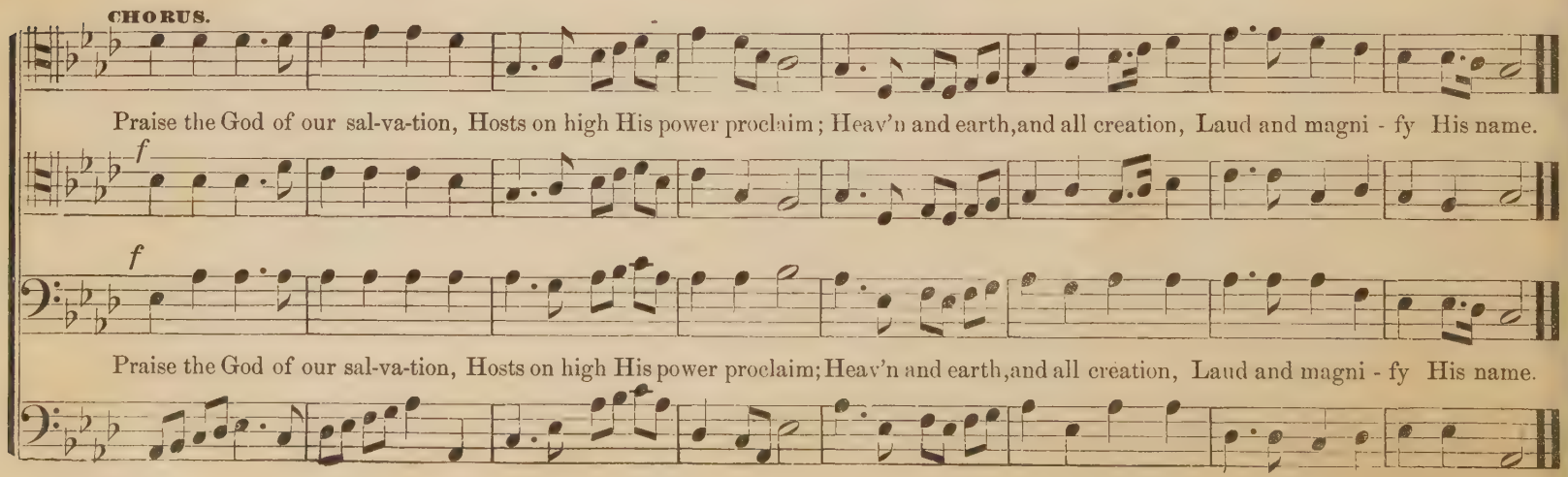
Strong accent. Firm.

Moderato.

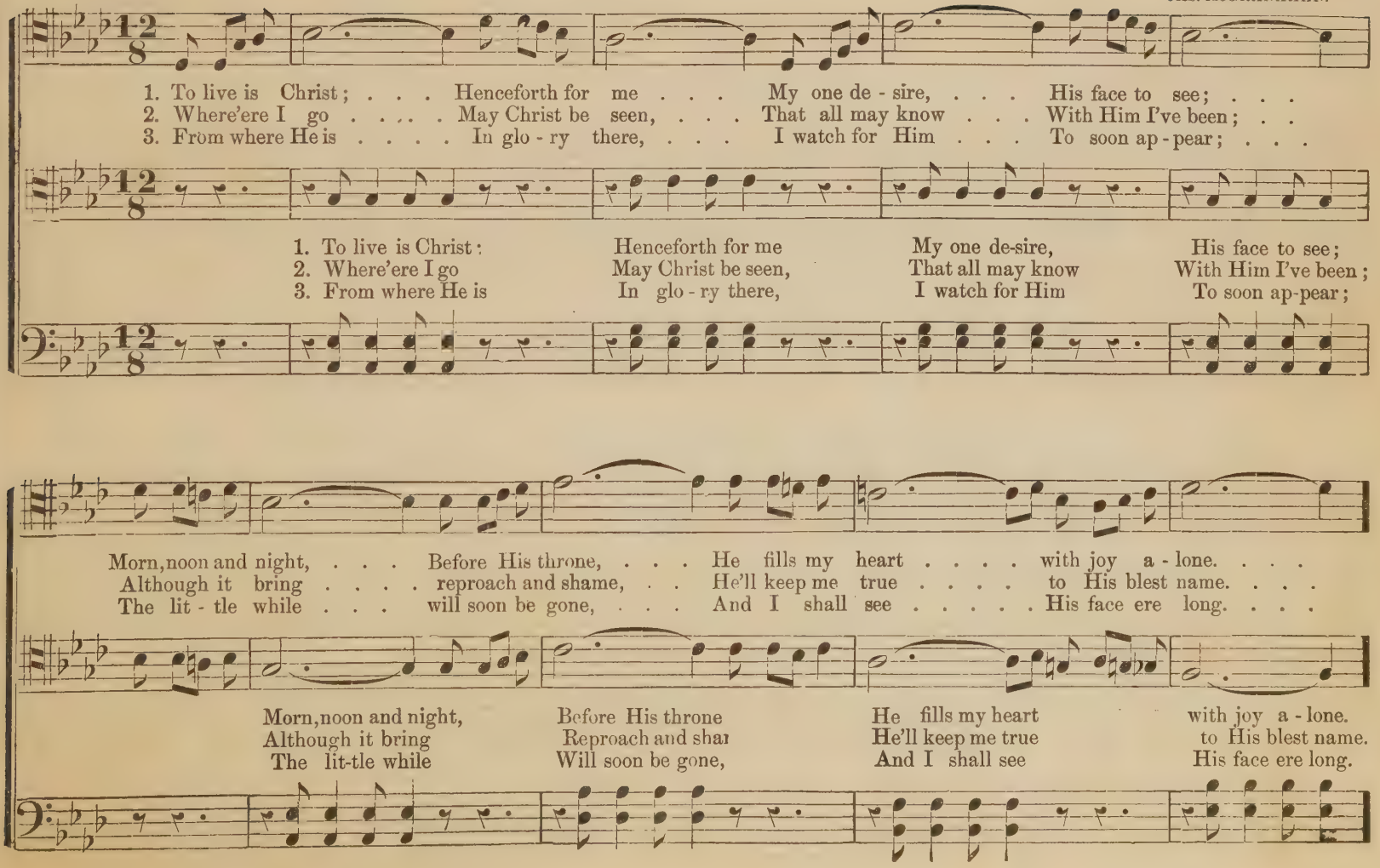
ALFRED BEIRLY.


1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore Him; Praise Him angels in the height; Sun and moon rejoice before Him, Praise him all ye stars of light.
2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.
3. Praise the Lord! for He is glorious, Nev-er shall His promise fail; God hath made His saints victorious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.

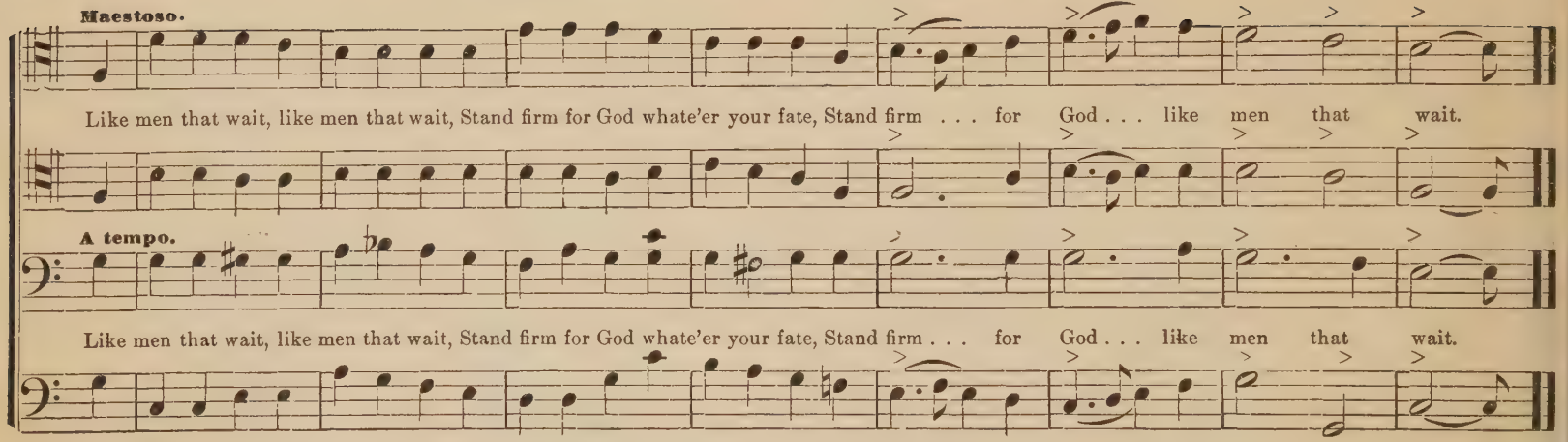
CHORUS.


Praise the God of our sal-va-tion, Hosts on high His power proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all creation, Laud and magni - fy His name.
f
f
Praise the God of our sal-va-tion, Hosts on high His power proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all creation, Laud and magni - fy His name.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST.

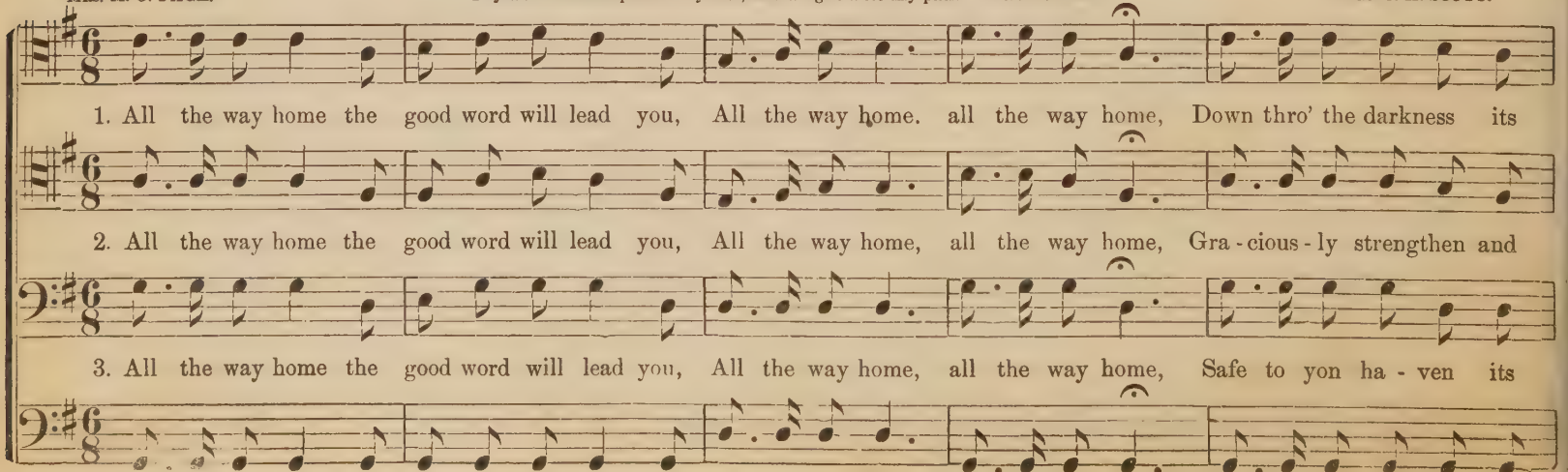
L. W. Arr. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. To live is Christ; . . . Henceforth for me . . . My one de - sire, . . . His face to see; . . .
2. Where'ere I go . . . . May Christ be seen, . . . That all may know . . . With Him I've been; . . .
3. From where He is . . . . In glo - ry there, . . . I watch for Him . . . To soon ap - pear; . . .
1. To live is Christ: Henceforth for me My one de-sire, His face to see;
2. Where'ere I go May Christ be seen, That all may know With Him I've been;
3. From where He is In glo - ry there, I watch for Him To soon ap-pear;
Morn, noon and night, . . . Before His throne, . . . He fills my heart . . . . with joy a - lone. . . .
Although it bring . . . . reproach and shame, . . . He'll keep me true . . . . to His blest name. . . .
The lit - tle while . . . will soon be gone, . . . And I shall see . . . . . His face ere long. . . .
Morn, noon and night, Before His throne He fills my heart with joy a - lone.
Although it bring Reproach and shar He'll keep me true to His blest name.
The lit-tle while Will soon be gone, And I shall see His face ere long.

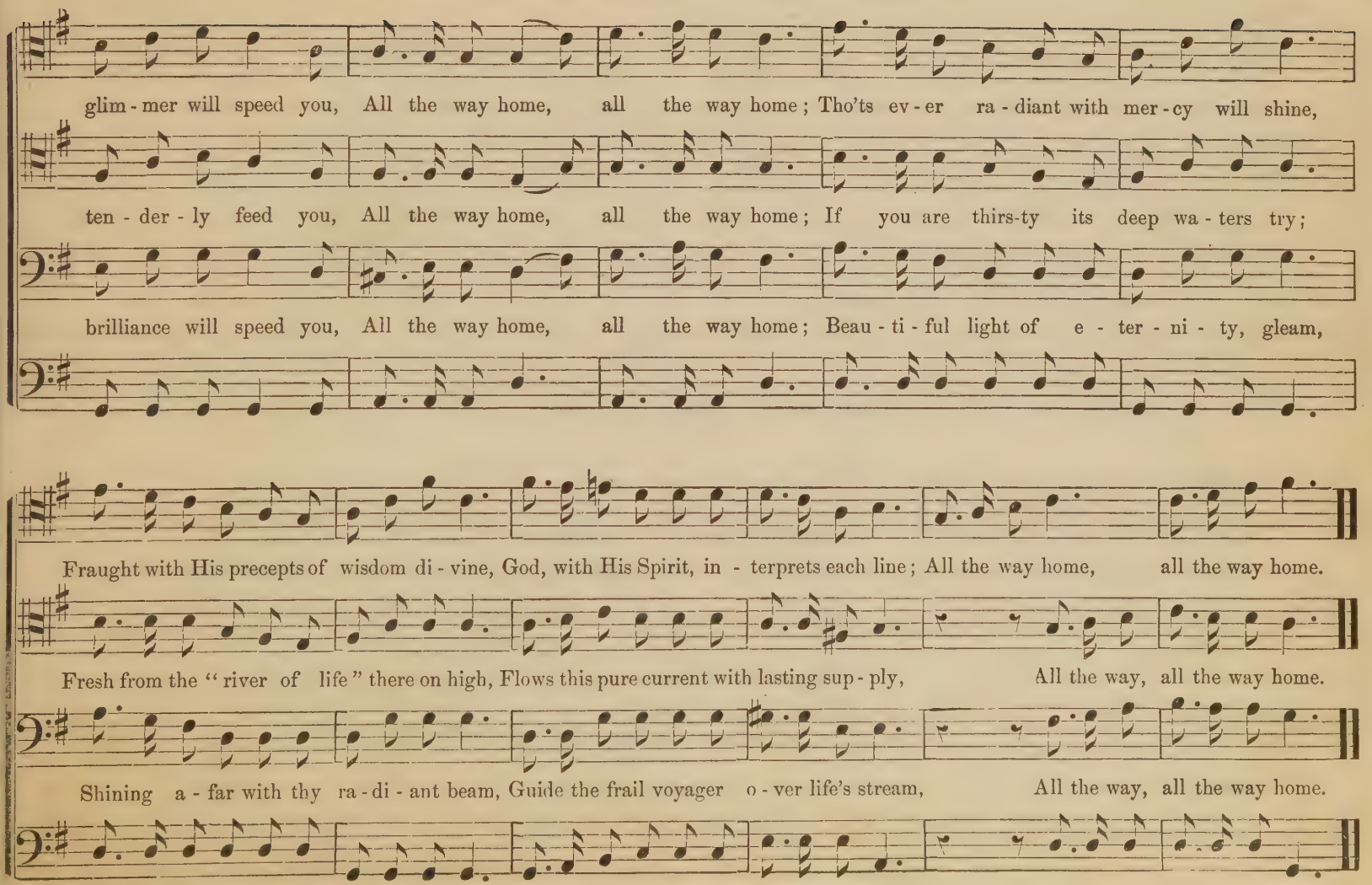
LIKE MEN THAT WAIT. Concluded.


Maestoso.
Like men that wait, like men that wait, Stand firm for God whate'er your fate, Stand firm . . . for God . . . like men that wait.
A tempo.
Like men that wait, like men that wait, Stand firm for God whate'er your fate, Stand firm . . . for God . . . like men that wait.

ALL THE WAY HOME.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psa. 119: 105. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

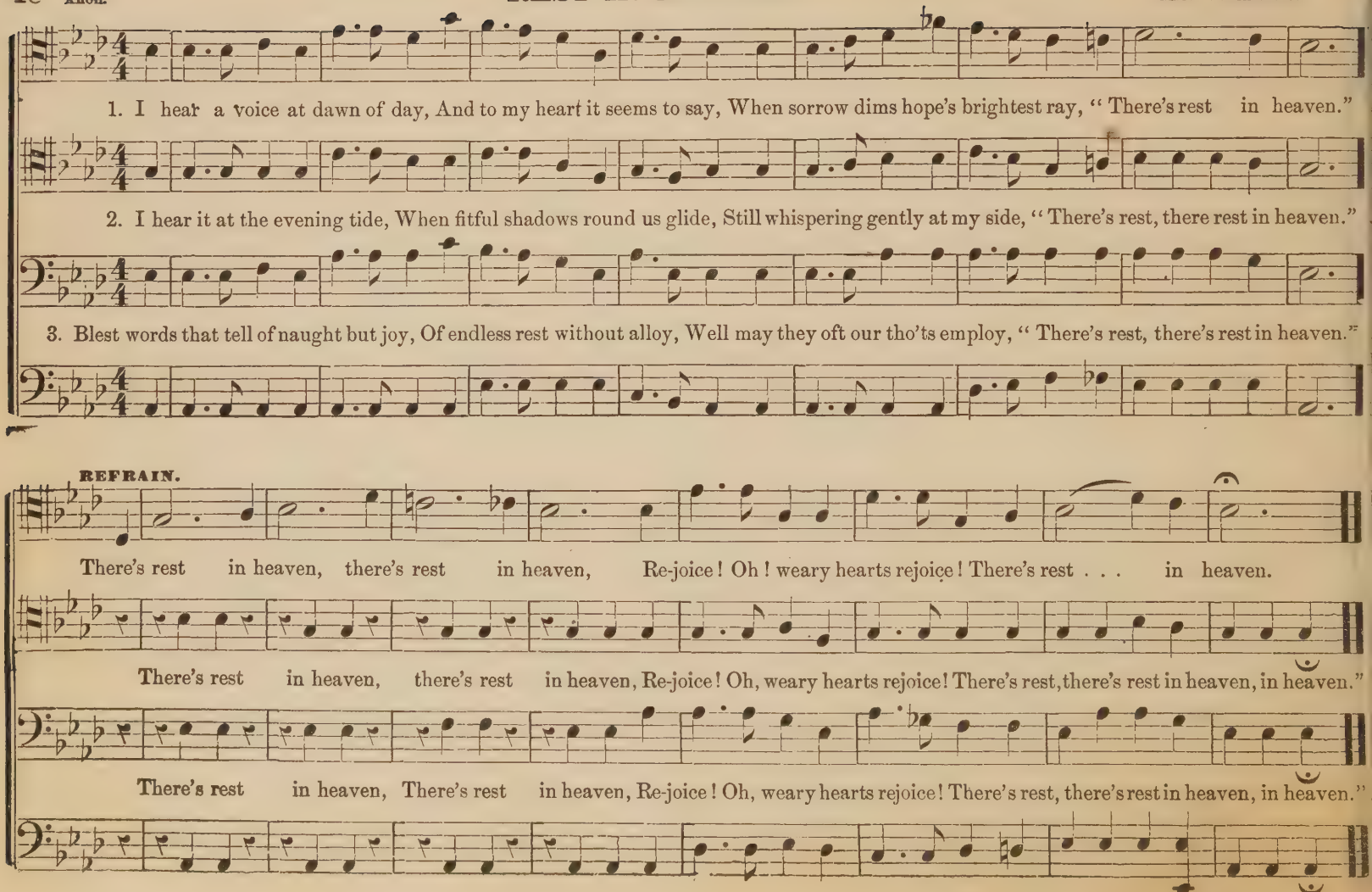

1. All the way home the good word will lead you, All the way home. all the way home, Down thro' the darkness its
2. All the way home the good word will lead you, All the way home, all the way home, Gra - cious - ly strengthen and
3. All the way home the good word will lead you, All the way home, all the way home, Safe to yon ha - ven its


glim - mer will speed you, All the way home, all the way home; Tho'ts ev - er ra - diant with mer - cy will shine,
ten - der - ly feed you, All the way home, all the way home; If you are thirs-ty its deep wa - ters try;
brilliance will speed you, All the way home, all the way home; Beau - ti - ful light of e - ter - ni - ty, gleam,
Fraught with His precepts of wisdom di - vine, God, with His Spirit, in - terprets each line; All the way home, all the way home.
Fresh from the "river of life" there on high, Flows this pure current with lasting sup - ply, All the way, all the way home.
Shining a - far with thy ra - di - ant beam, Guide the frail voyager o - ver life's stream, All the way, all the way home.

Anon.

REST IN HEAVEN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I hear a voice at dawn of day, And to my heart it seems to say, When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray, "There's rest in heaven."
2. I hear it at the evening tide, When fitful shadows round us glide, Still whispering gently at my side, "There's rest, there rest in heaven."
3. Blest words that tell of naught but joy, Of endless rest without alloy, Well may they oft our tho'ts employ, "There's rest, there's rest in heaven."
REFRAIN.
There's rest in heaven, there's rest in heaven, Re-joice! Oh! weary hearts rejoice! There's rest . . . in heaven.
There's rest in heaven, there's rest in heaven, Re-joice! Oh, weary hearts rejoice! There's rest, there's rest in heaven, in heaven."
There's rest in heaven, There's rest in heaven, Re-joice! Oh, weary hearts rejoice! There's rest, there's rest in heaven, in heaven."

LIKE MEN THAT WAIT. Quintet and Chorus.*

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

SOLO for Baritone. (one or more voices.)

1. "Like men that wait," . . . pass on the word, . . . The warning word, ... ye men of God; . . . Tho' dangers
2. Like men that wait, . . . endure the scorn, . . . The Master once . . . . all this hath borne; . . . 'Tis tri - al
3. Like men that wait, . . . tho' night surround, ... And fainting hearts . . . . are all around, ... He tarries

1. Like men that wait, pass on the word, The warning word, ye men of God,
2. Like men that wait, en - dure the scorn, The Master once, all this hath borne,
3. Like men that wait, tho' night surround And fainting hearts, are all around,

Cres. **ad lib.**

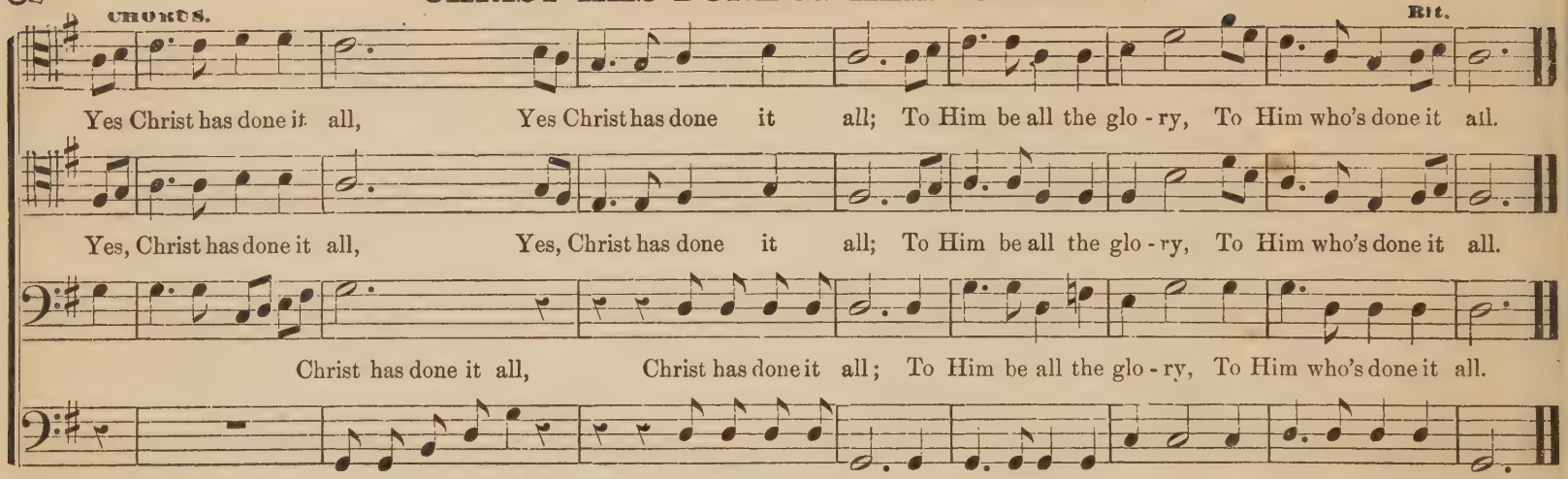
press, . . . Tho' foes may hate, . . . *Still firm - ly stand, ... like men that wait, . . .
now, ... and sor - row great, . . . But bear it all, ... like men that wait, . . .
long, ... the hour is late, . . . Now gird your loins . . . . like men that wait, . . .

Rit.

Tho' dangers press, tho' foes may hate, Still firm - ly stand, like men that wait;
'Tis tri - al now, and sorrow great, But bear it all, like men that wait;
He tarries long the hour is late, Now gird your loins like men that wait;

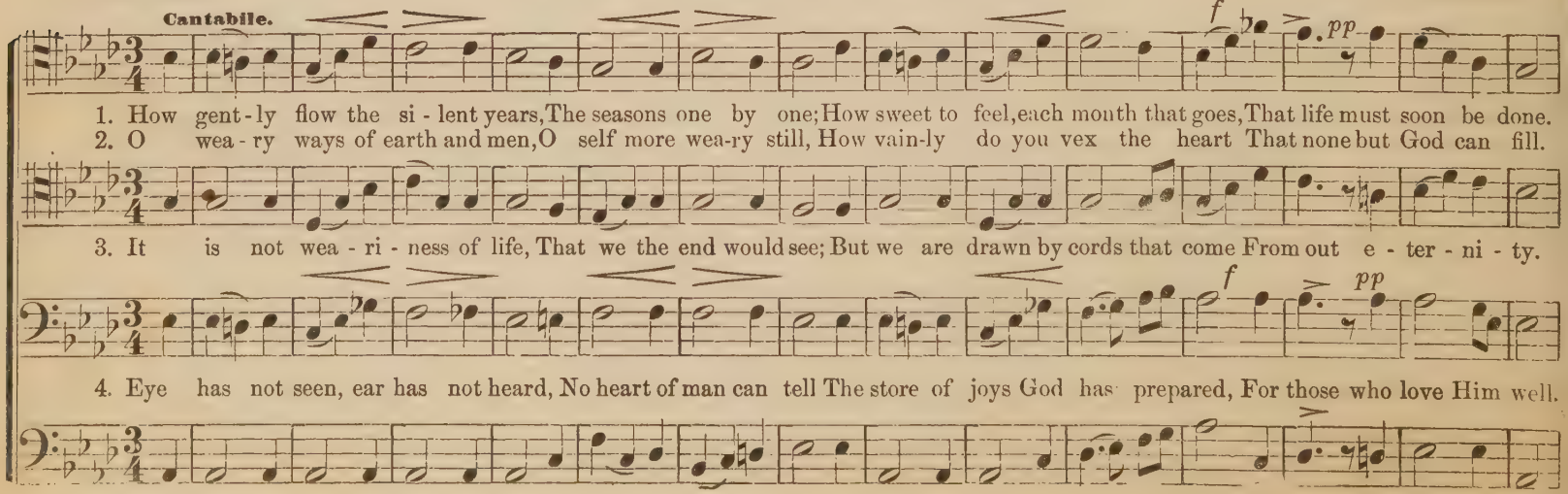
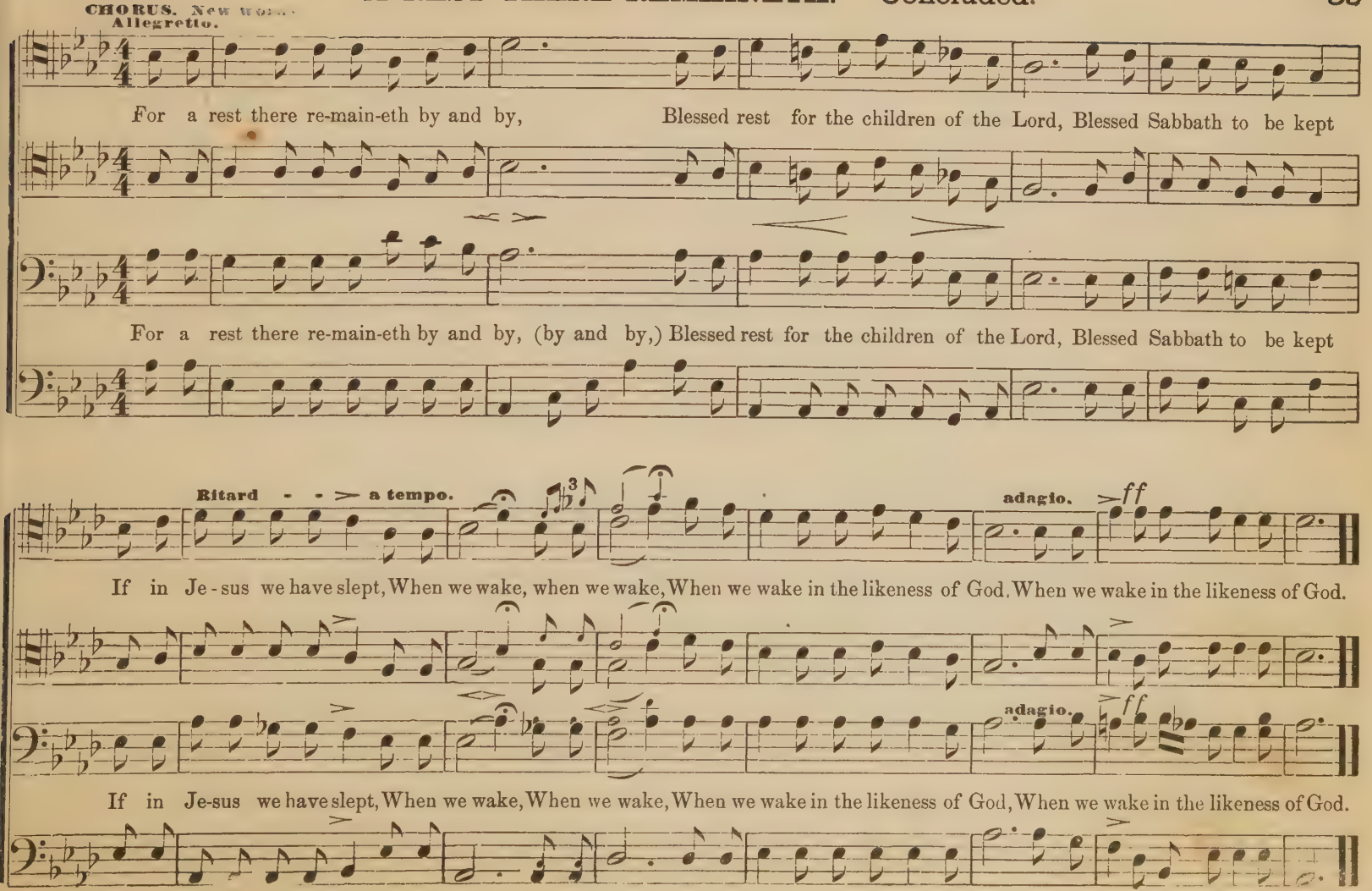
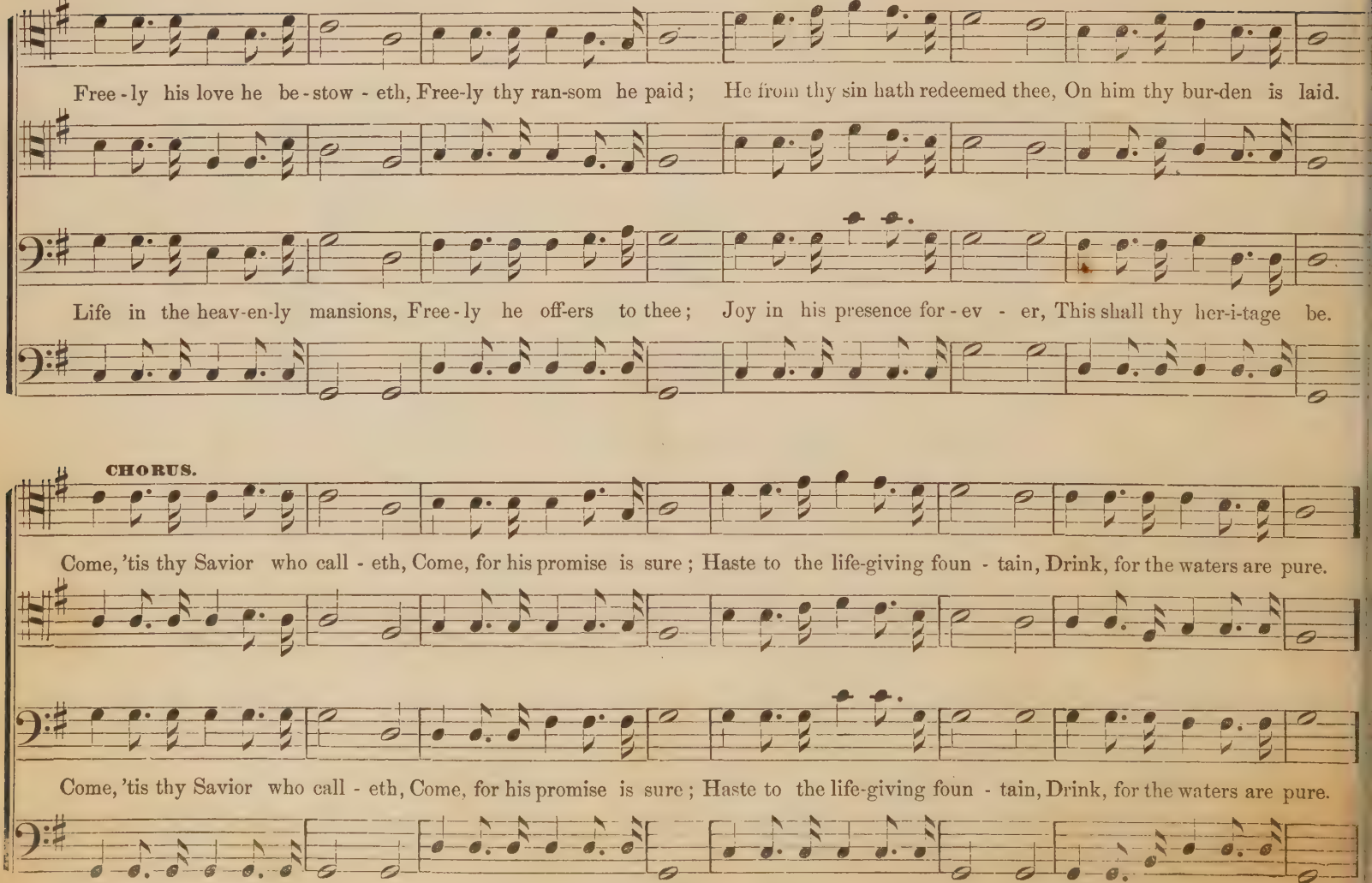
*May be sung with four voices by omitting small notes.

CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL. Concluded.

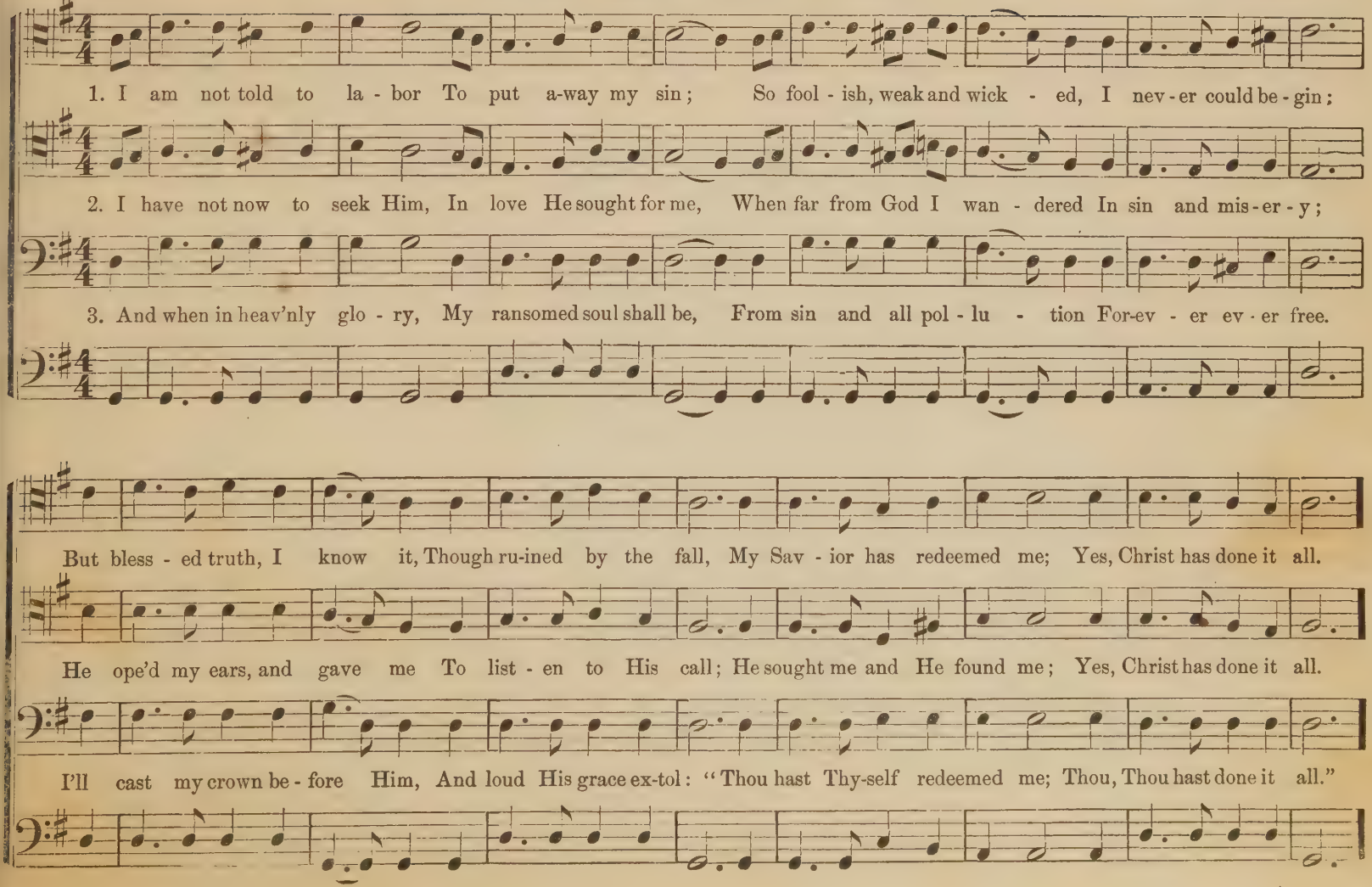

CHORUS.
Rit.
Yes Christ has done it all, Yes Christ has done it all; To Him be all the glo - ry, To Him who's done it all.
Yes, Christ has done it all, Yes, Christ has done it all; To Him be all the glo - ry, To Him who's done it all.
Christ has done it all, Christ has done it all; To Him be all the glo - ry, To Him who's done it all.

A REST THERE REMAINETH.

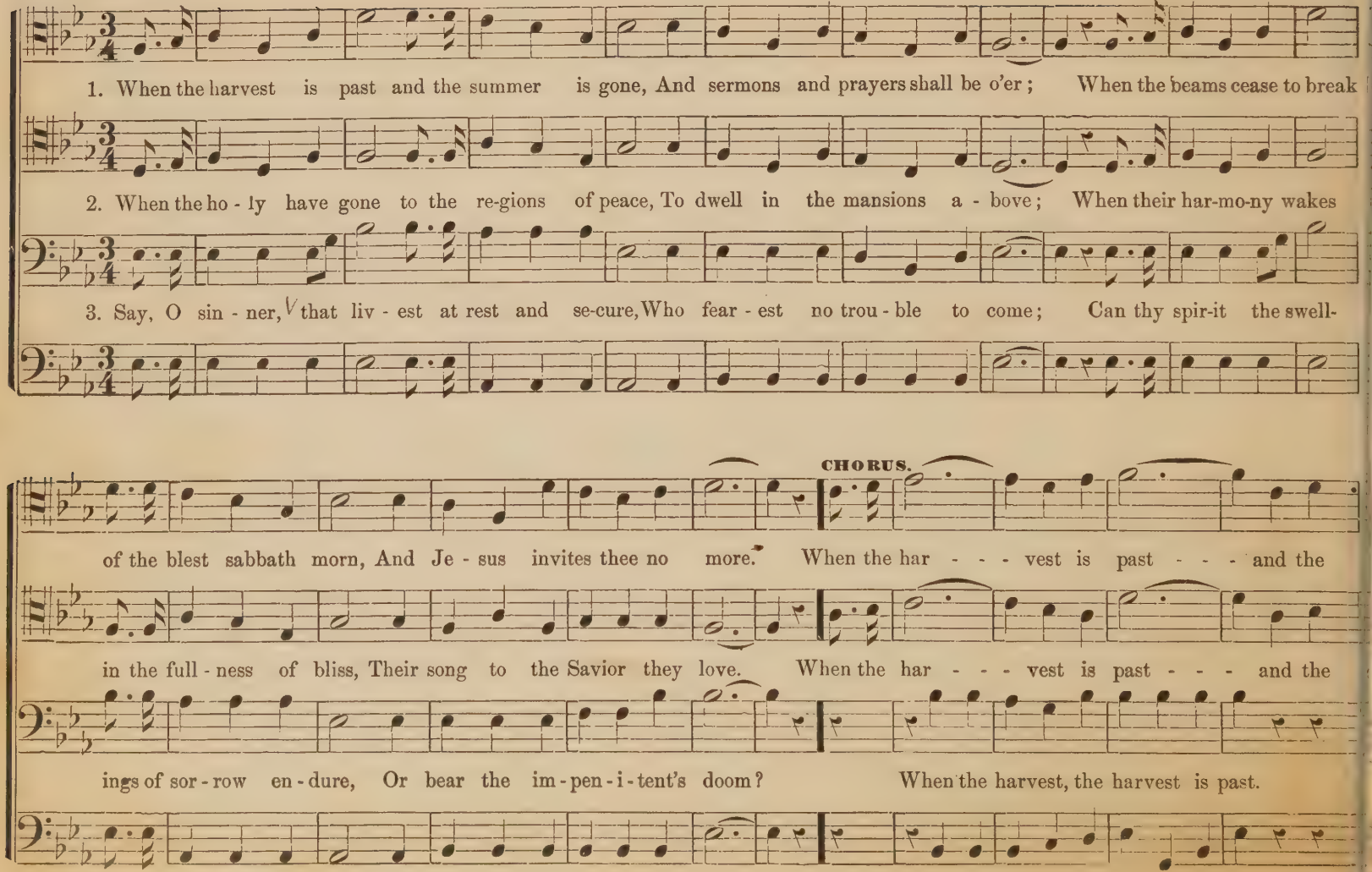
Arr. from FABER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

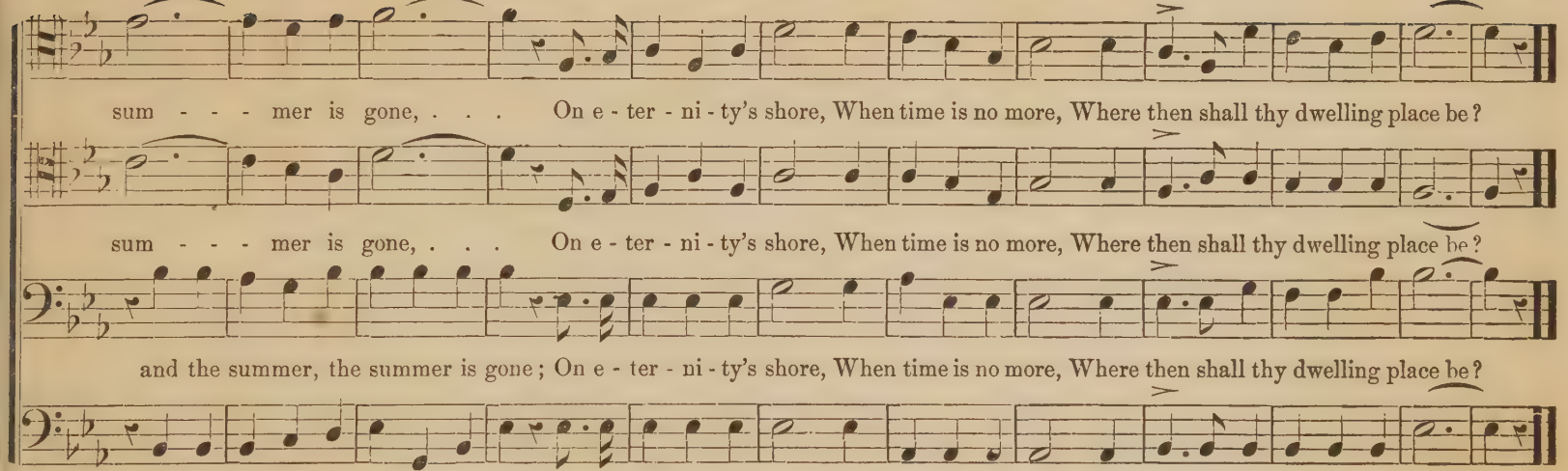

Cantabile.
f
pp
1. How gent - ly flow the si - lent years, The seasons one by one; How sweet to feel, each month that goes, That life must soon be done.
2. O wea - ry ways of earth and men, O self more wea-ry still, How vain-ly do you vex the heart That none but God can fill.
3. It is not wea - ri - ness of life, That we the end would see; But we are drawn by cords that come From out e - ter - ni - ty.
4. Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, No heart of man can tell The store of joys God has prepared, For those who love Him well.

CHORUS. New Words.
Allegretto.
For a rest there re-main-eth by and by, Blessed rest for the children of the Lord, Blessed Sabbath to be kept
For a rest there re-main-eth by and by, (by and by,) Blessed rest for the children of the Lord, Blessed Sabbath to be kept
Ritard - - a tempo.
adagio.
ff
If in Je-sus we have slept, When we wake, when we wake, When we wake in the likeness of God. When we wake in the likeness of God.
adagio.
ff
If in Je-sus we have slept, When we wake, When we wake, When we wake in the likeness of God, When we wake in the likeness of God.

Free-ly his love he be-stow-eth, Free-ly thy ran-som he paid; He from thy sin hath redeemed thee, On him thy bur-den is laid.
Life in the heav-en-ly mansions, Free-ly he off-ers to thee; Joy in his presence for-ev-er, This shall thy her-i-tage be.
CHORUS.
Come, 'tis thy Savior who call-eth, Come, for his promise is sure; Haste to the life-giving foun-tain, Drink, for the waters are pure.
Come, 'tis thy Savior who call-eth, Come, for his promise is sure; Haste to the life-giving foun-tain, Drink, for the waters are pure.

CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL.


1. I am not told to la - bor To put a-way my sin; So fool - ish, weak and wick - ed, I nev - er could be - gin;
2. I have not now to seek Him, In love He sought for me, When far from God I wan - dered In sin and mis - er - y;
3. And when in heav'nly glo - ry, My ransomed soul shall be, From sin and all pol - lu - tion For-ev - er ev - er free.
But bless - ed truth, I know it, Though ru-ined by the fall, My Sav - ior has redeemed me; Yes, Christ has done it all.
He ope'd my ears, and gave me To list - en to His call; He sought me and He found me; Yes, Christ has done it all.
I'll cast my crown be - fore Him, And loud His grace ex-tol: "Thou hast Thy-self redeemed me; Thou, Thou hast done it all."

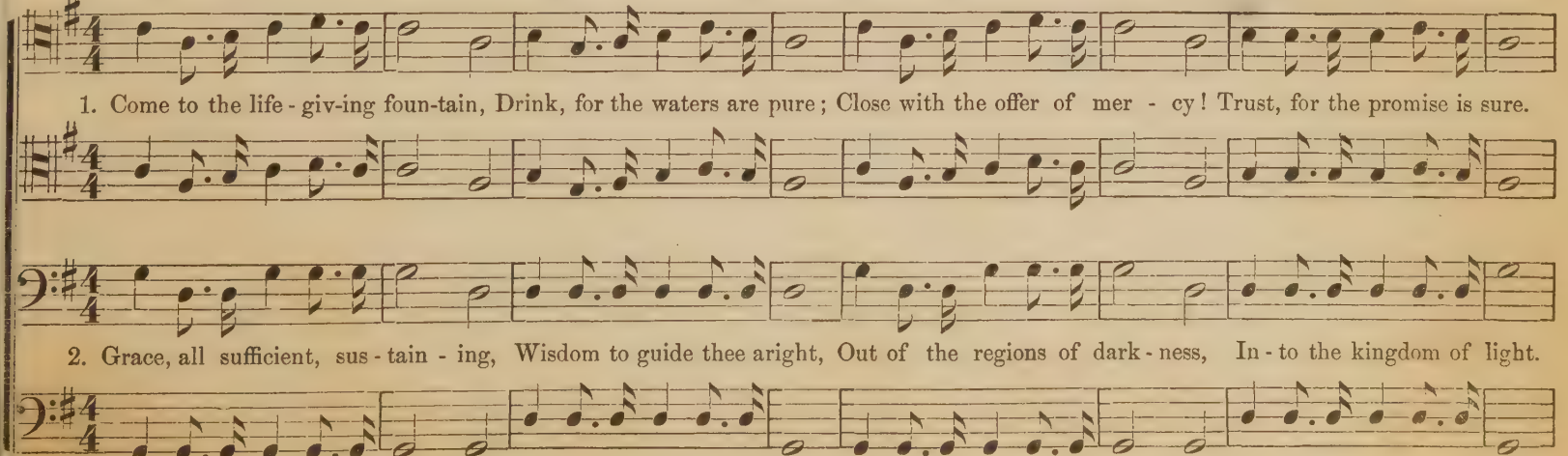
WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.


1. When the harvest is past and the summer is gone, And sermons and prayers shall be o'er; When the beams cease to break
2. When the ho - ly have gone to the re-gions of peace, To dwell in the mansions a - bove; When their har-mo-ny wakes
3. Say, O sin - ner, that liv - est at rest and se-cure, Who fear - est no trou - ble to come; Can thy spir-it the swell-
CHORUS.
of the blest sabbath morn, And Je - sus invites thee no more. When the har - - - vest is past - - - and the
in the full - ness of bliss, Their song to the Savior they love. When the har - - - vest is past - - - and the
ings of sor - row en - dure, Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom? When the harvest, the harvest is past.


sum - - - mer is gone, . . . On e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When time is no more, Where then shall thy dwelling place be?
sum - - - mer is gone, . . . On e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When time is no more, Where then shall thy dwelling place be?
and the summer, the summer is gone; On e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When time is no more, Where then shall thy dwelling place be?

COME TO THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN.

C. L. SHACKLOCK. R. A. KINZIE.


1. Come to the life - giv-ing foun-tain, Drink, for the waters are pure; Close with the offer of mer - cy! Trust, for the promise is sure.
2. Grace, all sufficient, sus - tain - ing, Wisdom to guide thee aright, Out of the regions of dark - ness, In - to the kingdom of light.

WE'VE SIGHTED THE GOLDEN GATE.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

SOLO. 1st Tenor. (full Chorus ad lib.) Tutti. **SOLO.** **Tutti.**

1. Our hearts are filled with joy to-day, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Its light is beaming o'er our way, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
2. They've signaled us from off the land, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Our friends are gath'ring on the strand, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

* As we gath - er at the har - vest home,

Tutti. *f*

Tutti.

3. How light the trials that have come, We've sighted the Golden Gate; For - gotten now in sight of home, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
4. Our God, with grateful hearts to Thee, We've sighted the Golden Gate; Once lost on life's tempestuous sea, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

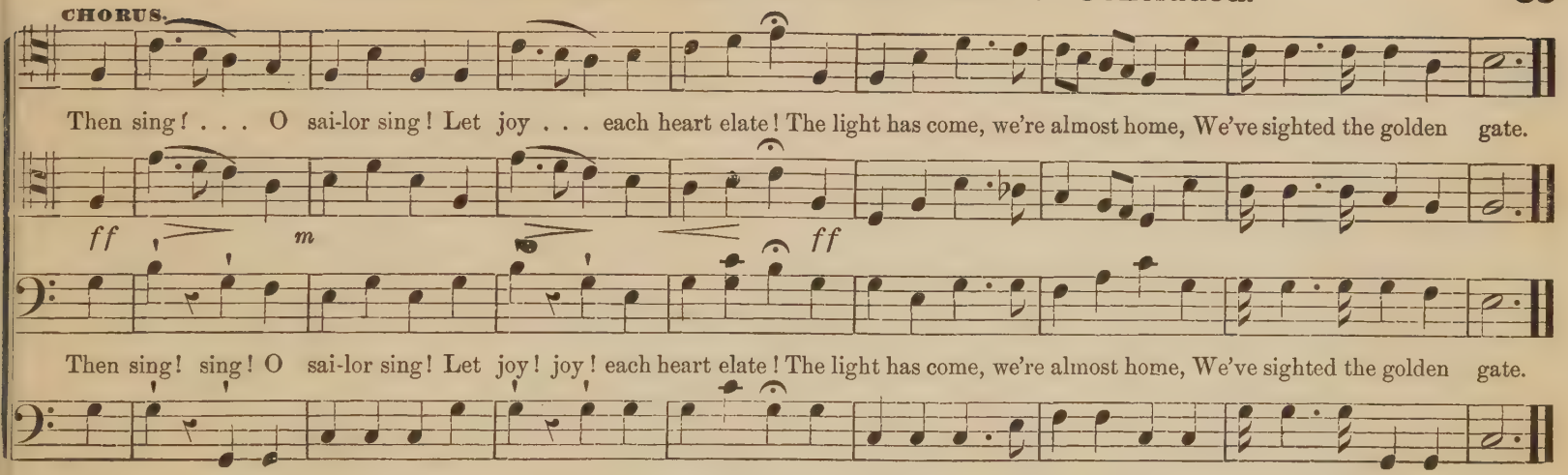
m *f*

Toss'd on the sea we've sighed for home, O'er oceans wide for this we've come; Thevoyage now is almost done, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
That we of en-trance should not fail, We answered to the Pi - lot's hail; With Him on board we safely sail, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

m *f*

The storms and clouds will soon be past, Then shelter'd from the stormy blast, With sails all furled and anchor cast, We've sighted the Golden Gate.
Our Lord and Savior, soon at home The grace that saved we'll gladly own; 'T was all of grace, and that alone, We've sighted the Golden Gate.

* For 2d Hymn use small notes as at this point wherever the refrain " As we gather, etc." is used.


CHORUS.
Then sing! . . . O sai-lor sing! Let joy . . . each heart elate! The light has come, we're almost home, We've sighted the golden gate.
ff
m
ff
Then sing! sing! O sai-lor sing! Let joy! joy! each heart elate! The light has come, we're almost home, We've sighted the golden gate.

AS WE GATHER AT THE HARVEST HOME.

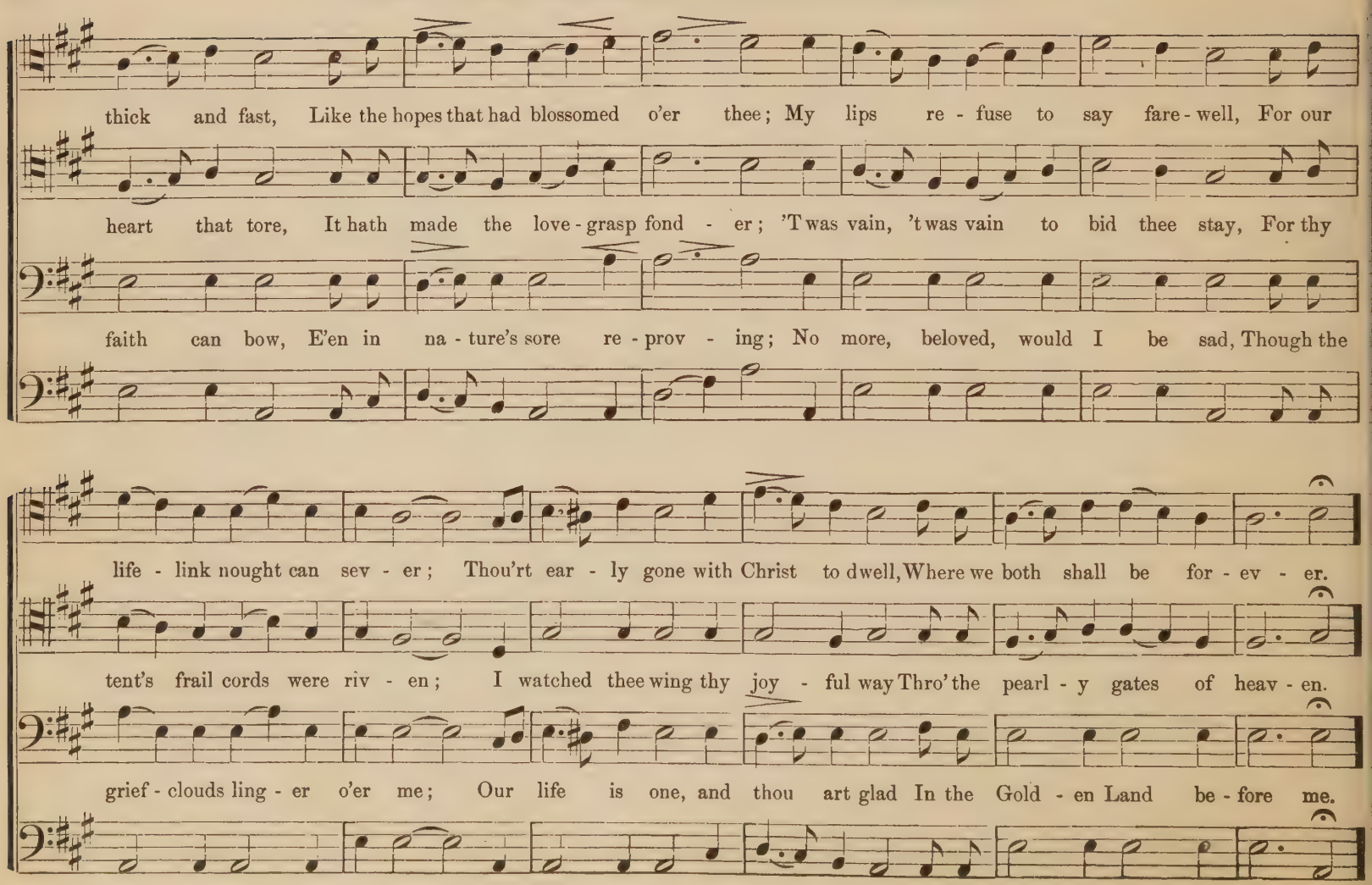
(Written for Harvest Home, Wayne, O., 1882. by M.)

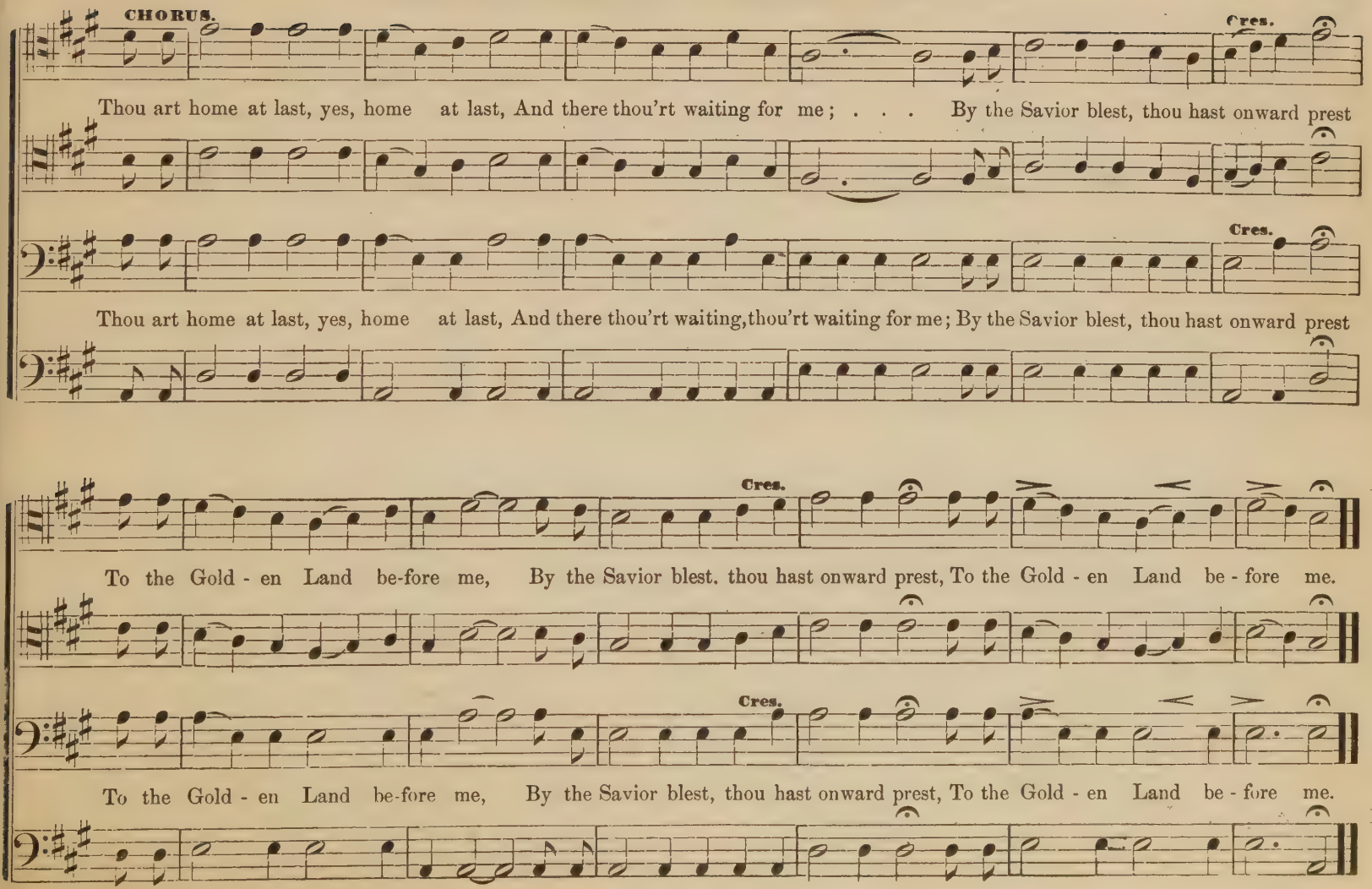
1. Our hearts are thrilled with joy to-day,
As we gather at the harvest home;
Our barns are filled with new mown hay,
As we gather at the harvest home;
We've had the seed-time, sun-shine, rain,
Our garners stored with golden grain,
Along the hills and o'er the plain,
As we gather at the harvest home.

CHORUS—*Then sing His praises, sing!*
With joy the chorus ring,
We'll spread His fame and own His name,
As we gather at the harvest home.

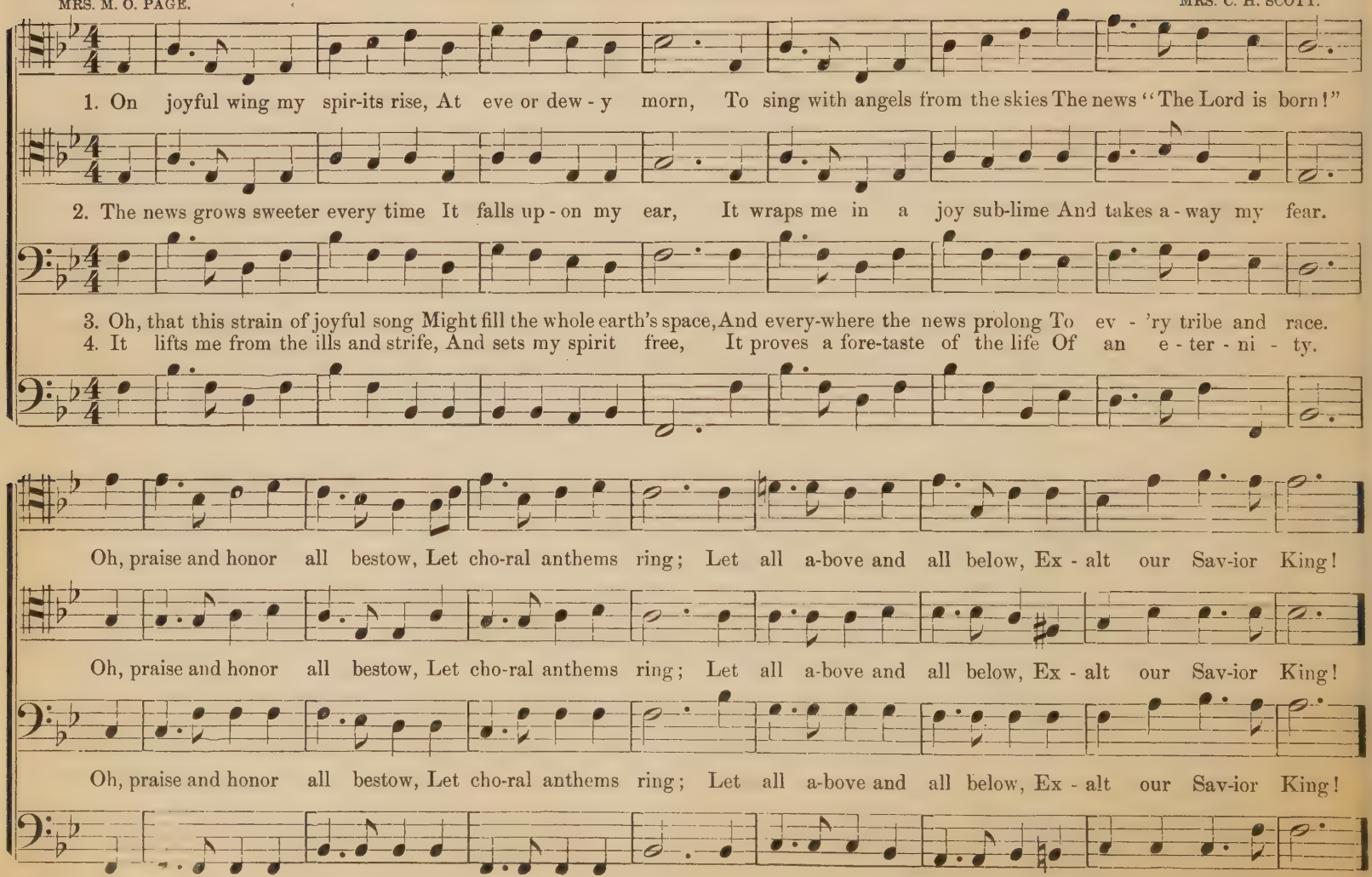
2. Let every heart rejoice and sing,
As we gather at the harvest home;
And thus our offering we'll bring
As we gather at the harvest home;
For man may plow, and man may sow
And never ceasing care bestow,
But still our all to God we owe,
As we gather at the harvest home. CHORUS

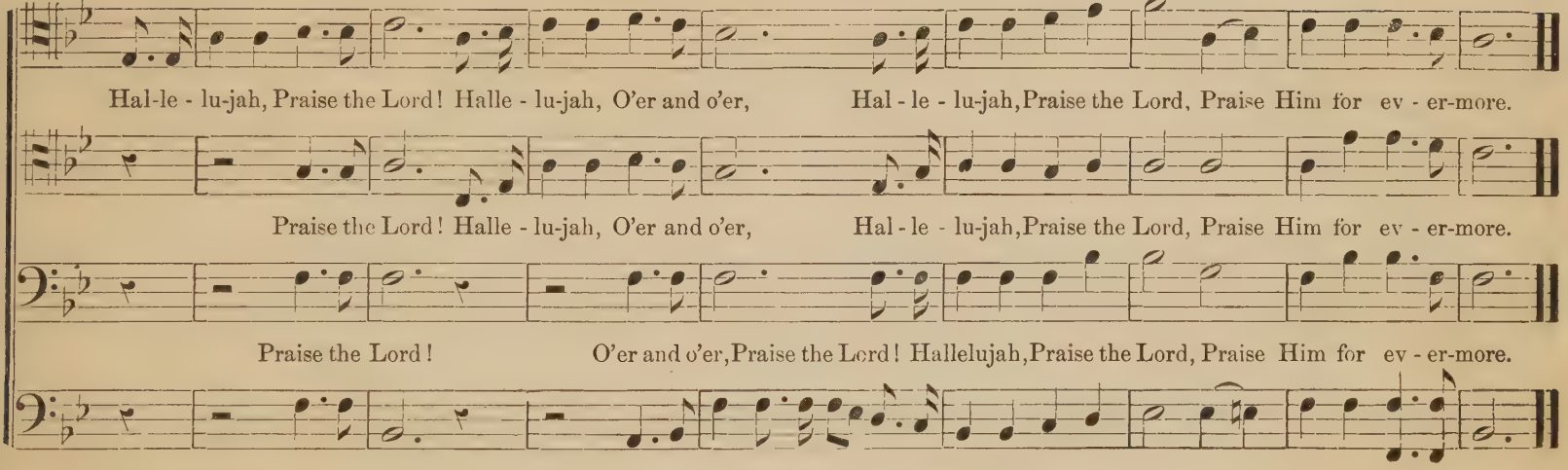
3. Our God, with grateful hearts to thee,
As we gather at the harvest home,
We offer praise for love so free,
As we gather at the harvest home.
And when the sowing here is o'er,
Safe garnered on the heavenly shore,
Thy praise we'll sing forevermore,
As we gather at the harvest home. CHORUS


thick and fast, Like the hopes that had blossomed o'er thee; My lips re - fuse to say fare - well, For our
heart that tore, It hath made the love - grasp fond - er; 'T was vain, 't was vain to bid thee stay, For thy
faith can bow, E'en in na - ture's sore re - prov - ing; No more, beloved, would I be sad, Though the
life - link nought can sev - er; Thou'rt ear - ly gone with Christ to dwell, Where we both shall be for - ev - er.
tent's frail cords were riv - en; I watched thee wing thy joy - ful way Thro' the pearl - y gates of heav - en.
grief - clouds ling - er o'er me; Our life is one, and thou art glad In the Gold - en Land be - fore me.


CHORUS.
Cres.
Thou art home at last, yes, home at last, And there thou'rt waiting for me; . . . By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest
Cres.
Thou art home at last, yes, home at last, And there thou'rt waiting, thou'rt waiting for me; By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest
Cres.
To the Gold - en Land be-fore me, By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest, To the Gold - en Land be - fore me.
Cres.
To the Gold - en Land be-fore me, By the Savior blest, thou hast onward prest, To the Gold - en Land be - fore me.

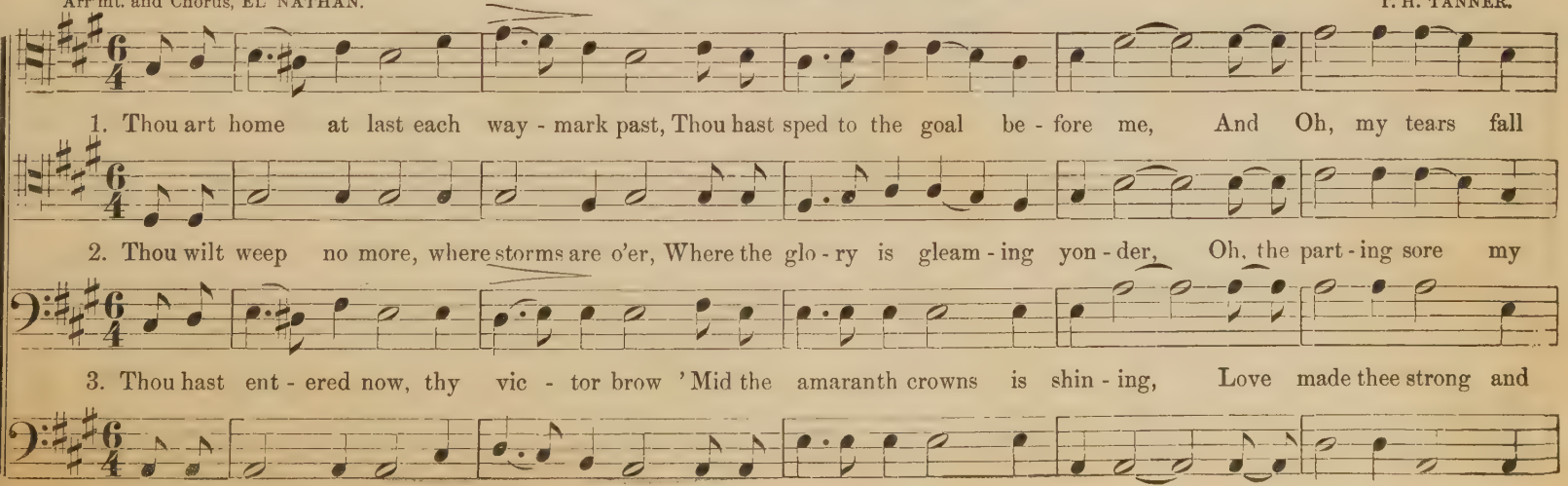
ON JOYFUL WING MY SPIRITS RISE.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

1. On joyful wing my spir-its rise, At eve or dew - y morn, To sing with angels from the skies The news "The Lord is born!"
2. The news grows sweeter every time It falls up - on my ear, It wraps me in a joy sub-lime And takes a - way my fear.
3. Oh, that this strain of joyful song Might fill the whole earth's space, And every-where the news prolong To ev - 'ry tribe and race.
4. It lifts me from the ills and strife, And sets my spirit free, It proves a fore-taste of the life Of an e - ter - ni - ty.
Oh, praise and honor all bestow, Let cho-ral anthems ring; Let all a-bove and all below, Ex - alt our Sav-ior King!
Oh, praise and honor all bestow, Let cho-ral anthems ring; Let all a-bove and all below, Ex - alt our Sav-ior King!
Oh, praise and honor all bestow, Let cho-ral anthems ring; Let all a-bove and all below, Ex - alt our Sav-ior King!


Hal-le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord! Halle - lu-jah, O'er and o'er, Hal - le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord, Praise Him for ev - er-more.
Praise the Lord! Halle - lu-jah, O'er and o'er, Hal - le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord, Praise Him for ev - er-more.
Praise the Lord! O'er and o'er, Praise the Lord! Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Praise Him for ev - er-more.

THOU ART HOME AT LAST.

Arr'mt. and Chorus, EL NATHAN. T. H. TANNER.


1. Thou art home at last each way - mark past, Thou hast sped to the goal be - fore me, And Oh, my tears fall
2. Thou wilt weep no more, where storms are o'er, Where the glo - ry is gleam - ing yon - der, Oh, the part - ing sore my
3. Thou hast ent - ered now, thy vic - tor brow 'Mid the amaranth crowns is shin - ing, Love made thee strong and

EL. NATHAN.

REDEEMED.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto Moderato.

1. Redeemed! redeemed! O sing the joy - ful strain! Give praise, give praise and glo-ry to His name

2. Redeemed! redeemed! the word has bro't re - pose And joy, and joy that each redeemed one knows

3. Redeemed! redeemed! O joy, that I should be In Christ, in Christ from sin for - ev - er free;
Redeemed! redeemed! In Christ,

Cres. *f*

Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased freedom for the slave, And purchased free - dom for the slave.
And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave.

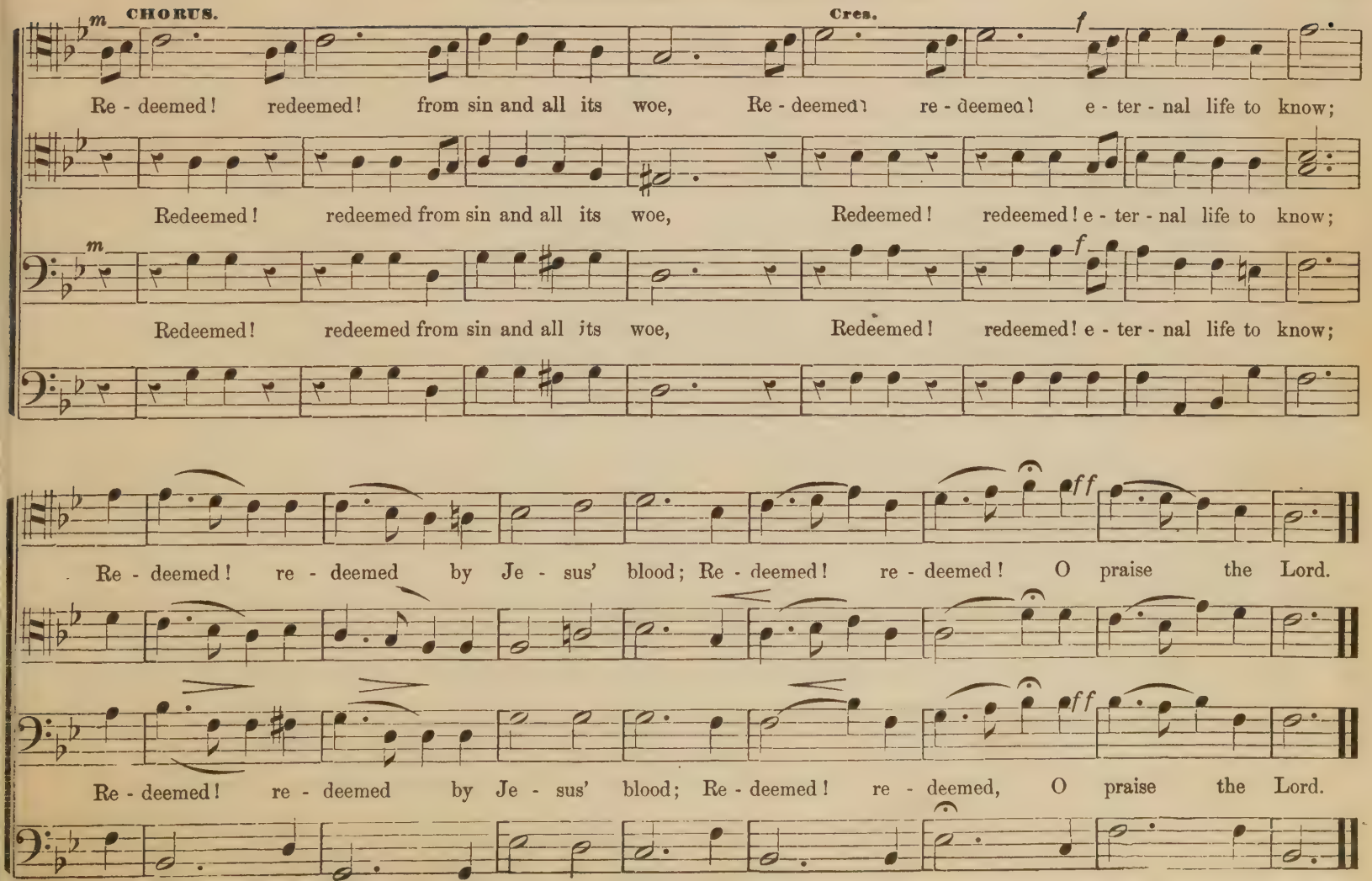
Cres. *f*

Who sees his sins on Jesus laid, And knows His blood the ransom paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ran - som paid.

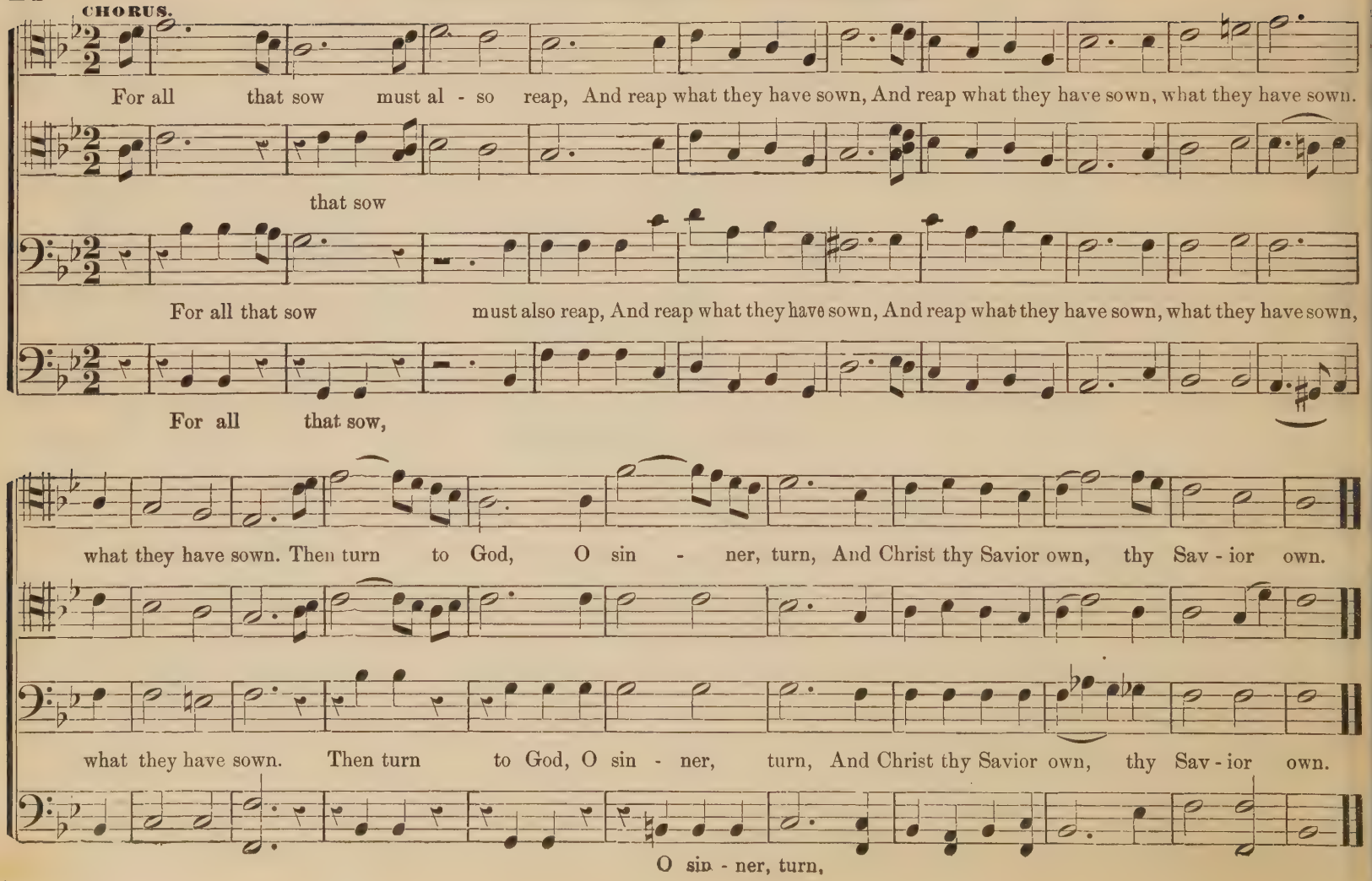
f

For - ev - er free to praise His name Who bore for me the guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame.

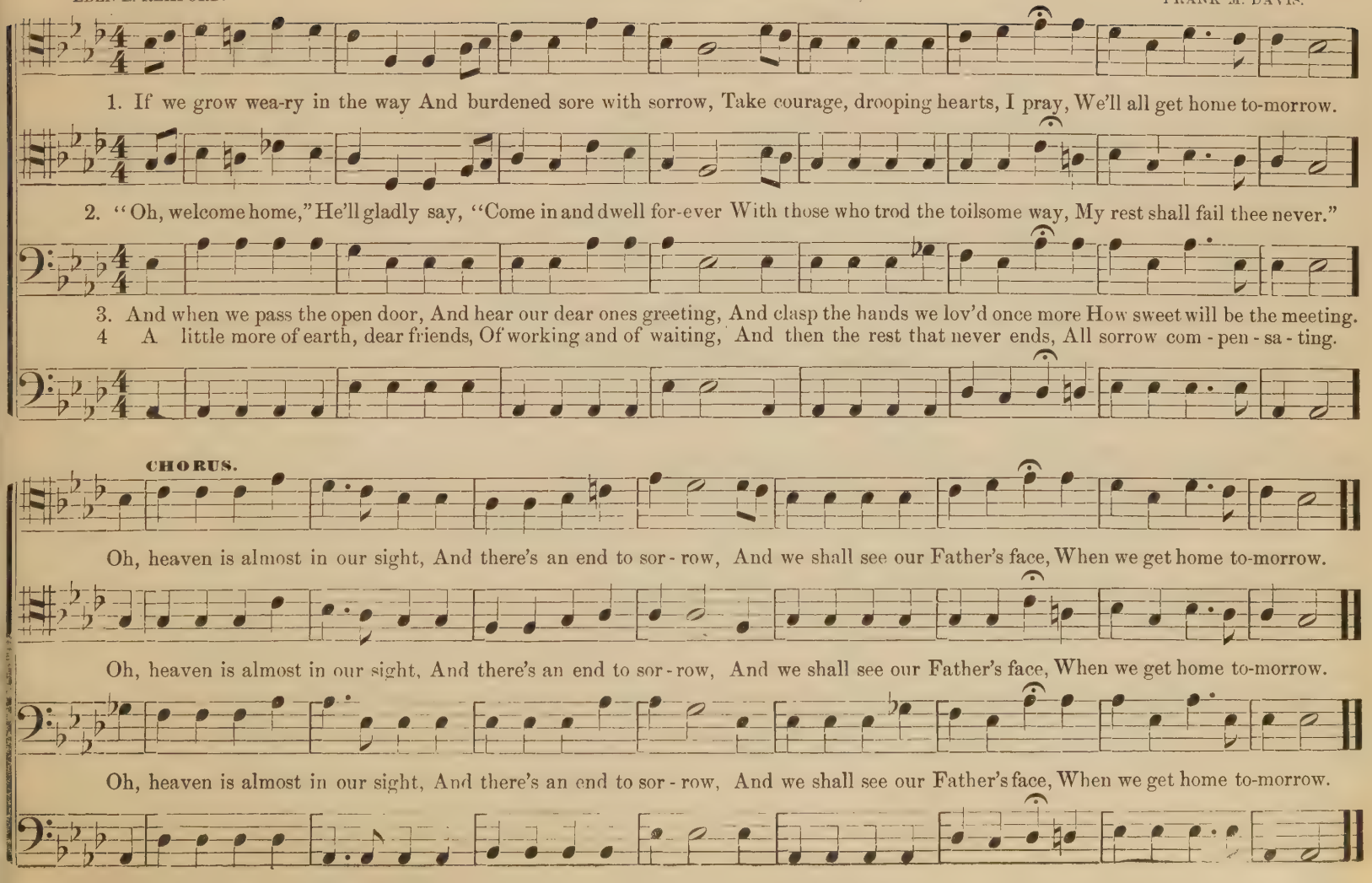
f


CHORUS.
Cres.
Re - deemed! redeemed! from sin and all its woe, Re - deemed! re - deemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Redeemed! redeemed from sin and all its woe, Redeemed! redeemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Redeemed! redeemed from sin and all its woe, Redeemed! redeemed! e - ter - nal life to know;
Re - deemed! re - deemed by Je - sus' blood; Re - deemed! re - deemed! O praise the Lord.
Re - deemed! re - deemed by Je - sus' blood; Re - deemed! re - deemed, O praise the Lord.

BE NOT DECEIVED. Concluded.


CHORUS.
For all that sow must al - so reap, And reap what they have sown, And reap what they have sown, what they have sown.
that sow
For all that sow must also reap, And reap what they have sown, And reap what they have sown, what they have sown,
For all that sow,
what they have sown. Then turn to God, O sin - ner, turn, And Christ thy Savior own, thy Sav - ior own.
what they have sown. Then turn to God, O sin - ner, turn, And Christ thy Savior own, thy Sav - ior own.
O sin - ner, turn,

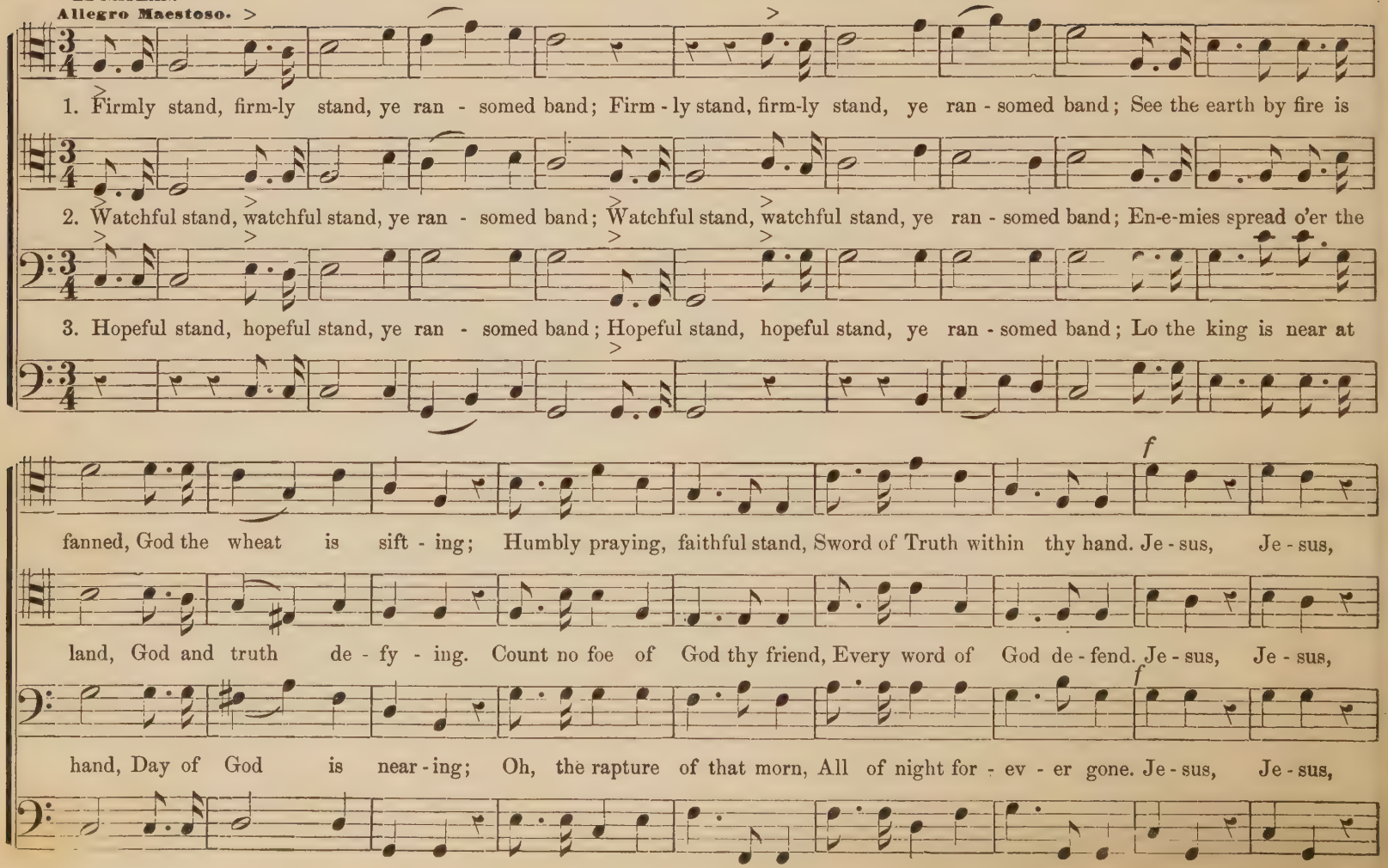
WHEN WE GET HOME.

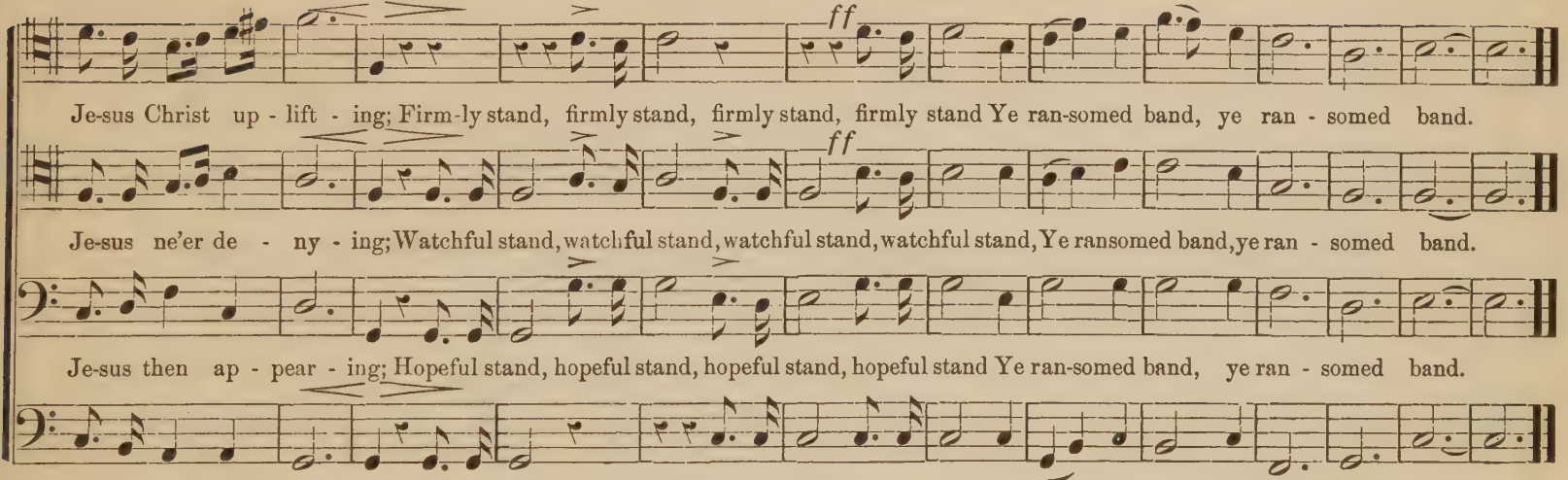
EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. If we grow wea-ry in the way And burdened sore with sorrow, Take courage, drooping hearts, I pray, We'll all get home to-morrow.
2. "Oh, welcome home," He'll gladly say, "Come in and dwell for-ever With those who trod the toilsome way, My rest shall fail thee never."
3. And when we pass the open door, And hear our dear ones greeting, And clasp the hands we lov'd once more How sweet will be the meeting.
4 A little more of earth, dear friends, Of working and of waiting, And then the rest that never ends, All sorrow com - pen - sa - ting.
CHORUS.
Oh, heaven is almost in our sight, And there's an end to sor - row, And we shall see our Father's face, When we get home to-morrow.
Oh, heaven is almost in our sight, And there's an end to sor - row, And we shall see our Father's face, When we get home to-morrow.
Oh, heaven is almost in our sight, And there's an end to sor - row, And we shall see our Father's face, When we get home to-morrow.

FIRMLY STAND YE RANSOMED BAND.

EL NATHAN. H. G. NAGELI.

Allegro Maestoso.


1. Firmly stand, firm-ly stand, ye ran - somed band; Firm - ly stand, firm-ly stand, ye ran - somed band; See the earth by fire is
2. Watchful stand, watchful stand, ye ran - somed band; Watchful stand, watchful stand, ye ran - somed band; En-e-mies spread o'er the
3. Hopeful stand, hopeful stand, ye ran - somed band; Hopeful stand, hopeful stand, ye ran - somed band; Lo the king is near at
f
fanned, God the wheat is sift - ing; Humbly praying, faithful stand, Sword of Truth within thy hand. Je - sus, Je - sus,
land, God and truth de - fy - ing. Count no foe of God thy friend, Every word of God de - fend. Je - sus, Je - sus,
f
hand, Day of God is near - ing; Oh, the rapture of that morn, All of night for - ev - er gone. Je - sus, Je - sus,

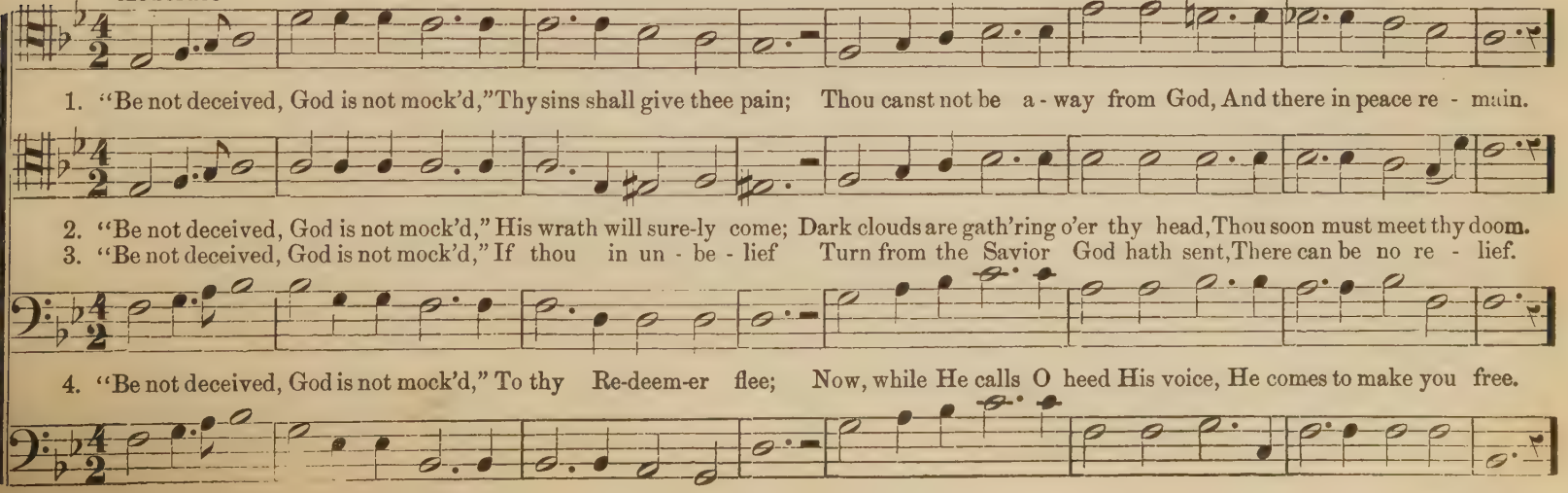

ff
Je-sus Christ up - lift - ing; Firm-ly stand, firmly stand, firmly stand, firmly stand Ye ran-somed band, ye ran - somed band.
ff
Je-sus ne'er de - ny - ing; Watchful stand, watchful stand, watchful stand, watchful stand, Ye ransomed band, ye ran - somed band.
Je-sus then ap - pear - ing; Hopeful stand, hopeful stand, hopeful stand, hopeful stand Ye ran-somed band, ye ran - somed band.

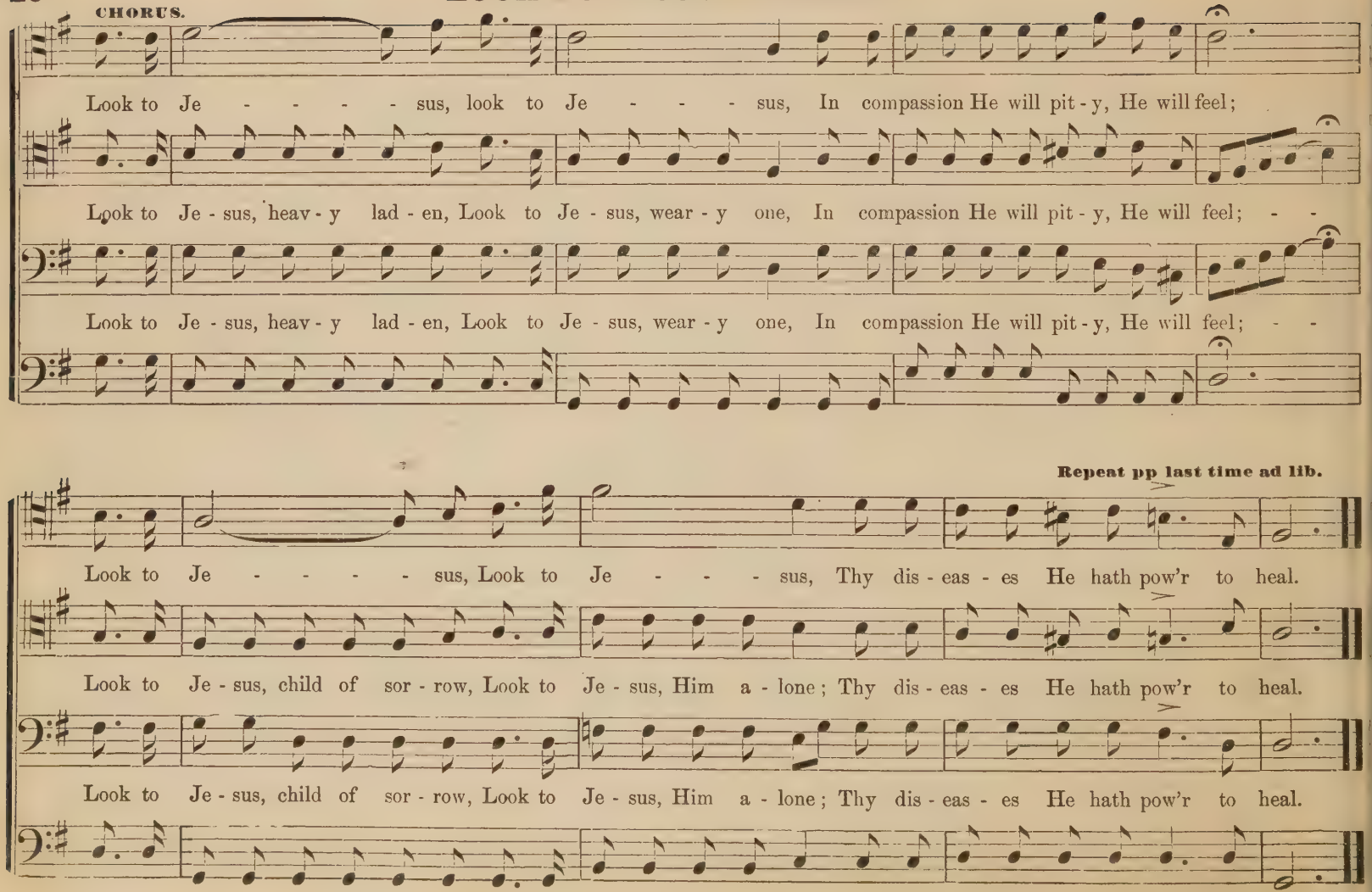
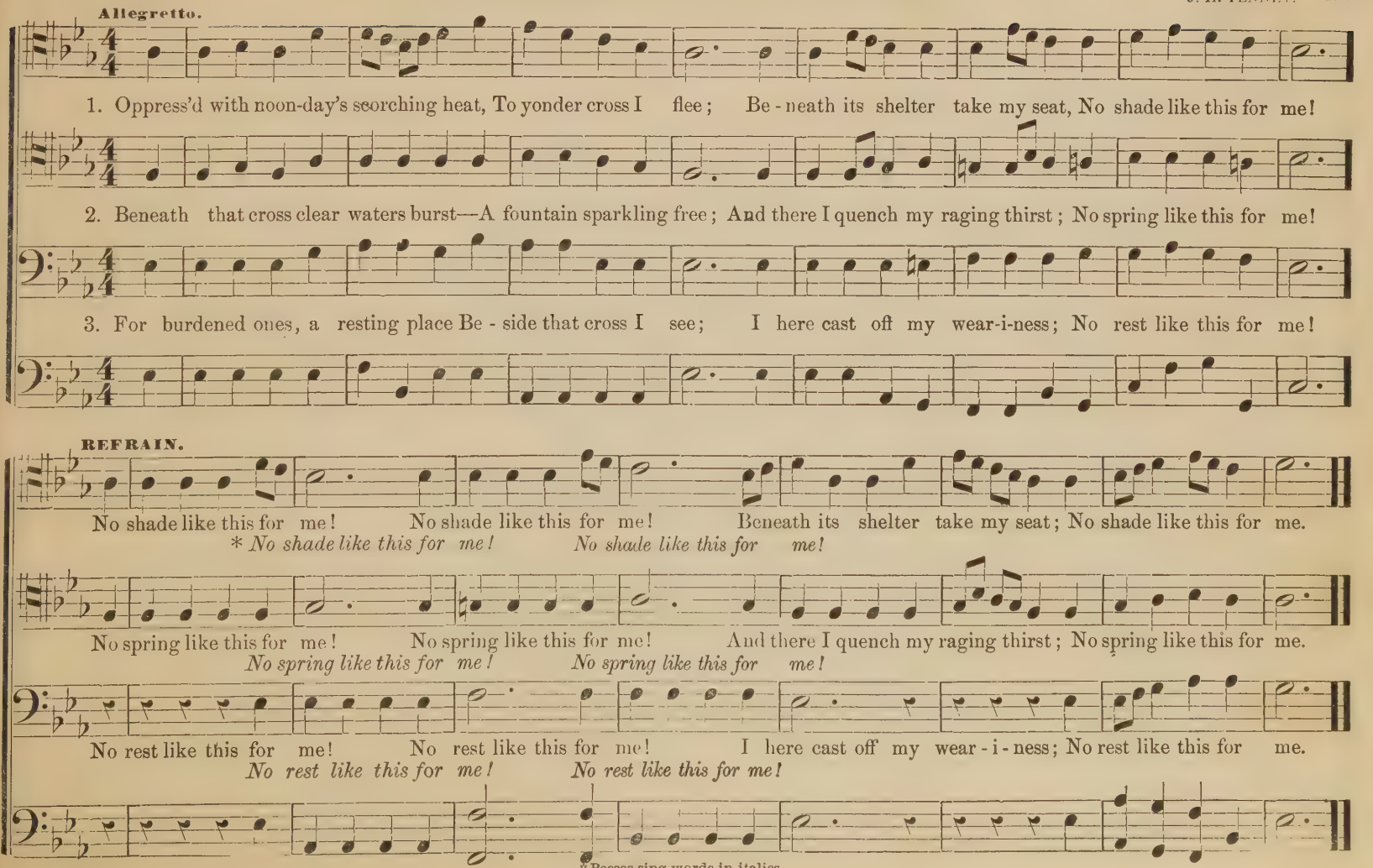
BE NOT DECEIVED.

EL NATHAN.

Moderato.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "Be not deceived, God is not mock'd," Thy sins shall give thee pain; Thou canst not be a - way from God, And there in peace re - main.
2. "Be not deceived, God is not mock'd," His wrath will sure-ly come; Dark clouds are gath'ring o'er thy head, Thou soon must meet thy doom.
3. "Be not deceived, God is not mock'd," If thou in un - be - lief Turn from the Savior God hath sent, There can be no re - lief.
4. "Be not deceived, God is not mock'd," To thy Re-deem-er flee; Now, while He calls O heed His voice, He comes to make you free.

LOOK TO JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.
Look to Je - - - - - sus, look to Je - - - - sus, In compassion He will pit - y, He will feel;
Look to Je - sus, heav - y lad - en, Look to Je - sus, wear - y one, In compassion He will pit - y, He will feel; - -
Look to Je - sus, heav - y lad - en, Look to Je - sus, wear - y one, In compassion He will pit - y, He will feel; - -
Repeat pp last time ad lib.
Look to Je - - - - - sus, Look to Je - - - - sus, Thy dis - eas - es He hath pow'r to heal.
Look to Je - sus, child of sor - row, Look to Je - sus, Him a - lone; Thy dis - eas - es He hath pow'r to heal.
Look to Je - sus, child of sor - row, Look to Je - sus, Him a - lone; Thy dis - eas - es He hath pow'r to heal.

Allegretto.
1. Oppress'd with noon-day's scorching heat, To yonder cross I flee; Be - neath its shelter take my seat, No shade like this for me!
2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst—A fountain sparkling free; And there I quench my raging thirst; No spring like this for me!
3. For burdened ones, a resting place Be - side that cross I see; I here cast off my wear-i-ness; No rest like this for me!
REFRAIN.
No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me! Beneath its shelter take my seat; No shade like this for me.
* No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me!
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me! And there I quench my raging thirst; No spring like this for me.
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me!
No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me! I here cast off my wear - i - ness; No rest like this for me.
No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me!

*Basses sing words in italics.

B. Y. GEORGE. Furnished by T. C. HAMILTON.

FAR AWAY.

Miss M. LINSAY. Arranged by M.

1. Turning backward thro' the shad-ows Of my ear - ly wast - ed years,
2. Years passed on, but still I wandered, Drank at pleas-ure's spark-ling stream;
3. In the dark and si - lent watches Of my long and wea - ry night,
4. Take my life, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Make it more and more Thine own;

Moderato.

mf *p*

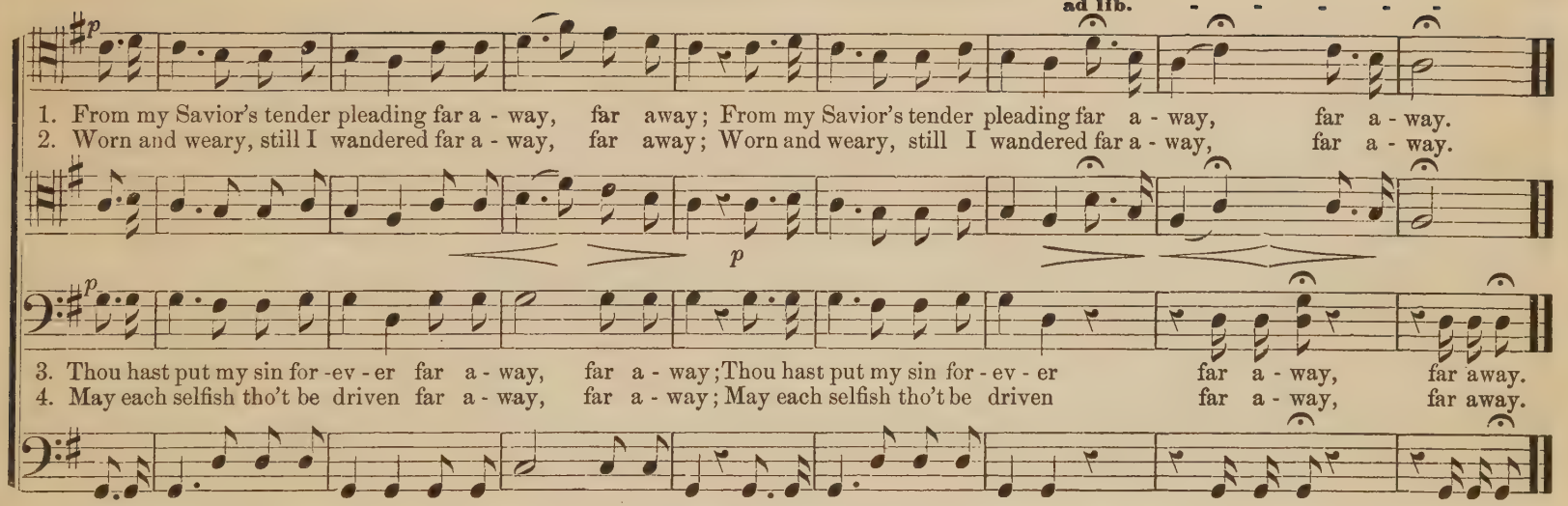
2nd Tenor. 1st & 2nd Tenors. ad lib.

Seeing all my sins but faintly Thro' the mist of rising tears, I remember when I wandered From my Father far astray. . .
Hap-pi-ness for - ev - er seeking, Led by hope's de -lu-sive gleam; Ah, the sparkling flood was bitter, Thirsting yet for many a day. . .

1st Bass.

Came my slighted Savior to me, Bringing comfort, peace and light; With His love and tender mercy, Taught my melting heart to say. . .
Take each talent Thou hast given, Use it for thyself a - lone; While I wait this side the riv - er, Serving Thee from day to day. . .

FAR AWAY. Concluded.

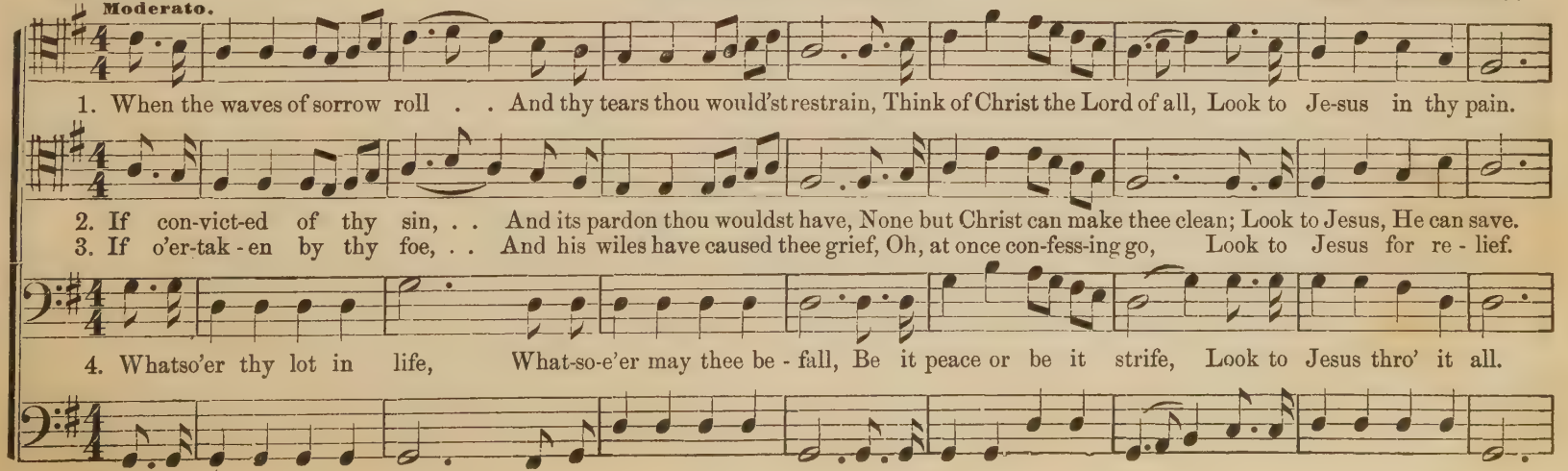

ad lib.
1. From my Savior's tender pleading far a - way, far away; From my Savior's tender pleading far a - way, far a - way.
2. Worn and weary, still I wandered far a - way, far away; Worn and weary, still I wandered far a - way, far a - way.
p
3. Thou hast put my sin for - ev - er far a - way, far a - way; Thou hast put my sin for - ev - er far a - way, far away.
4. May each selfish tho't be driven far a - way, far a - way; May each selfish tho't be driven far a - way, far away.

LOOK TO JESUS.

EL NATHAN.

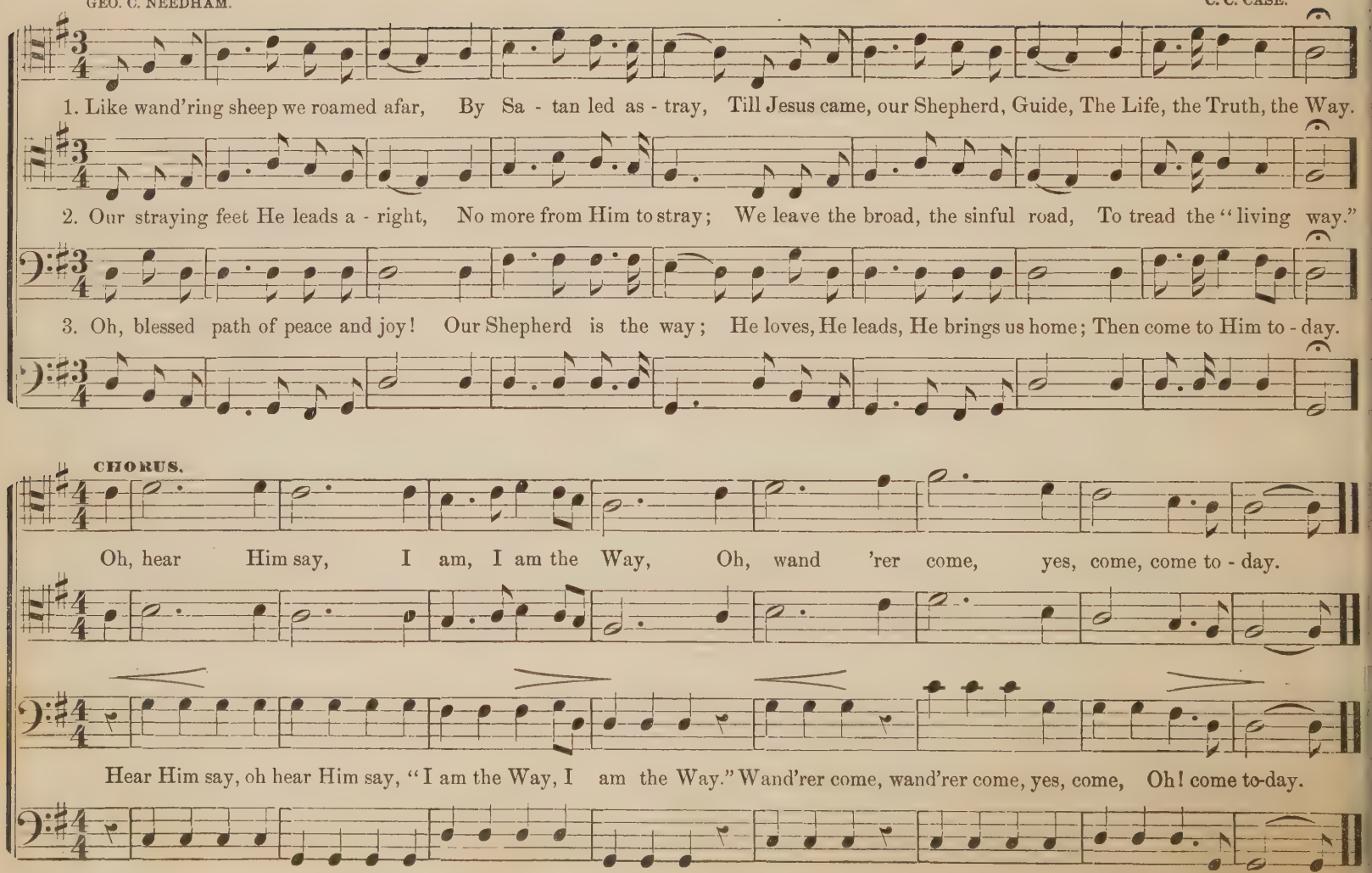
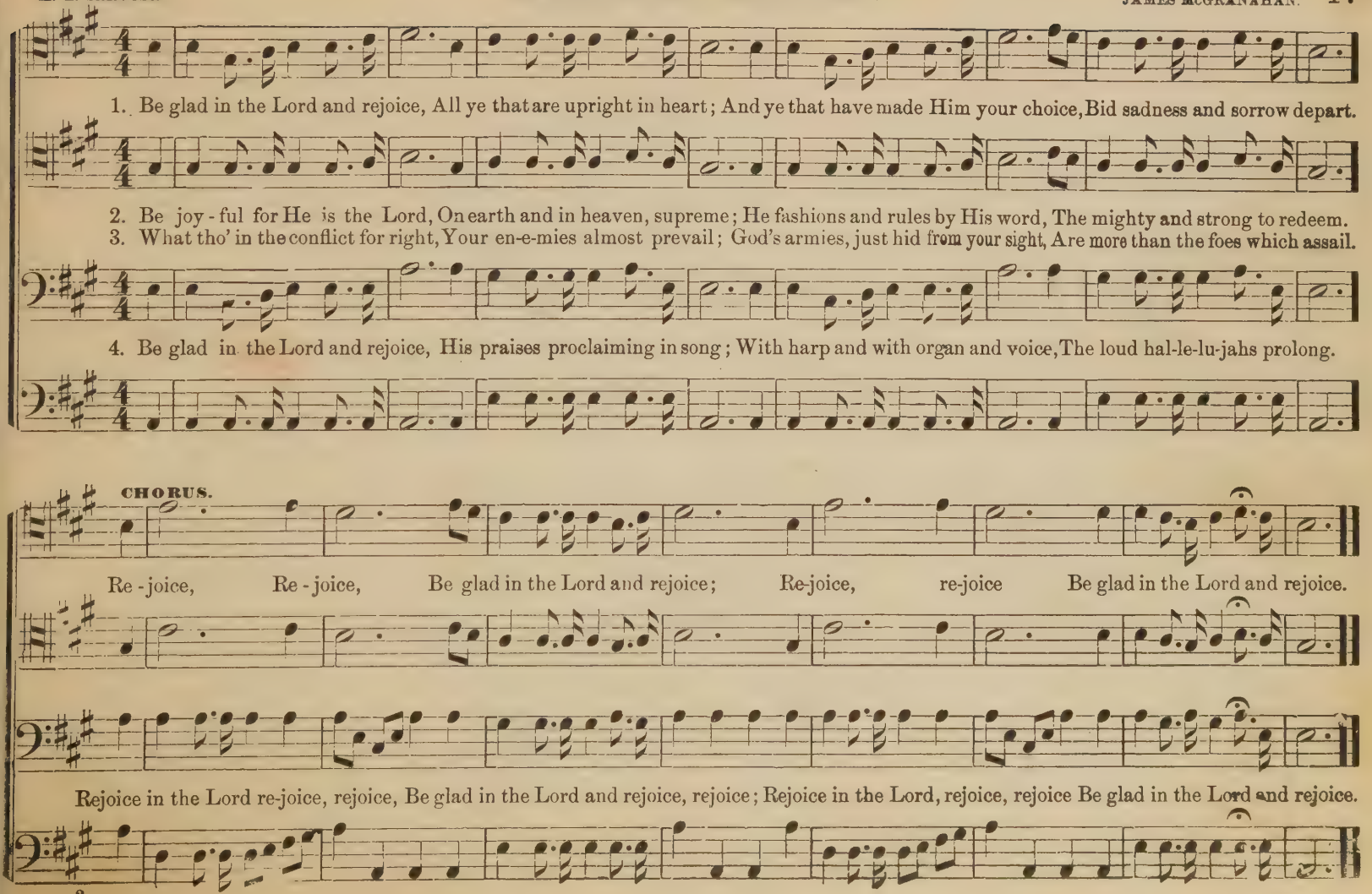
Moderato.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. When the waves of sorrow roll . . And thy tears thou would'st restrain, Think of Christ the Lord of all, Look to Je-sus in thy pain.
2. If con-vict-ed of thy sin, . . And its pardon thou wouldst have, None but Christ can make thee clean; Look to Jesus, He can save.
3. If o'er-tak - en by thy foe, . . And his wiles have caused thee grief, Oh, at once con-fess-ing go, Look to Jesus for re - lief.
4. Whatso'er thy lot in life, What-so-e'er may thee be - fall, Be it peace or be it strife, Look to Jesus thro' it all.

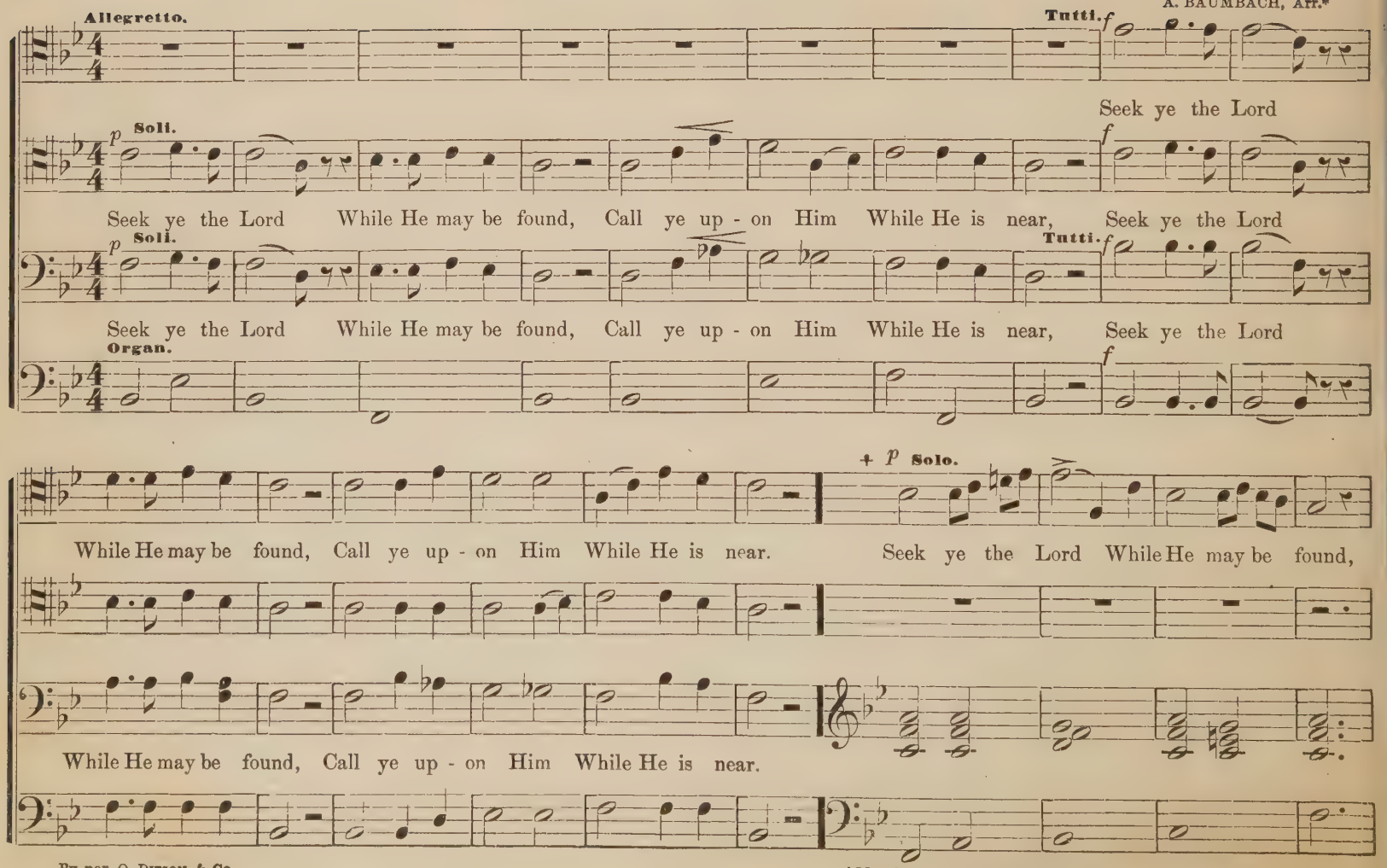
I AM THE WAY.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

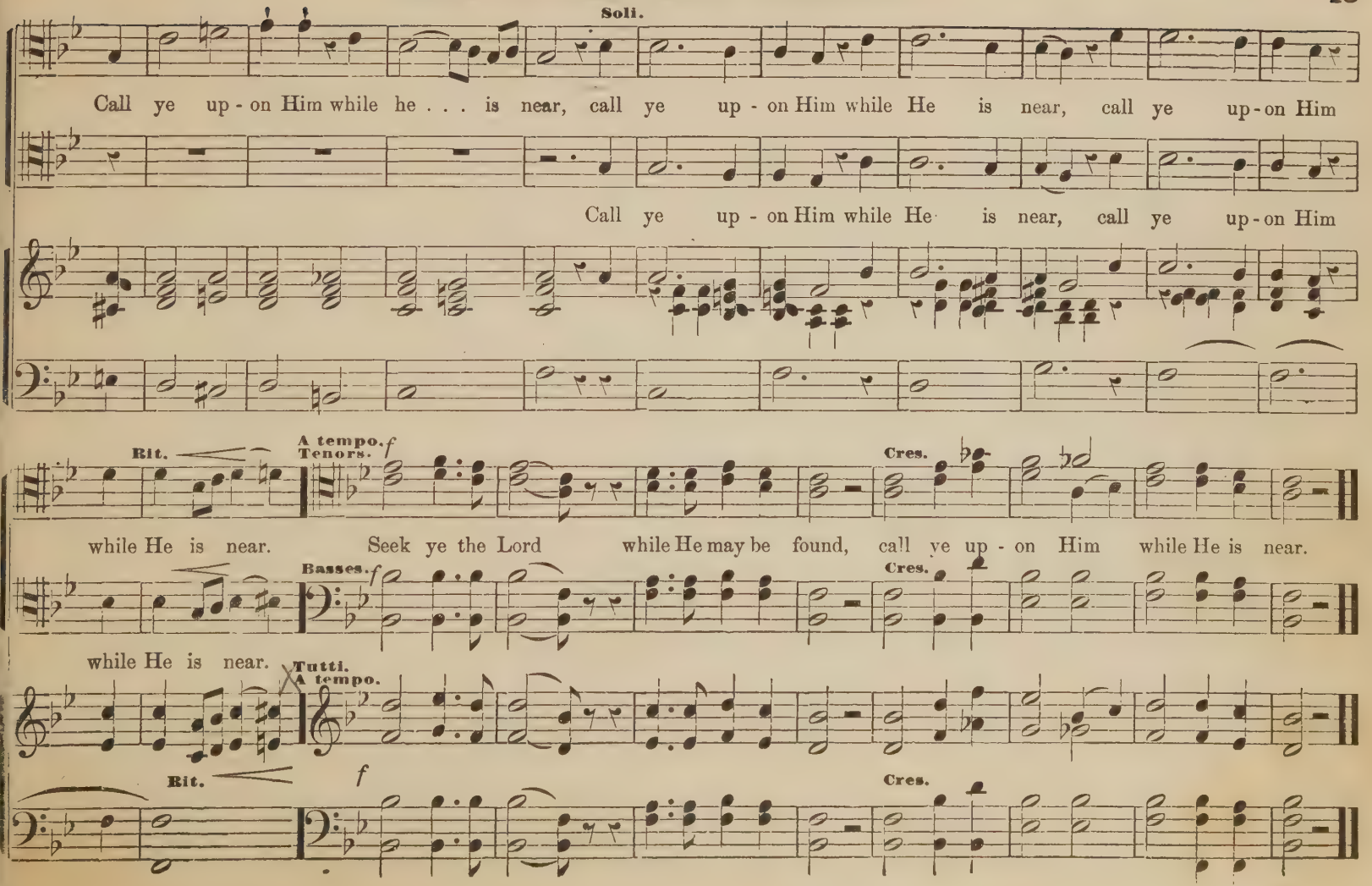

1. Like wand'ring sheep we roamed afar, By Sa - tan led as - tray, Till Jesus came, our Shepherd, Guide, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
2. Our straying feet He leads a - right, No more from Him to stray; We leave the broad, the sinful road, To tread the "living way."
3. Oh, blessed path of peace and joy! Our Shepherd is the way; He loves, He leads, He brings us home; Then come to Him to - day.
CHORUS.
Oh, hear Him say, I am, I am the Way, Oh, wand 'rer come, yes, come, come to - day.
Hear Him say, oh hear Him say, "I am the Way, I am the Way." Wand'rer come, wand'rer come, yes, come, Oh! come to-day.

1. Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, All ye that are upright in heart; And ye that have made Him your choice, Bid sadness and sorrow depart.
2. Be joy-ful for He is the Lord, On earth and in heaven, supreme; He fashions and rules by His word, The mighty and strong to redeem.
3. What tho' in the conflict for right, Your en-e-mies almost prevail; God's armies, just hid from your sight, Are more than the foes which assail.
4. Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, His praises proclaiming in song; With harp and with organ and voice, The loud hal-le-lu-jahs prolong.
CHORUS.
Re-joice, Re-joice, Be glad in the Lord and rejoice; Re-joice, re-joice Be glad in the Lord and rejoice.
Rejoice in the Lord re-joice, rejoice, Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, rejoice; Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice, rejoice Be glad in the Lord and rejoice.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

A. BAUMBACH, Arr.*

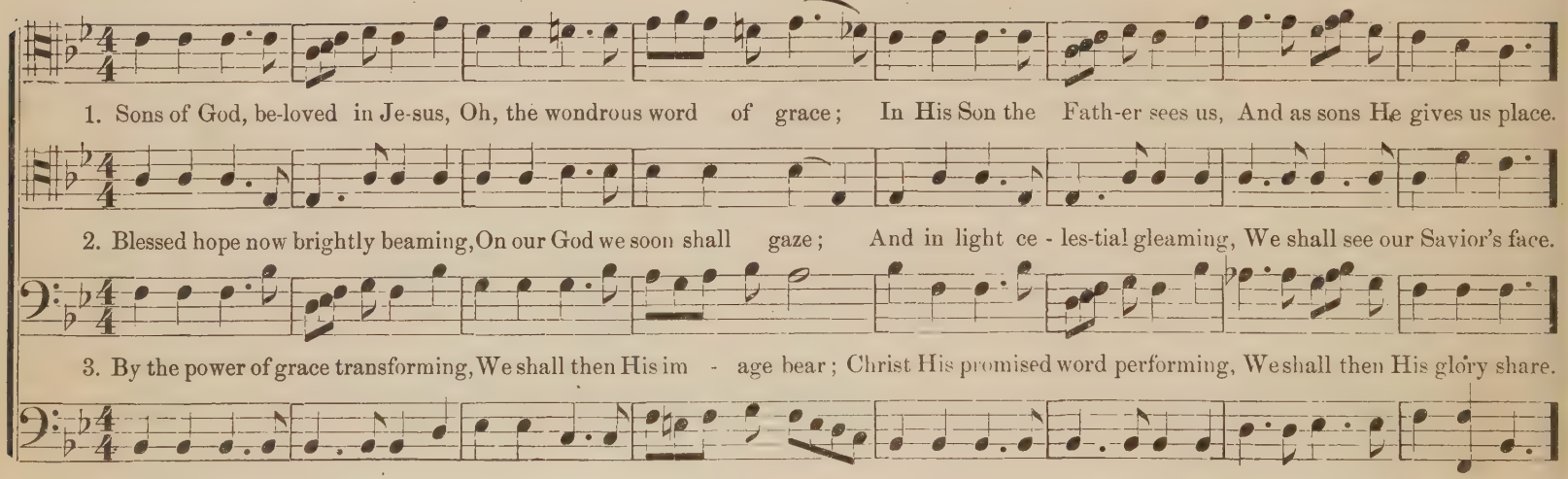

Allegretto.
Tutti.
Soli.
Seek ye the Lord
Seek ye the Lord While He may be found, Call ye up - on Him While He is near, Seek ye the Lord
Soli.
Tutti.
Seek ye the Lord While He may be found, Call ye up - on Him While He is near, Seek ye the Lord
Organ.
Solo.
While He may be found, Call ye up - on Him While He is near. Seek ye the Lord While He may be found,
While He may be found, Call ye up - on Him While He is near.

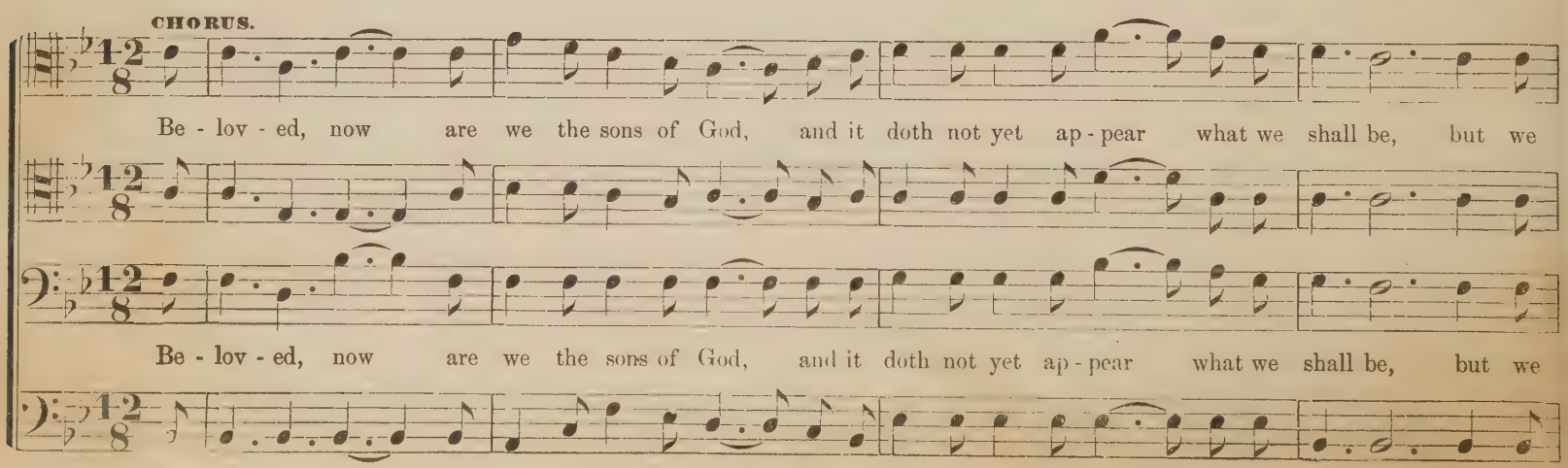
By per. O. Ditson & Co.

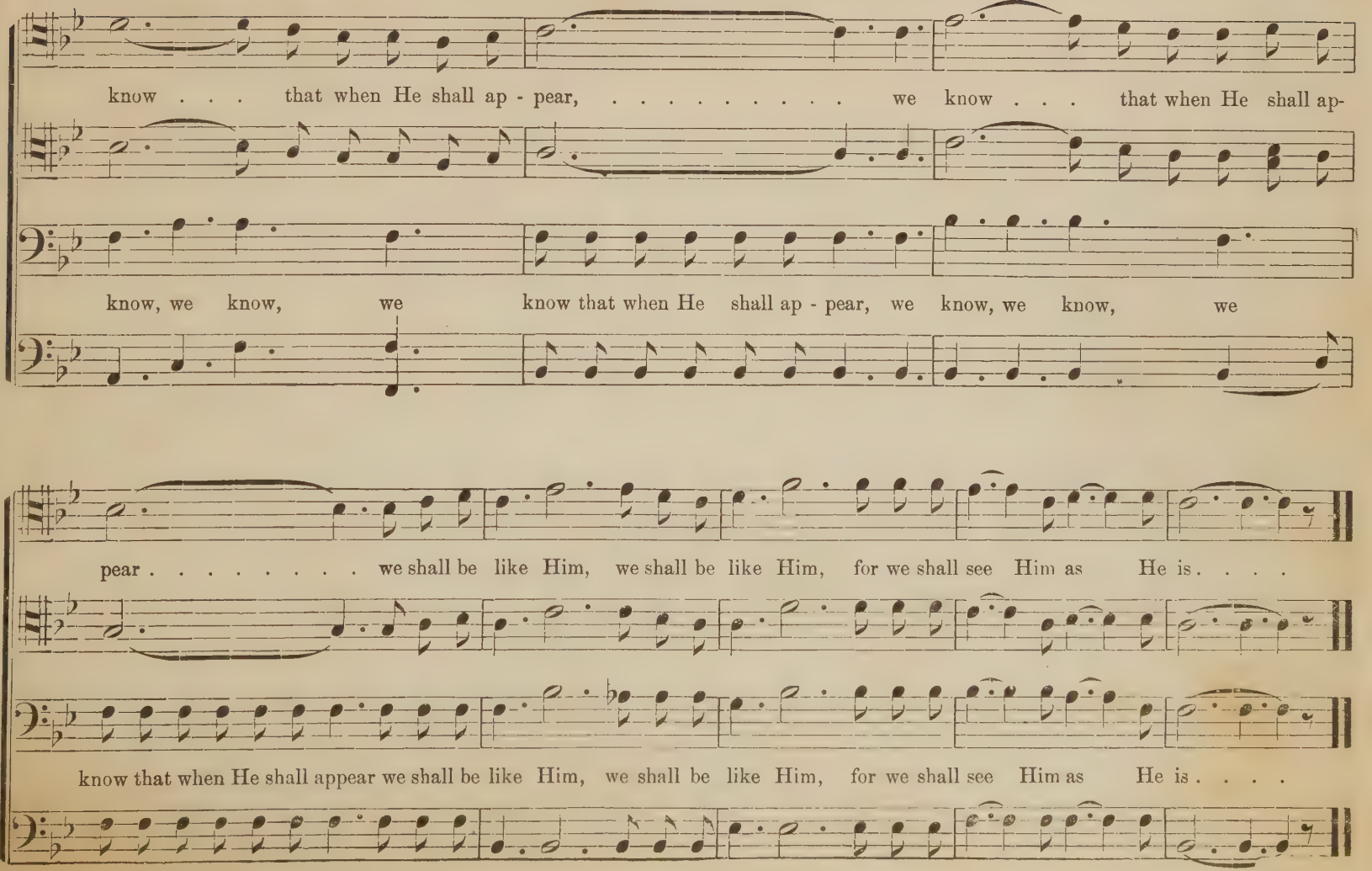
† May be sung with more than one voice if preferred.

Soli.
Call ye up - on Him while he . . . is near, call ye up - on Him while He is near, call ye up-on Him
Call ye up - on Him while He is near, call ye up-on Him
Rit.
A tempo.
Tenors.
f
Cres.
while He is near. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye up - on Him while He is near.
Basses.
f
Cres.
while He is near.
Tutti.
A tempo.
Rit.
f
Cres.

"BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD."

EL NATHAN. (May be sung in A.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

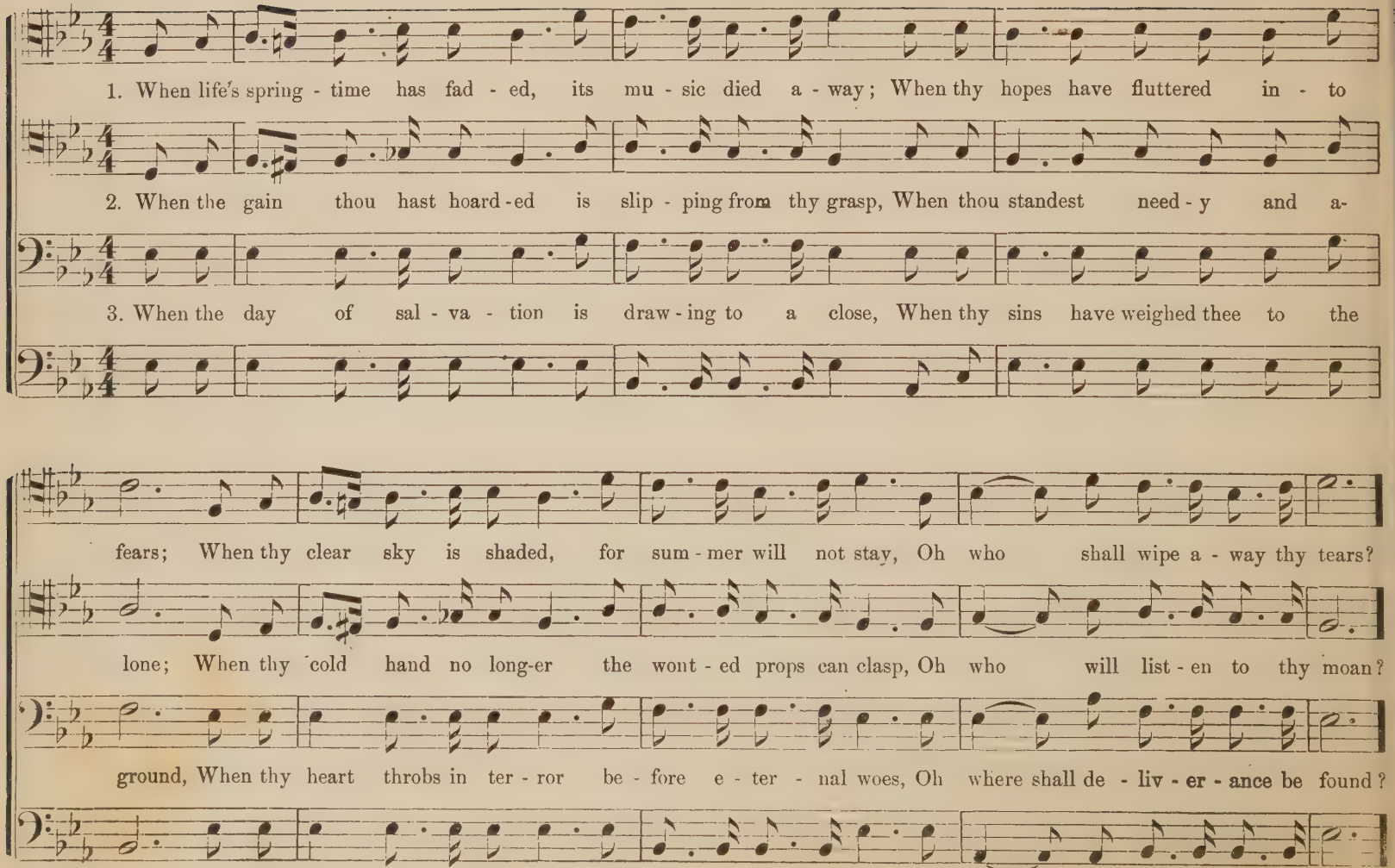

1. Sons of God, be-loved in Je-sus, Oh, the wondrous word of grace; In His Son the Fath-er sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
2. Blessed hope now brightly beaming, On our God we soon shall gaze; And in light ce - les-tial gleaming, We shall see our Savior's face.
3. By the power of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear; Christ His promised word performing, We shall then His glory share.

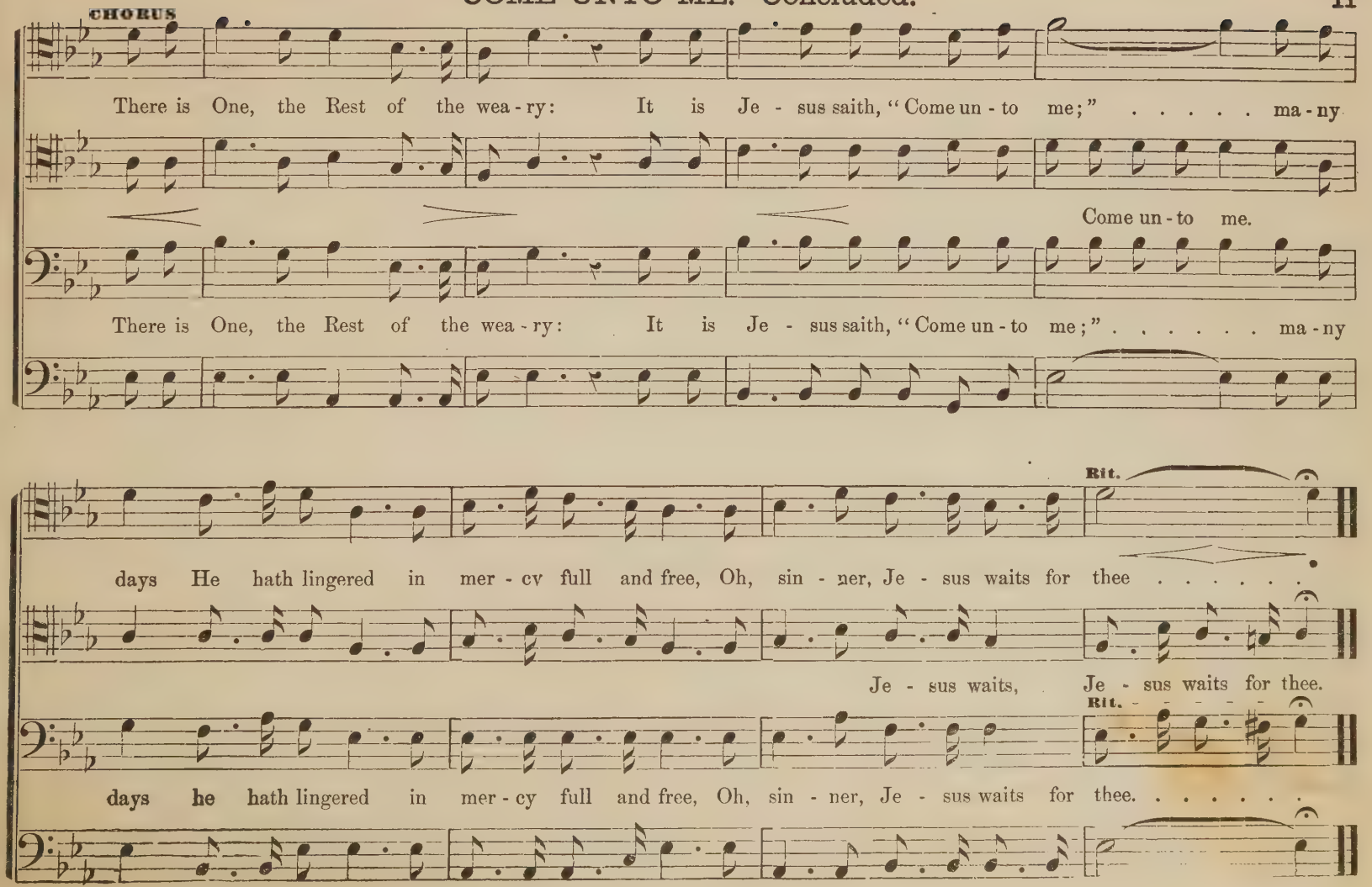

CHORUS.
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap - pear what we shall be, but we
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap - pear what we shall be, but we


know . . . that when He shall ap - pear, ... we know . . . that when He shall ap-
know, we know, we know that when He shall ap - pear, we know, we know, we
pear . . . . . we shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is . . . .
know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is . . . .

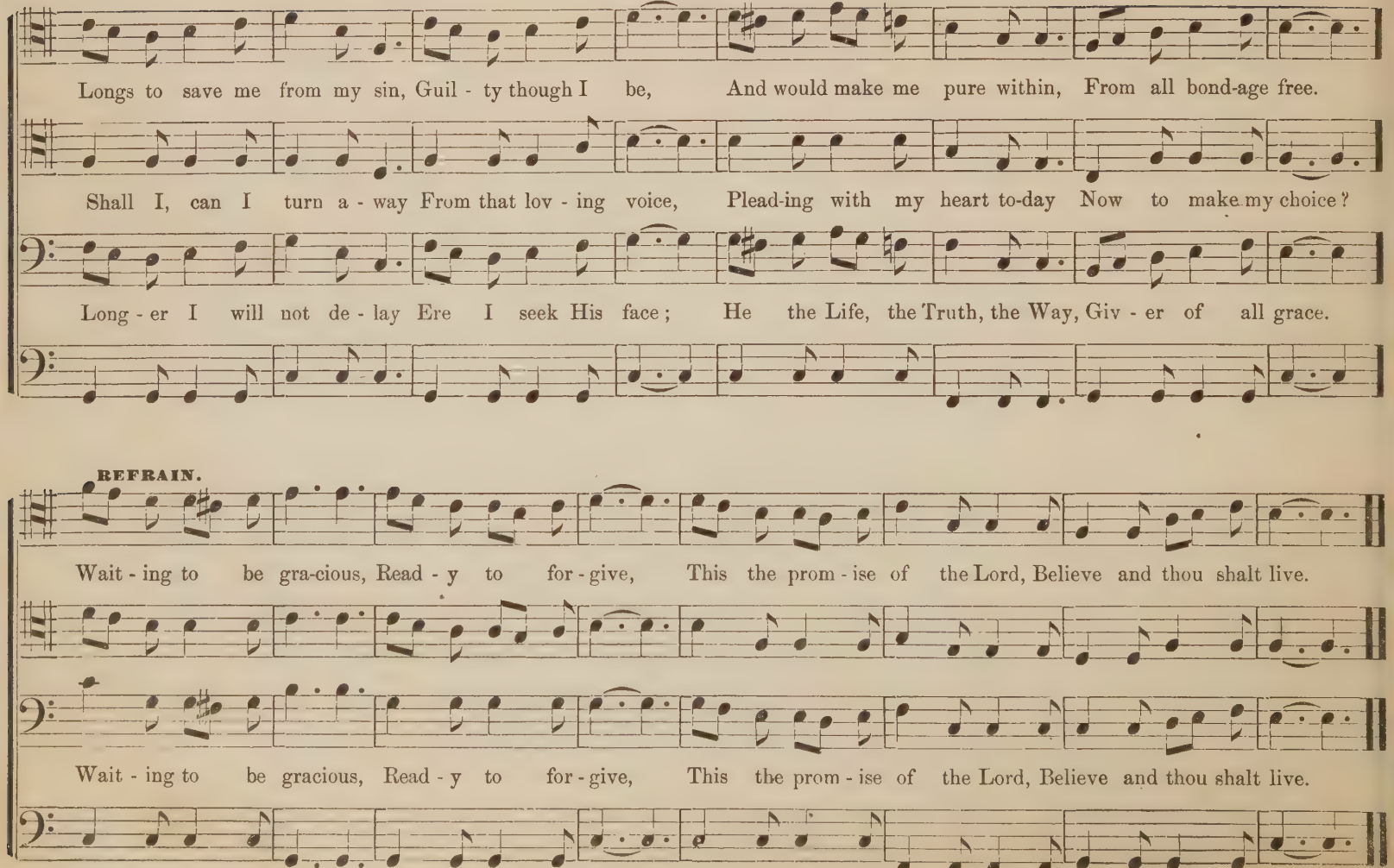
COME UNTO ME.

T. H. TANNER.


1. When life's spring - time has fad - ed, its mu - sic died a - way; When thy hopes have fluttered in - to
2. When the gain thou hast hoard - ed is slip - ping from thy grasp, When thou standest need - y and a-
3. When the day of sal - va - tion is draw - ing to a close, When thy sins have weighed thee to the
fears; When thy clear sky is shaded, for sum - mer will not stay, Oh who shall wipe a - way thy tears?
lone; When thy cold hand no long-er the wont - ed props can clasp, Oh who will list - en to thy moan?
ground, When thy heart throbs in ter - ror be - fore e - ter - nal woes, Oh where shall de - liv - er - ance be found?

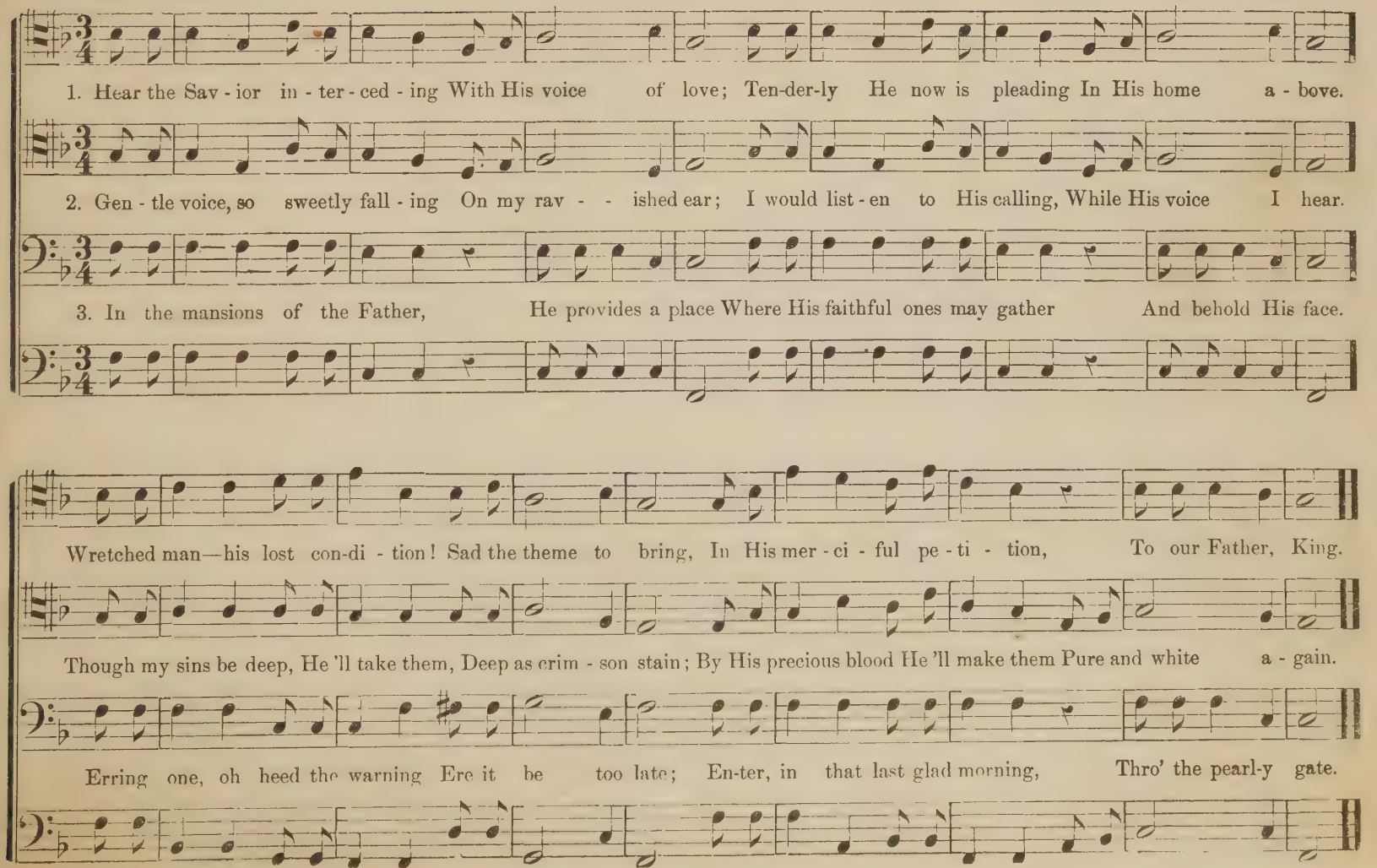

CHORUS
There is One, the Rest of the wea - ry: It is Je - sus saith, "Come un - to me;" . . . . . ma - ny
Come un - to me.
There is One, the Rest of the wea - ry: It is Je - sus saith, "Come un - to me;" . . . . . ma - ny
Rit.
days He hath lingered in mer - cy full and free, Oh, sin - ner, Je - sus waits for thee . . . . . .
Je - sus waits, Je - sus waits for thee.
Rit.
days he hath lingered in mer - cy full and free, Oh, sin - ner, Je - sus waits for thee. . . . . .

WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS. Concluded.


Longs to save me from my sin, Guil - ty though I be, And would make me pure within, From all bond-age free.
Shall I, can I turn a - way From that lov - ing voice, Plead-ing with my heart to-day Now to make my choice?
Long - er I will not de - lay Ere I seek His face; He the Life, the Truth, the Way, Giv - er of all grace.
REFRAIN.
Wait - ing to be gra-cious, Read - y to for - give, This the prom - ise of the Lord, Believe and thou shalt live.
Wait - ing to be gracious, Read - y to for - give, This the prom - ise of the Lord, Believe and thou shalt live.

THE PLEADING VOICE.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.


1. Hear the Sav - ior in - ter - ced - ing With His voice of love; Ten-der-ly He now is pleading In His home a - bove.
2. Gen - tle voice, so sweetly fall - ing On my rav - - ished ear; I would list - en to His calling, While His voice I hear.
3. In the mansions of the Father, He provides a place Where His faithful ones may gather And behold His face.
Wretched man—his lost con-di - tion! Sad the theme to bring, In His mer - ci - ful pe - ti - tion, To our Father, King.
Though my sins be deep, He 'll take them, Deep as crim - son stain; By His precious blood He 'll make them Pure and white a - gain.
Erring one, oh heed the warning Ere it be too late; En-ter, in that last glad morning, Thro' the pearl-y gate.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Neumaster, 1671, arranged by EL NATHAN. (May be sung in E or E Flat.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all, Who the heavenly pathway leave, All who linger, all who fall.

2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain; He will take the sin - ful - est, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.

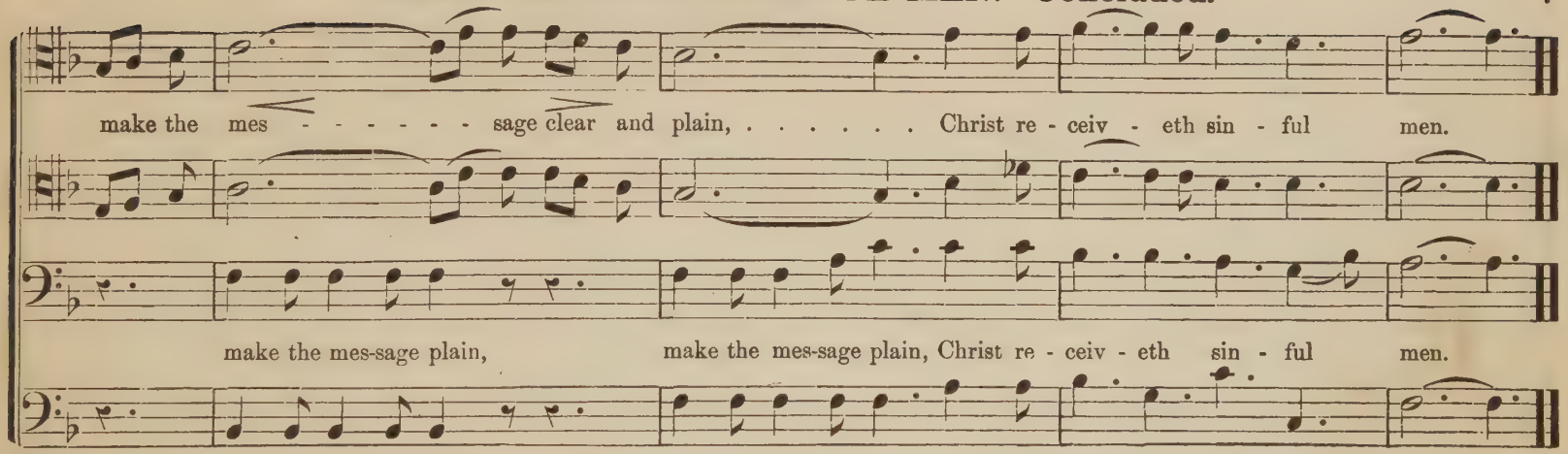
3. Now my heart condemns me not; Pure be - fore the law I stand; He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is - fied its last de-mand.

4. Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Ev - en me with all my sin, Purged from every spot and stain, Heaven with Him I enter in.

Sing it o'er . . . . and o'er a - gain, ... Christ re - ceiv - - - - - eth sin - ful men . . . . .

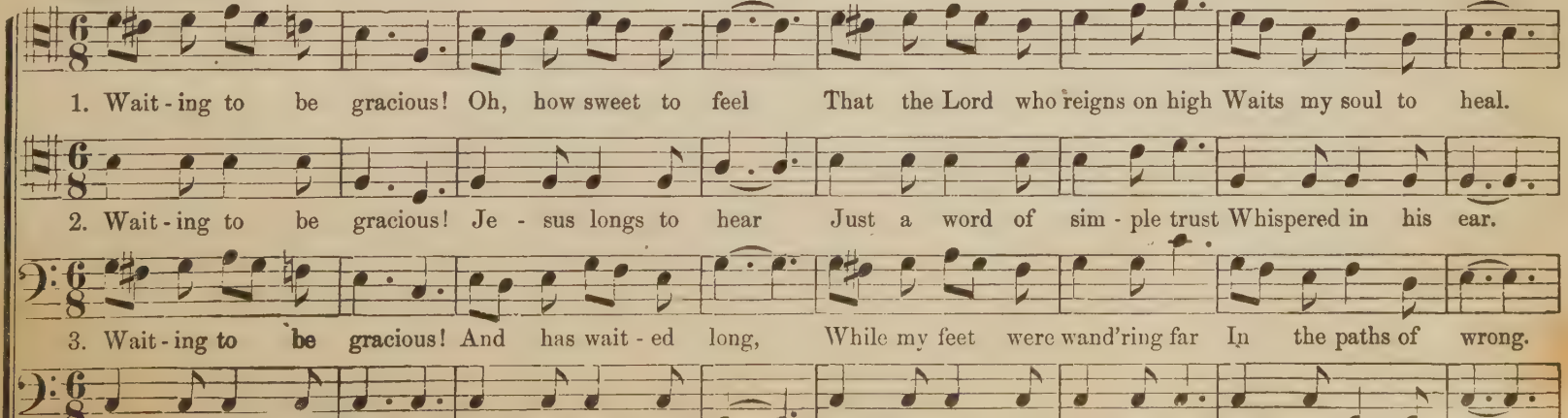
Sing it o'er . . . . and o'er a - gain, ... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men;

Sing it o'er a - gain, sing it o'er again, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men;

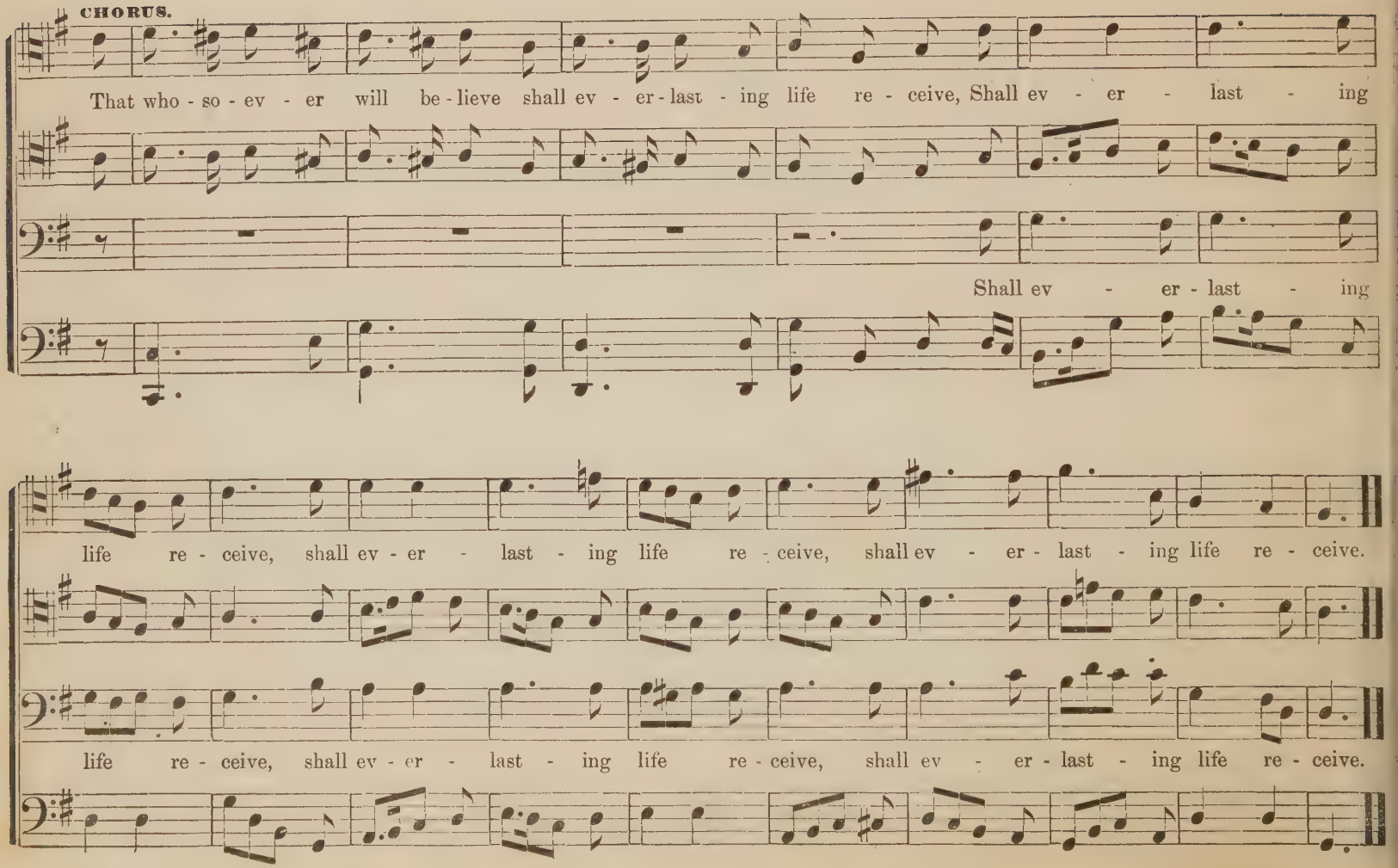

make the mes - - - - - - sage clear and plain, ... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
make the mes-sage plain, make the mes-sage plain, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.

"Therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you."—Isa. 30: 18. "Ready to forgive."—Psa. 8 : 5.

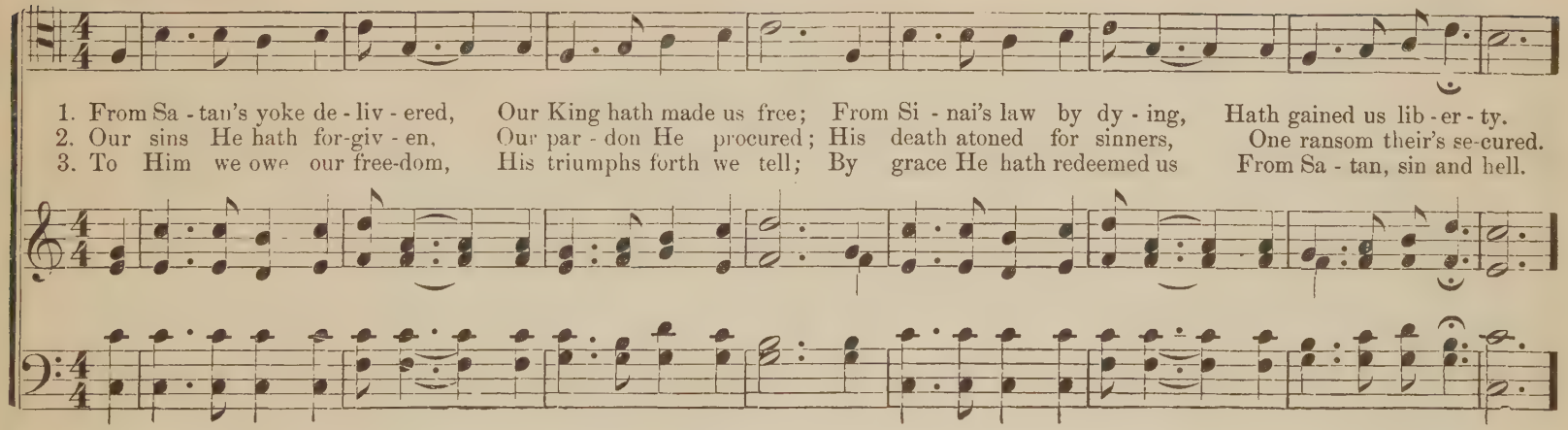
Miss M. E. SERVOSS. R. A. KINZIE.

1. Wait - ing to be gracious! Oh, how sweet to feel That the Lord who reigns on high Waits my soul to heal.
2. Wait - ing to be gracious! Je - sus longs to hear Just a word of sim - ple trust Whispered in his ear.
3. Wait - ing to be gracious! And has wait - ed long, While my feet were wand'ring far In the paths of wrong.

THE GOSPEL OF THY GRACE. Concluded.

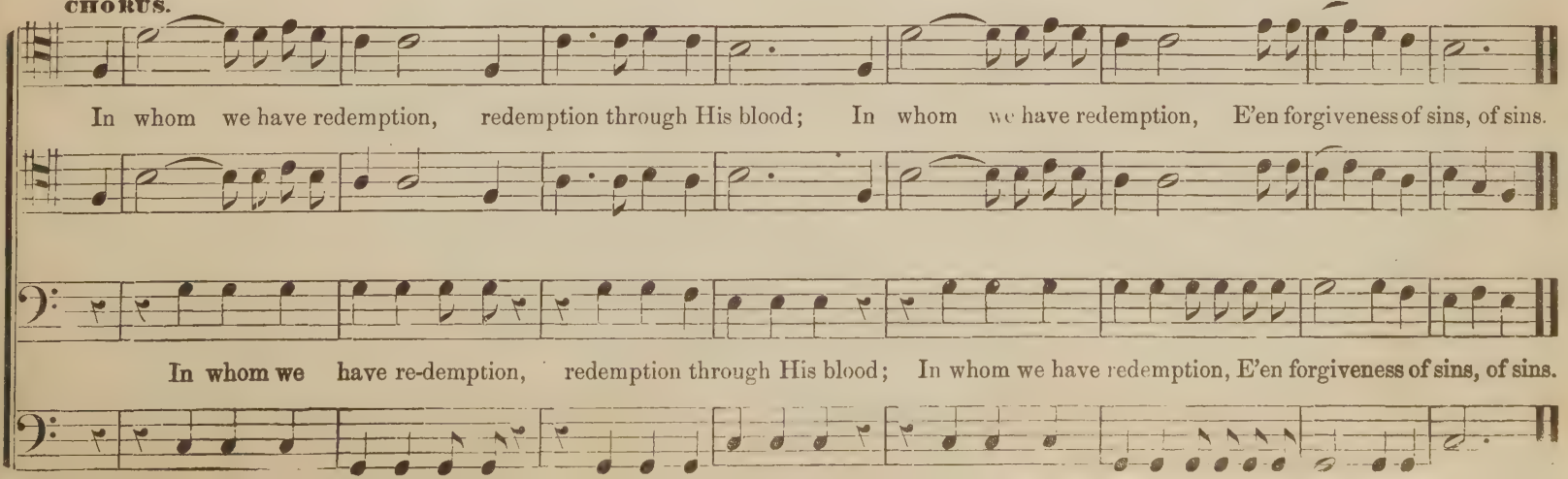

CHORUS.
That who - so - ev - er will be - lieve shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive, Shall ev - er - last - ing
Shall ev - er - last - ing
life re - ceive, shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive, shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive.
life re - ceive, shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive, shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive.

IN WHOM WE HAVE REDEMPTION.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.


1. From Sa - tan's yoke de - liv - ered, Our King hath made us free; From Si - nai's law by dy - ing, Hath gained us lib - er - ty.
2. Our sins He hath for-giv - en, Our par - don He procured; His death atoned for sinners, One ransom their's se-cured.
3. To Him we owe our free-dom, His triumphs forth we tell; By grace He hath redeemed us From Sa - tan, sin and hell.

CHORUS.


In whom we have redemption, redemption through His blood; In whom we have redemption, E'en forgiveness of sins, of sins.
In whom we have re-demption, redemption through His blood; In whom we have redemption, E'en forgiveness of sins, of sins.

"O, that Men would Praise the Lord."

Organize a Quartet, a double Quartet, or, better still, a Chorus of male voices, and prove, by the singing of one or more appropriate selections at the opening or closing of the services, the power for good in the harmony of male voices when consecrated to the glory and service of our divine Lord and Master.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

"I will Praise Thee, O Lord, among the People."

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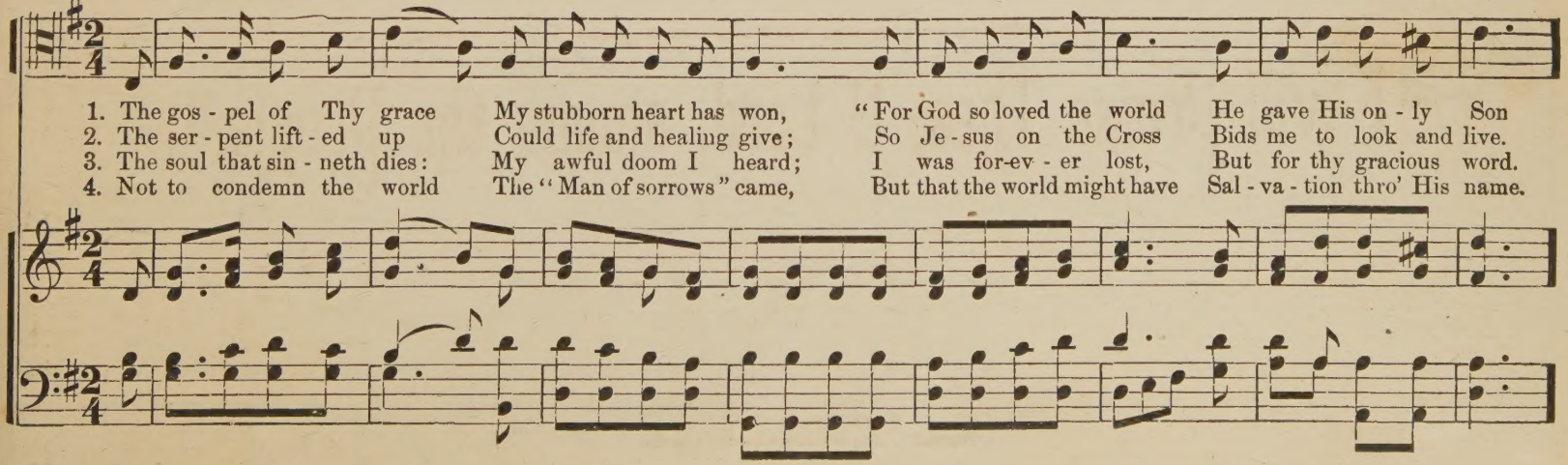
—THE—

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR,

NO. 2.

THE GOSPEL OF THY GRACE.

REV ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The gos - pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, "For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son
2. The ser - pent lift - ed up Could life and healing give; So Je - sus on the Cross Bids me to look and live.
3. The soul that sin - neth dies: My awful doom I heard; I was for-ev - er lost, But for thy gracious word.
4. Not to condemn the world The "Man of sorrows" came, But that the world might have Sal - va - tion thro' His name.

Please do not take away.

NAPA Y. M. C. A.

THE

GOSPEL MALE CHOIR

No. 2.

—BY—

James McGranahan.

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